Pacific School of Religion
Berkeley, Calif.

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FISHER'S VIEWS

SYRIA, THE HOLY LAND, ASIA MINOR,

&c. &c.

ILLUSTRATED.

HADGI OR MECCA PILGRIMS ENCAMPED NEAR ANTIOCH,

ON THE BANKS OF THE ORONTES.

Pacific School of Religion
Berkeley, Calif.

FISHER, SON & CO. LONDON & PARIS 1836.

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SYRIA,

THE HOLY LAND, ASIA MINOR

&c.

ILLUSTRATED.

IN A SERIES OF VIEWS DRAWN FROM NATURE

BY

W. H. BARTLETT, WILLIAM PURSER, &c.

WITH DESCRIPTIONS OF THE PLATES

BY JOHN CARNE, ESQ.

Author of "Letters from the East."

First.

FISHER, SON, & Co.; LONDON, PARIS, & AMERICA.

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ADVERTISEMENT.

THE Publishers of this Work are most anxious that nothing on their part should be wanting, to render it worthy of the subjects they have undertaken to illustrate, and the consequent approbation of the Public. Deeply impressed, not only by the interest but by the sanctity which is attached to every memorial of THE HOLY LAND—to its ancient and most sacred recollections, and to the prophesied contrasts of its existing condition—they have secured the literary co-operation of a gentleman whose name carries with it the assurance, that the task could not have been committed to talents more eminently fitted to do it justice; while, in the various departments of the Fine Arts, they have spared no efforts which liberality could suggest, to improve the effect of the written matter by pictorial representations of the highest class.

It is impossible to estimate too highly the great advantages which this country is about to derive from the Manufacturing, Commercial, and Trading resources, scientific discoveries, and rapid intercourse of the East: the march of intellect and the flight of steam are advancing hand in hand into the heart of Asia;—even while this volume has been in progress, new facilities have been opened in various directions.

At the conclusion of this volume, so liberally supported, the Publishers feel confident that the forthcoming ones will increase in interest and beauty; their Artist, now in Palestine, having lately taken a series of Views, the subjects of which have never been touched on before.

LONDON, October 1, 1836.

CONTENTS—AND LIST OF PLATES

	Page.
Introduction	1
Hadgi or Mecca Pilgrims encamped near Antioch	3
Damascus, from above Salahyeh	6
Fall of the River Cydnus	8
Ruins of Balbec	11
A Turkish Divan, at Damascus	12
Village of Eden, with the Tomb of the Consul	14
Tarsus	16
Junction of a Tributary Stream with the Orontes	17
Antioch, from the West	19
Scene on the River Orontes, near Suadeah	21
Tripoli	22
Antioch, on the Approach from Suadeah	24
Beteddein—Palace of the Prince of the Druses	26
St. Jean D'Acre—Mount Carmel in the Distance	29
The Site of the Ancient Daphne	31
Adana—Mount Taurus in the Distance	33
The River Barrada, the Ancient Pharpar	35
Six Detached Pillars of the Great Temple at Balbec	37
Pass of Beilan, looking towards the Sea	38
The Mouth of the Nahr-el-Kelb	40
Scene in Mount Lebanon	43
Gothic Castle	45
Ancient Cedars in the Forest of Lebanon	46
The Great Khan, at Damascus	49
Fortified Cliffs of Alaya	51
Rhodes	53
The Pass of Beilan,—Mount Amanus	55
House of Girgius Adeeb, at Antioch	56
Der-el-Kamar, and the Palaces of Beteddein	59
Part of the Walls of Antioch, over a Ravine	63
Lebanon,—General View of the Cedars	65
Coast of Asia Minor, near Anamour	67
Cafés in Damascus,—on a branch of the Barrada	69
Kalendria,—Coast of Cilicia	71
The Village of Zgarti	73
Pass in a Cedar Forest, above Barouk	74
Mount Casius, from the Sea	77

INTRODUCTION.

MANY of the countries here illustrated were, till about a century since, almost sealed to the traveller's eye by the intolerance of the Turks. A journey to the East was to our ancestors, as "Sadak's waters of life," enchanting to the hope, precious to the soul, but guarded by a thousand dangers, terrors, and hardships. The songs of the wandering minstrels, full of tales of captivity and cruelty, of 'the heat that consumed by day, and the blast by night,' long kept up this impression. And in the castle hall, the harp's loved tones were of the knights who were slain, of the watch-fires gleaming on the dreary shores,—where the armies of Israel triumphed of old, and the mighty were broken.

The Pilgrim alone continued to visit the shrines and ruins of his faith, although he often gave his life for a prey: if he returned in safety, his relics and his legends were a live-long theme. But the good times of wild adventure, of delicious heroism, and suffering for the sake of the Cross—are gone for ever: men weep at the sepulchre of their Lord, and roam night and day the vales and hills of Judah—but they shed their blood no more, and cease to tell of sad separations from all they love, and of bitter and unspeakable sacrifices. It is true, that the wanderer in the East can no longer blend individual glorying or factitious excitements with the way: but his heart and fancy will be ever conscious of emotions, more pure and elevating than those of the crusader, the pilgrim, or the sceptic. Amid the forests of Lebanon, the ruins of the first illustrious churches, the solitudes of Midian or Padan-Aram,—throughout all "the land of the people of the East," he reads the progress of his faith, cherished, like the lonely child of Hagar—in the wilderness, beneath the shadow of the palm, by the fountain's side, till it became even "mightier than the angel, and at the rushing of its wings the nations were afraid."

The increasing facilities of conveyance already bring Palestine and Syria comparatively near to our own homes—and open to the traveller in Asia Minor, a scenery of more perfect and varied beauty than even Italy, Greece, or Spain can present. Her former cities are desolate—her fertile valleys untilled—and her rivers and harbours idle; but the despotism that has contributed to this ruinous state is, perhaps, soon to be destroyed: the half-independent and turbulent Pashas must soon submit to the dominion of knowledge; improvement and industry will then succeed a state of rapine, sloth, and misery. Yet it is strange, that while the spirit of modern discovery has

explored the most remote extremities of the globe, and the political convulsions of Europe forced the traveller into other continents—this extensive and famous territory should have so long remained undescribed, and comparatively unknown. Very valuable and interesting researches have recently been published on this subject; European travel begins to grow hacknied and familiar, and men sigh for some more novel and enterprising path:—many a footstep will soon be turned to this most interesting region—that contains the marches and battle-fields of Alexander and Cyrus; the precious remains of the seats of learning and the arts, of Asiatic refinement and luxury.

Most of the places illustrated in this Work had been visited by the writer, previous to the Egyptian invasion, when the land was in a state of comparative quiet, very favourable to a successful progress. To the Oriental traveller, the pleasures of memory are greater than those of hope: on his devious way, clouds and darkness often gather: the feuds of the chiefs may suddenly forbid all approach to the favourite ruin or city, imprison him in some hamlet or desert, where he is alone with his baffled hope, and despair. Perhaps disease or contagion overtake him, where there is none to help. But when his warfare is over, and his objects attained, when his own hearth and roof-tree receive him—then memory wakes, to "sleep no more." In the murmur of his native wave he fancies he hears the distant rush of the Nile or Euphrates: in the night wind the blast of the desert again passes by: and on the bleak moor that "Rock of ages," that has been his shadow from the heat, again stands before him, desolate yet precious. These feelings may by some be deemed enthusiastic: but no man ever succeeded in an Eastern journey, plucked its roses from its many thorns, and, in spite of fears and sorrows, went on rejoicing in his way—who was not an enthusiast.

Once more to retrace this route, although in description only, to depict its features, that change not with the passage of time—is a welcome task. Some of the scenes are less familiar than others, for it is rarely possible that the traveller is permitted to look on all he has most desired to behold: the thirst of novelty and beauty, in temple, landscape, or in the homes of princes, grows with its indulgence; and he is inclined at last to estimate his success, less by what a favouring Providence has granted, than by what it has withheld.

SYRIA, THE HOLY LAND, ASIA MINOR,

&c. &c. &c.

HADGI OR MECCA PILGRIMS ENCAMPED NEAR ANTIOCH,

ON THE BANKS OF THE ORONTES.

The Pilgrimage to Mecca is, perhaps, the highest excitement that life offers to the Mussulman: the lowliest condition, the most advanced age, or immeasurable distance—are no bar to its performance. From the interior of Africa and Hindostan, the shores, isles, and deserts of the East, an annual myriad advances to the tomb of the prophet. The march of the caravan, in the freshness of its strength and zeal, ere disease and misery have done their work, is a singular and splendid spectacle: the sacred white camel, gorgeously arrayed and attended, the guards, the banners, the hosts of various nations, complexions, and languages—all pressing on with a lightness of heart, a freedom of step, a face full of the sedate fanaticism of their faith. The more humble and numerous portion of the pilgrims are the most devoted: to worship at the shrine, to wash away their sins, and earn a Hadgi's honour, is their strong and guiding hope—the prospect of traffic and gain also animates the merchants, who, as well as the nobler pilgrims, are provided with servants, comforts, and even luxuries. But this pilgrimage is of admirable use in teaching men their utter helplessness, the vanity of earthly distinctions, "the rich and the poor meet together:" they weep in secret: "the servant is as his master." The hour is sure to arrive, when the caravan, feeble and wasted, the courage lost, the enthusiasm a dream—is seen stealing over the desert, as if the angel of death sadly called them: when the poorer pilgrim, from his burning bed of sand, looks on the great and the luxurious, breathing faintly also; and the harem of the one, and the cottage of the other, flit before the failing eye. Perhaps the night brings the breeze or cloud, and they struggle on their way, till the water, fountain, or stream, is near: and its low sound is caught by every ear with an acuteness that misery only can give. Again all distinctions are forgotten, of sex, rank, and circumstance: the prince and the peasant kneel side by side, or prostrate, like Gideon's troop, drink insatiably, blessing the prophet, and each other.—The writer was once present at a scene of this kind, in a party, where one of the domestics, in his suffering, poured reproaches on his master: the rest were silent and dejected: they had walked from sun-rise till noon over a soil utterly

parched, and in an intolerable heat, no cloud in the sky, no moisture on the earth: the hills of white sand on the left seemed to glare on us like spectres: at last we reached a rapid and shallow stream, on whose opposite bank was a stone tower, where a few soldiers kept their lonely look-out against the Arabs. Too impatient to drink in the usual way, the party threw themselves on the shore, and, plunging their faces in the wave, drank long and insatiably.

The track of the great caravan, during an unfortunate season, is at intervals strewed with victims: the first are the old and the sickly: wasted by the cold as well as the fiery blasts, the bodies rest on the sands, without corruption, such is the excessive purity of the air: to those who have friends and property, a miserable honour is shewn.

"Just before we reached the wells in this desert," says an Arabian traveller, "we passed by the tomb of a distinguished person, who died on this spot. His companions having enclosed the naked corpse within low walls of loose stones, had covered it over with a large block. The dryness of the air had preserved the corpse in the most perfect state. Looking at it through the interstices of the stones which enveloped it, it appeared to me a more perfect mummy than any I had seen in Egypt. The mouth was wide open, and our guide related that the man had died for want of water, though so near the wells."

The caravan in the Vignette presents a picture of ease, and even luxury, in strange contrast to the usual hardships of the way: the Orontes, on whose banks the pilgrims are seated, glides deliciously and coldly by,—how different from the fountains, scanty and far between, which were long their only trust! It is possible, however, by fortunate arrangements, to visit the tomb of Mecca without serious calamity,—save some inroads on the health and beauty of the ladies, who actually went in this caravan, with an enterprise, and perhaps religious zeal, not very usual among Oriental women. Rarely, indeed, do the latter venture their round forms and exquisitely clear and colourless complexions, to the simoom's deadly sweep: to go forth from the harem, into which the light falls through richly stained glass—to be by night the inmate of a tent during weeks and months, and the prey of the sun and wind by day: can the thickest veils, the most skilful precautions, prevent mischief to the eyes, the cheeks, the hair; the limbs will grow attenuated, and the spirits, unused to such stern excitement, languid and broken.

The conductor of this small caravan, to whom the ladies belonged, was a noble Turk, a native of Constantinople, whence he had proceeded through the rich provinces of Asia Minor to Damascus, thence by slow journeys through the deserts to the Red Sea, and there embarked for Jidda, which is six days' journey from Mecca. They were now on their return; their consciences pacified, their imaginations bewildered, their memories stored. The trials of the way o'erpast, they were resting among the ruins of Antioch, musing, perhaps, on the tales of peril and change, to tell to the calm and luxurious circles of Constantinople—for which they were shortly to sail.

The Turkish nobleman and two of his friends were seated on a rich carpet, each smoking the hookah, and sipping coffee: the baggage scattered on the ground, the horses and camels grazing, some tents open: groups of pilgrims were conversing, or

sauntering about the shores. The tents of the women, closely curtained, were pitched in the rear, no less than six being occupied by the harem and its numerous attendants. The inmates had travelled across the deserts in houdas, a covered or open divan, placed on the back of the camel, and either rudely or luxuriously furnished. The writer met, one day, in the deserts east of the Red Sea, a Turkish gentleman of Cairo, returning, quite alone, from Mecca: he was seated in a houdah; his solitary camel, seen from afar, the rider reclining as on a sopha, musing indolently, had a droll appearance in so desolate a scene: the little clouds of smoke that rose at intervals from his pipe into the pure air, told of his progress accurately: it was by no means unlike the slow movement of a small steam-carriage over the sands, save that no sound came forth: the Arab guide, walking at the head of the camel, was as silent as his master: even his melancholy song was hushed. But the Ottoman ladies, who had walked nine times round the adored Tomb, kissed the black and miraculous stone of the Caaba, and drank of the well Zemzem—will be marked and envied beings for the rest of their lives: in the divans, the baths, the promenades of the city—the words of the fair Hadgés will be received as oracles: and companies will hang as greedily upon them, and even more so, than their lords on those of the Arab story-tellers, for they will have the charm of truth. No gainsaying or scepticism can be feared from other ladies, who have never strayed from the banks of the Bosphorus, or heard more awful sounds than the murmur of its waves, or their own fountains.

The Mahometans, from the tomb of their prophet—halting on the ruins of Antioch, presented a mournful comment on the decline of the power and glory of this world, as well as on that of the pure and earliest church of God. The two greatest of the Apostles preached, Ignatius taught, and offered himself as a martyr in Antioch: and great was the prosperity and the joy, during many ages, of its Christian people.

And now—the lofty minarets of the mosques were seen above the broken walls of the ancient city: there are some remains of a church, said to be that of Chrysostom: there are tombs also, beneath the shade of the trees, but they do not contain the ashes of the early Christians: the stone shaft carved, and turban, shew them to be the sepulchres of the Turks. The valley of the Orontes is very partially cultivated, save in the immediate vicinity of the river: the range of Mount Amanus, the Amana of Scripture, rises boldly beyond: far to the right, at a few hours' distance, is the pass in this mountain, through which Darius marched his mighty army from the plains of Assyria to the coasts of Cilicia, a few days before the battle of Issus.

To the course of the Orontes new interest is now imparted by the enterprise of Colonel Chesney, who begins his overland communication with India at Suadeah, where this ancient river falls into the sea. From this first footstep on the lonely shore, covered with the ruins of Seleucia, what a career of industry, intelligence, and prosperity may be expected to arise! Steam navigation and rail-roads will traverse the silent plains and the famous but forsaken rivers: not Cleopatra in her bark of purple and gold on the Cydnus, excited more surprise than will follow the first steam-boat on the Orontes,—the herald

to the admiring people of a new era in their condition, in knowledge, in comfort, in faith! The general diffusion of instruction among a people, from whom it has been so long, and so utterly withheld, will be the gradual but certain result of the rapid facilities of intercourse with England: the great valley of the Orontes, from the vicinity of Damascus to that of Aleppo, is full of a modern as well as ancient interest; there are several large and wealthy towns, where manufactures might be introduced, and a regular commercial intercourse established: the cultivation of some districts is excellent, and most are capable of it: but the people are a prey to indolence and apathy:—they want a new stimulus. And this stimulus will be felt when new sources of trade, of enjoyment, of energy, shall be opened to them. The improvements and changes introduced by the conqueror, Ibrahim Pasha, may benefit his coffers, not his subjects. Railroads and steam-carriages will be the greatest blessings to these rich and beautiful countries: on their rapid wheels devolve greater changes than on the march of armies. From Suadeah to the Euphrates, and down its waters to the Persian Gulf,—will no longer be the painful and interminable journey, that most undertake from necessity,—few for pleasure: in a few years, the traveller, instead of creeping on a camel at three miles an hour, wasted by sun and wind, may find himself rolling along the plains of Babylon with the speed of thought, while mounds, towers, and tumuli vanish by, like things seen in a dream: the man of science, who lingers among the dim ruins, the merchant who tarries to buy and sell,—may no longer dread the plundering Kurd or Bedouin, when his country's flag heaves in sight far over the plain, "on that ancient river Euphrates," as daringly as when

> "Her march was on the mountain wave,
> Her home was on the deep."

DAMASCUS, FROM ABOVE SALAHYEH.

The joy of the Prophet, when he first beheld Cairo, would have been exalted to rapture, had he ever looked on Damascus—had he stood where one of his followers is praying among the tombs, and mourning for the dead. A caravan of Arabs is slowly descending the hill from their distant homes: the desert behind, the desert far in front—is it any wonder that the plain of Damascus looks like the land of Beulah to the pilgrim? he stands gazing on it long and silently, he forgets all the perils and trials of the way. The ruined villa on the right, on the very brow of the descent—could not fate spare so exquisite a home? Justly might its owner, when ruin came, contemn every other resting-place on earth. The little cemetery on the left is a sweet retreat from sad and miserable thoughts: the Turk often comes to meditate here: the tomb of the Santon amidst the trees proves that it is venerated ground. The stony plains,—the

W. H. Bartlett. H. Jorden.

DAMASCUS, FROM ABOVE SALAHYEH.

FISHER, SON & Co. LONDON & PARIS, 1836.

dreary hills, which gird in the delicious plain are passed,—and now the traveller slowly moves through groves of cypress, and olive, and walnut trees, and hears on every side the murmur of rivulets which he cannot see. Few passengers are met with: no stream of population, or busy hum of men, or swift passing of horses and carriages, as in the suburbs of London and Paris: you seem to be approaching a vast rural retreat of ease and luxury rather than the great mart of Asiatic commerce and wealth. The mass of gardens is so dense, that at first sight no opening can be discerned: they extend, it is said, not less than twenty miles round, and are thick set with fruit trees of all kinds, kept fresh and verdant by the numerous streams: the plain, which is of vast extent, is almost enclosed on three sides by mountains, which appear, on the right and left, very far from each other: in the farthest distance, their forms rise dim and shadowy on the horizon: the mountains above the city are very near, and, like all the rest, very bare and rugged. About half a mile from the city, tradition points out the spot where Saul was arrested in his career by the light and voice from Heaven, and fell to the earth, to rise no more the fierce persecutor but the stricken penitent, the contrite man, on whose dark dream of cruelty and error had broke the revelation of his Lord. This remarkable scene is on the side of the old road, near the ruined arch of a bridge, and near it are the tombs of some devout Christians. There is no building or memorial here, only the road turns a little aside, that the spot may be a little retired from the general passage of travellers. On entering the gate, you advance along the long and broad street still called Straight, which is probably the same in which Saul dwelt, while yet blind, in the house of Judas, "in the street which is called Straight, where he saw in a vision a man named Ananias, coming in, and putting his hand on him, that he might receive his sight." It must be confessed that even the interior of Damascus, like that of Constantinople, is sadly out of keeping with the excessive beauty of nature, without the walls. Very many of the streets have a mean appearance: the houses are rather low; and the interior is redeemed only by the rivers and the groups of trees, the coffee-houses and the luxurious dwellings of the rich and great. It is a place of the highest antiquity, being as old as the time of the patriarch Abraham, whose confidential servant was Eliezer of Damascus. Josephus ascribes its origin to Uz, the great-grandson of Noah: his father, Aram, the son of Shem, having possessed himself of Syria, which from him received the name of Aram. It is called also the Mouth of Mecca, from its being the grand rendezvous of all the Syrian pilgrims proceeding to Mecca, and its Pasha is the conductor of the sacred caravan. This city has been more fortunate than most of its contemporaries: it never attained the elevation or celebrity of Nineveh or Babylon, nor has it ever fallen so low: it has been often captured, and several times demolished, but has always risen again to splendour and dignity, and has in all ages been celebrated as one of the most delightful situations in the world. It was conquered by David, king of Israel, who left a garrison in the place, but it revolted towards the latter part of the reign of Solomon, and was governed by its own princes till the invasion of Tiglath-pileser. After that period it shared the fate of Syria, in being transferred to successive conquerors: under the

Romans, it was the capital of that part of Cœlo-Syria which was called, from it, Damascene. In the division of the country established by Constantine and his successors, it was included in Phœnicia Libanica; and when the country fell into the hands of the Arabians, it was restored to its former rank, being made the capital and residence of the Saracen monarchs of the Ommiade race, who removed to this place from Medina in the seventh century, about forty years after the death of Mohammed. It is 136 miles distant from Jerusalem, being a caravan journey of six days. Abraham is said, in Genesis, to have pursued the confederate kings, who had taken his brother Lot, unto Hobah, "which is on the left hand of Damascus."

The chief building in the middle of the city, with a large dome and two roofs, is the grand mosque, built by Christians, and now possessing so peculiarly sacred a character, that Franks are rarely permitted to enter the edifice which their predecessors reared. This cathedral is one of the finest things the zeal of the first Christians produced. The architecture, which is of the Corinthian order, is very superior in beauty and variety to that of any other mosque in the Turkish empire.

FALL OF THE RIVER CYDNUS.

This scene on the Cydnus is below the town of Tarsus; its stream passes within a short distance of the walls. Rarely can the traveller gather at once so many beautiful associations as in this vicinity, whose decay is not visible in ruinous haunts and a wasted soil: the fields are cultivated, and the groves are cool, as in the days of departed pagan and christian glory. The birth-place of St. Paul, ere he was brought up at the feet of Gamaliel, was in his time "no mean city of Cilicia." All present appearances and usages are sadly at variance with the memories and feelings of the Christian: the Oriental receives him with the salutation of "Peace be with you: you are welcome among us: God send you a happy evening"—but the name of that Lord in whom Paul gloried, suffered, and died, is not mentioned here. The stranger gladly turns from its close streets, its mean dwellings, and seeks without the walls the interest which he cannot find within.

The Cydnus is approached through groves of citron and palm, which are irrigated by branches of the river; and here the people of Tarsus love to resort, during the heats of day, and sit in groups in the shadow of the groves, conversing indolently and at intervals, or smoking in idealess abstraction, and gazing through the trees on the Cydnus, and Mount Taurus beyond. The time will surely come, and perhaps is not even now far distant, when Christianity shall again pour its flood of faith, hope, and intellect on this splendid land—when the mind as well as heart shall "awake, and put on her beautiful garments."

W. H. Bartlett. E. Benjamin.

FALL OF THE RIVER CYDNUS, NEAR TARSUS.

FISHER, SON & Cº. LONDON & PARIS. 1834.

The plain of Tarsus is cultivated with wheat and barley; exports of which are sent annually to the capital from the neighbouring port: during harvest, the scene on every side is cheerful, with groups of peasants and tents scattered here and there, in which they dwell during the reaping time. The town is about four hours, or twelve miles, distant from the sea, within two miles of which, the Cydnus is 150 feet wide, and is now navigable only by small boats: the stream is full, and rather more rapid than the Orontes; its tide is impeded near the embouchure by a bar of sand and in other parts of its course there are now impediments, through time and neglect, which anciently did not exist. How free and frequent was its navigation in the time of Roman power: how solitary are now its waters: the wild call of the Turkoman, where the harp and the viol were heard, and a pageant of beauty and luxury passed by—such as the world will ne'er see again. "Having crossed the sea of Pamphylia, Cleopatra entered the Cydnus, and going up that river, landed at Tarsus, to meet Antony. Never was equipage more splendid and magnificent than hers: the stern of her ship flamed with gold, the sails were purple, and the oars were inlaid with silver. A pavilion of cloth of gold was raised upon the deck, under which appeared the queen, robed like Venus, and surrounded with the most beautiful virgins of her court, of whom some represented the Nereïdes, and others the Graces. Instead of trumpets, were heard flutes, hautboys, harps, and other instruments of music, warbling the softest airs, to which the oars kept time. Perfumes were burning on the deck, which spread their odours to a great distance; the shores were covered with an infinite multitude of people." There is now a flashing of arms at intervals, of the lance of the desert robber—not of the legions and guards of Antony—the smoke is rising from the rock, where some wild family prepare their meal: the Cydnus sweeps almost uselessly by, to be, in the prophetic words, "a place of broad rivers and streams, wherein shall go no galley with oars, neither shall gallant ship pass thereby."

The fall of the Cydnus is not remarkable for its height or grandeur, although the river is here tolerably broad and deep: a cataract, that meets the stranger every day in the Alps, is in the East an unwonted sight, and he pauses long and entrancedly before its flashing volume—as if the lost palaces of Bali suddenly rose from the waves at his feet. The fall is broken in many places by rocks, from one of which a tree overhangs the torrent: a small isle of shrubs and a few palms is at a small distance above: the shores on each side are wooded, and backed by bold ascents. Mount Taurus is in the distance. The moon was in her midnight beauty, and beneath her soft and cool light the traveller pursued his way: the snow slept on the crests of Taurus, in such transparent lustre as if freshly fallen from heaven, and about to tarry but for a night: each peak, each grove, each lonely tent, was visible, as at noon-day. The bank beneath the fall was a pleasant resting-place, where the time fled unheeded away: and in the silence of the Eastern night there was something solemn in the rushing sound, as if the voice of the past was there, the glorious, the mournful, the indelible past. On these shores rested the army of Alexander, in its resistless career. Let their solitude be peopled again! and the

white tents, like a night vision, cover them, and the cry of the mighty and the voice of the trumpet, hush the murmur of the waves: when their king, "the terrible and the chosen one, that cut in sunder the gates of brass and bars of iron, and loosed the loins of princes," was here stricken, while the myriads of the Persians were drawing nigh; his strength lost in the Cydnus, like one of its own "bruised reeds," his voice feeble as an infant's, all lost but the unconquerable soul. Again the shores rang and trembled with his army's joy, when he passed before them, his white plume shading his pallid face, as one risen from the dead, "to go forth with great fury to destroy."

Two thousand years are passed since this beautiful pageant was here: and the Cydnus rolls on, cold and clear as then: yet Time, even this great interval, seems to lose its vastness, its awfulness, in such a night, in such an hour as this. They come again, the spectre-glories: the dead men rise from the dust of the earth: there is no sound on the night but the fall of waters, and the white foam is like the waving of garments in the gloom: the peaks of Taurus rise into the air, pure and shadowy as if they belonged not to this world: the cry of the Turcoman, afar off, is like a spirit's cry. What dim procession advances up the stream? the faint flash of oars, on whose silver shafts is the moon's rich beam? the harp and viol wailing, the pavilion of gold faintly shrouding the mightiness of death: each one was beautiful, each girl of Egypt and Persia——but on the face of their queen was unutterable beauty, and unutterable sorrow: they wept around her, remembering her past glory; but she, too proud to weep, smiled on the shores in mockery, the same smile with which she met Cæsar and Antony, and lastly Death; her face had the wan and dream-like hue as after the aspic stung her.

The night is passing away, the moonlight is paler on the snows of Taurus, and the breeze more cold at the first approach of morn: it is time to depart from the memorable stream, whose image will often follow the traveller during his pilgrimage, when he longs for water, and there is none.

The extreme coldness of this river, that proved so nearly fatal to Alexander, and afterwards occasioned the death of Frederic Barbarossa, has been rather exaggerated: several travellers have bathed in it of late years, without experiencing any ill effects. The water is undoubtedly cold, but not more so than that of the other rivers which carry down the melted snow of Mount Taurus. A portion of its ancient beauty, as well as clearness, and tufted trees on its banks, still remain. The celebrated pass leading from Cilicia into Syria, through which Alexander marched, when he left Tarsus to fight the battle of Issus, is about twenty miles to the north of that town: it is a remarkable defile through a chain of inaccessible mountains, and admits of only eight horses abreast, and seems to have been cut through the rock to the depth of about forty feet. Cyrus and the Roman emperor Severus also entered Cilicia by the same pass. According to Xenophon, it was only wide enough to admit a single chariot, yet it was abandoned to the two former conquerors without resistance.

W. H. Bartlett. R. Sands.

RUINS OF BALBEC.

FISHER, SON & Co. LONDON & PARIS, 1838.

RUINS OF BALBEC.

The road from Damascus to the ruins of Balbec, is full of interest: at times wild and rocky, and again beautiful and well cultivated; a few villages, charmingly situated; and the refreshing voice and sight of rapid streams the whole way. In seeking Palmyra, the traveller hastens through a hot and thirsty land, where no oasis in the desert induces him to linger, or his excited imagination to pause; yet it may be, that the privations and weariness these ruins require, render them more precious to the eye.

The visit to Balbec is rather a beautiful promenade, with enough here and there of the savage to give it a startling variety. The position of the ruins is very favourable to their effect: on the plain in which they stand, scarcely any trees are visible, but near the temple there is a little grove of the walnut, the willow, the poplar, and the ash: the long range of the Anti-Libanus mountains rises near. The small town of Balbec, whose white thin minarets contrast singularly with the dark mass of enormous ruins, is on an eminence adjacent. It is in truth a world of ruins, a solitary and sacred world; where the wild Arab and his hordes do not dwell, as in Palmyra, which the hand of the stranger does not desecrate, as in Egypt: the people who dwell around are a peaceful, pastoral people: the sun, the deity to whom the temple was built, seems still to linger there with a fiercer glory; his first and latest purple beams fall on the mournful ruins, which, like the lone sepulchres of the Arabs in the desert, shall not yield their prey, or bow their heads, till the last trump shall sound.

Many a day, many a week may pass, ere curiosity is satiated, or interest wearied at Balbec. Are you wearied with ranging along the walls of marble, the richly ornamented arches, the marble doors of colossal demensions, the granite stones in the outer walls that needed almost a nation's strength to place where they now stand: then sit down on this fallen shaft or capital, it is evening, the Arab brings the pipe, and twilight, the fleeting and precious twilight of the East, is stealing over the ruins. Oh beautiful and memorable moments, on which there is no sound save the fall of the stream over the buried sculptures and friezes, its white foam and its little lakes floating through the mysterious light; that light is fading fast on the awful ruins. Time, they are thy voice, thy majesty! not the angel who shall place one foot on the shore, the other on the sea, can speak a more thrilling message than these—of the lost nations who toiled here, each for immortality—the Indian, the Egyptian, the Hebrew, the Greek, the Roman, have here lavished all their energies and skill; each gloried and sank in turn, availing themselves of the precious labours of each other. Some of the stones are cut exactly like those in the subterranean columns at Jerusalem: the similarity of the workmanship strikes so forcibly, as to warrant the referring them both to the same people, and nearly to the same era; compared with many other parts of the building, which are decidedly Roman, they most probably belong to the remote period of eight-and-

twenty hundred years ago, the era of Solomon king of Israel and Judah, who built Hamath and Tadmor in the desert. "The second builders of this enormous pile have built upon the foundations of their predecessors; and in order that the appearance of the whole might seem to be of one date, they have cut a new surface upon the old stones; so that the different eras of the building are often exemplified in the same colossal stone." The twilight is sunk into the night, but a night without darkness; the stars are faint on the mountain's breast, and fainter on the temple, whose depths and recesses they cannot penetrate: now wander forth around the lonely places: the Arab is gone to his rest, his watch-fire is dimly burning beneath the wall, and his white cloak covers the sleeper like a shroud: what to *him* is the magnificence of past ages, or the generations who laboured and died here! could they rise, the many thousands of remotest times and nations, from their rest beneath their mighty works, their mingled wail would be more sad and full of anguish than his own funeral cry over the desert tomb of those he loved.

The mass of the grand temple, in the form of an irregular square, is at the extreme left, and below it the little octagon building of marble, with marble columns of the Corinthian order; the six noble columns in the foreground are more particularly described in a succeeding plate: the more perfect edifice in front is the second temple.

A TURKISH DIVAN, AT DAMASCUS.

In the houses of the wealthy Turks, and of most who are in easy circumstances, the favourite apartments are lofty and spacious: the plate represents a divan in a family of distinction: in the middle of the marble floor is a fountain in a marble basin, whose waters murmuring softly day and night, give a refreshing coolness to the air. The more elevated part of the saloon is the most select as well as luxurious, with its rich ottomans and cushions: the three cushions which are above the others, mark on the two corners the seats of honour. The lady who reclines, indolently clasping her rich and long white veil, is the very emblem of Damascene fastidiousness and aristocracy: the very murmur of the waters, on which she gazes with a dreamy and melancholy look, seems to fatigue her, and her thin and beautiful veil is perhaps lifted, with a wish to deaden the sound.

When visitors enter, if mere acquaintances, or of inferior rank, they generally place themselves, as a mark of respect, on the lower seats, till invited to come up higher. A black girl is presenting coffee in little china cups in silver cases, to the ladies on the marble floor, most of whom are inmates of the mansion: their feet rest on cob-cobs, as they are called, with which they move delicately about the saloon with tolerable ease, and preserve their small feet and beautiful slippers from the cold contact of the marble, or any soil or spot of offence. Two of these ladies were handsome; all were young: with the large dark Oriental eye, animating the colourless and otherwise inanimate face:

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G. Presbury

A TURKISH DIVAN.—DAMASCUS.

FISHER, SON & CO. LONDON & PARIS, 1836.

they mostly wear pantaloons of flowered silk, very full and descending low: the tunic, or jacket, of velvet or white muslin, the neck covered, and the long veils falling gracefully from the turban behind. One other luxury perhaps was wanting, to press to their Oriental lips the pipe, with its end of rich cornelian or scented amber. The writer was one day invited to visit an affluent merchant, and found him seated on the raised divan, reclining on an ottoman on sumptuous cushions: coffee and pipes were brought: the chief interest of the saloon was, however, in a group of six ladies, seated in a circle on a rich carpet on the lower part of the room; each held an elegant pipe of about five feet in length, and each delicate mouth sent forth at intervals whiffs of fragrant tobacco, that rose slowly in thin clouds above their heads, and made them look a little like the kind genii of the Arabian Tales, whose loveliness gradually opens on the favoured believer through the dim halo that surrounds them. Yet the scene was not inelegant, nor did their employment at all unsex, even to the fancy, the Ottoman ladies: a painter might have drawn the indolent dreamy air and attitude in which each smoker reclined: the white round arm gently extended, the fingers just touching the shaft of the pipe, which was cased in embroidered velvet; the tobacco was of the most delicate kind, and a piece of scented wood, or of composition, was laid on the pipe's mouth, which sent with every whiff an agreeable odour through the apartment.

In the Turkish families the daughters are very often betrothed when children, and married at an early age: in the Koran, the Prophet not only ranks women as true believers, but particularly ordains that they shall be well treated and respected by their husbands: he has secured this by the law of dowry and inheritance; if a wife is divorced, her whole dower must be paid to her, even though it involve the husband in ruin. In very many cases, the girls do not even see their destined husbands; but the change from the strict subjection of home to the condition of a wife at the head of her own household, is so agreeable, that they are too happy to adopt it. A lady may not only go to the public bath, and on excursions into the country, or to the promenades around Damascus, but she visits at the houses of her relations; and her husband's following her to those places would be deemed an unpardonable intrusion. Then she has visitors at home, friends, musicians, and dancers—all the news and scandal of the town is detailed and canvassed—and the husband cannot enter the lady's part of the house without giving notice. The grandees, and men of great wealth, the governors of cities, and the pashas, have often separate houses and establishments, harems and wives, and female slaves: these ladies often lead a life of seclusion, a lonely, imbittered, and neglected life; but the great and the wealthy, who have such establishments, are not in the proportion of one to ten thousand of the population of the country. If a man of respectable rank and property marry a woman of respectable connexions, she becomes mistress of his family; and should he have only one house, he can scarcely avail himself of the Prophet's permission of a plurality of wives; nor can he take even a second wife, and place her on an equality with the first, without involving himself in great trouble and vexation. The dower usually settled on such a lady, her unlimited authority over her children and servants, give her much importance; and she is supported by

her relations in all her rights and privileges. Few can comparatively practise polygamy: the separate establishments, the separate wardrobes and servants, and other disbursements, make the experiment too burdensome to persons of moderate means, who wish to preserve their wonted comforts and indulgencies of life; and the quarrels and jealousies that often ensue, are enough to send the husband over the dark river before his time.

VILLAGE OF EDEN, WITH THE TOMB OF THE CONSUL.

The tradition that the garden of Eden once stood here, originated in the extreme loveliness of the site, which is, however, of too alpine a character to render the locality probable. The ancient cedars are near: the hill on the right, on whose crest the village stands, as well as the other eminences, are part of Lebanon. Eden is literally an eagle's nest, placed almost between heaven and earth, like a lone sentinel on the everlasting cedars: above Eden rises a pyramid of bare rock, the last peak of Lebanon in this quarter; and a small chapel, in ruins, crowns its summit. Vineyards, gardens, mulberry and walnut trees climb the declivities, watered by numerous rivulets and little canals: and every cottage is supplied with wine, of which no less than twelve kinds are made on the range of Lebanon; most of them are sweet, strong, and pleasant; two or three are excellent, particularly the celebrated vin d'oro, of a golden colour. The salubrity of the climate during the greater part of the year, is a strong recommendation to this region: from the keenness of the mountain air in winter, its people descend to the village of Zgarti. Eden is the Bagneres of Lebanon: were it as near and easy of access as the Pyrenees, what multitudes of the invalid and curious would cover its romantic fields! The numerous monasteries in the neighbourhood offer an agreeable resort and relief from the monotony of a mountain life—in the society of some of the fathers, the use of the libraries, and the hospitality of the refectory. The country is here as remarkable for the innumerable multitude of its mulberry trees, as Egypt is for its palm trees. During the chief part of the year, these mulberry trees clothe the prospect, in every direction, with a delightful verdure. As they are not cultivated for fruit, but for their leaves, from which a great quantity of silk-worms are reared, they are pulled generally when the stem is about six feet high, and the small branches, or rather twigs, then burst out in most luxuriant foliage. An immense quantity of silk is thus raised in Syria: the trees are planted in regular line: in the winter months, a light plough is passed over the soil between them, so that the earth may drink in the rain more plentifully. The square-roofed cottages in view are of the form universal in this region, and in use probably in very ancient times: earth is mostly carried up, and laid evenly on the flat roof, and hardened by a stone roller, that the rains, so prevalent here, may not penetrate: upon this surface, as may be supposed, grass and weeds grow with difficulty

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VILLAGE OF EDEN.

FISHER, SON & CO. LONDON & PARIS. 1836.

which the Psalmist alludes: "Let them be as the grass upon the house tops, which withereth before it groweth up." The mountain soil, a most rich and tempting one to a botanist, is covered with a great quantity and variety of fragrant herbs: at sun-set, when the dew is falling, the air is loaded with their odour; to which there is an allusion in the Canticles: "A fountain of gardens from Lebanon: awake, O north wind, and come, thou south, that the spices may flow out: the smell of thy garments is like the smell of Lebanon."

Eden has also a recent source of interest, in the burial-place of the consul of Beirout, Mr. Abbott, who died about a year since, and whose roof was the hospitable asylum of the traveller. He was the intimate friend of the writer, who spent two months in the vicinity, chiefly in his society: having dwelt much in early life in Constantinople, he was familiar with the manners, and several of the languages, of the East: an agreeable and lively companion, his tales and recollections cheered many a dreary hour during the rainy season, and many a Syrian walk when the weather was again lovely. To this village and its vicinity he was more attached than to any other part of Lebanon, and often spoke of its retirement and its many attractions: and on a tour in the mountain he was seized with a fatal illness at the house of the Sheich. It was not a little singular, that he should breathe his last, and be destined to find his grave in this lone and magnificent scene. There were monasteries near, two or three of them goodly buildings, in whose cemeteries he might perhaps have reposed, by the side of the bishops and ecclesiastics of past centuries, with a more solemn train, a more imposing ceremony around his ashes. His companions were few, and they deemed as well that he should be laid in a solitary spot, at a short distance from the village; the procession was impressive, from its simple and primeval character: the costume of the mountaineers, their sympathy, the gravity of their features; the wild wail or burst of sorrow, is unusual in their interments. It was the first time that a traveller had perished in the hospitable home of the Sheich, whose fine castle is a delightful place of rest and hospitality; the old man was much moved at the event. The spot commanded a sublime view of the snowy Lebanon: the funeral was attended by the Sheich of Eden, and all the villagers; there was no burial-place here, not even of the rudest kind: they buried him beneath some ancient olive-trees: the grave was dug by the kind hands of the primitive people of the village. The ceremony was rendered more sad and affecting by the circumstance, that Dr. W—, his physician, and Mr. C—, his son-in-law, were obliged, at the close, to build a pile of stones above the grave, to protect it from the attacks of the jackals and other animals.

A scene in Lebanon, not very dissimilar, is described by a missionary; "At Ainep, where we again halted before noon to refresh ourselves, there was a great mourning. About thirty Sheichs sat assembled in a wide circle, and thence proceeded up the hill, to assist in burying some great man, one of the Druses. One of the company, a most venerable figure, with a snowy beard, stood up for some minutes, and harangued the assembly with apparently much dignified emotion. He seemed to me the very picture

of Abraham communing with the children of Heth. Though the greater part of these Sheichs consisted of Druses, known by their broad-striped dress, yet there were many Christians who joined in the funeral procession. The house of mourning seems, in every country, to be in some measure consecrated to the spirit of amity: there, religious antipathies are at least suspended, if not extinguished; and persons, who would not have thought of meeting in the same church, willingly assemble around the same grave."

TARSUS.

The stranger seeks in vain for any impressive remains of the ancient magnificence of Tarsus: the modern town does not occupy a fourth part of the area of the Roman city, although it bears a respectable rank in the Turkish dominions in Asia Minor;—it is an ill-built, straggling, and comfortless-looking place: the houses seldom exceed one story in height, part are of wood, and part of hewn stone, furnished by the more ancient edifices: there are two or three well-built mosques, and caravansaries, and bazaars. A good coffee-house does not exist here. In the evening the foreign merchants, &c. who lodge in the Khans, sometimes assemble in the narrow alley at its gate, which is transformed into a dim and cool coffee-room, with no covering save the sky, or lamps save the stars. Two consuls, one for the English, and the other for the French and Austrian nations, have recently been appointed, and their residences are the only resource of the traveller: the commercial importance of the place is expected to increase: the trade of its merchants is principally with Cyprus and the Syrian coast: imperial ships arrive there from time to time, to load grain: the land trade is of little consequence, as the caravans from Smyrna arrive very seldom. The houses have all flat roofs, on which, in warm weather, the inhabitants are accustomed to sleep under awnings: there are several lofty minarets, which can be seen at a great distance over the plain, as they rise with a fine effect above the gardens and the walls: at the north-west extremity of the town, there are the remains of an old Roman gateway, almost entire: most of the monuments of antiquity have been destroyed, or converted into modern buildings, save a theatre, which lies near the river, buried in rubbish and bushes. The population amounts to about 30,000 souls; among these there are 200 Armenian and 100 Greek families; the rest are mostly Turks, &c. In passing through the streets of Tarsus, tenanted by an uncivil and insolent population—the memory flies to the infancy of the gospel, when Paul, yet a youth, dwelt here: amidst those groves, on the banks of that river—how often he wandered! After his conversion, and when he had testified to the truth in Damascus and Jerusalem, he returned for a while to Tarsus; but it is not said whether he was received there with honour, or that he ministered of the gospel to his countrymen: assuredly he could not have held his peace in the scenes of his early life, among his relatives and associates: after "Barnabas came to Tarsus to seek him, and

TARSUS.

FISHER, SON & Co. LONDON & PARIS 1840.

W. H. Bartlett. W. Finden.

JUNCTION OF A TRIBUTARY STREAM WITH THE ORONTES.

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brought him unto Antioch," he returned to it no more. The vicinity of the town is to the imaginative mind full of interest: the fall of the Cydnus is ever a beautiful object, and Taurus a sublime one: and they tell, and so does each ruin around, that the poor soldier of the Cross, who dwelt beneath one of the roofs of Tarsus—has left trophies more imperishable than those of the conquerors of the world.

His garments were "rolled in blood," that flowed from his own wounds; his banner, rent and pale, became an ensign to the nations, until each step, each word, of the Apostle of the Gentiles, grew indelible; and his silent empire over the Christian world, no lands can limit, or ages stay. Perhaps in a home as mean as the wooden homes of Tarsus, that powerful intellect was cultivated, that ardent temperament fanned into a flame; and, amidst the heights of Taurus, and its mountain exercises, was nursed that vigour of constitution that was so availing in his subsequent fatigues and hardships. As yet there was no intense desire to be useful to others: there was a cruel and fiery zeal, in which, perhaps, mingled an ambition to gain the favour and applause of the rulers of his people. What were his aspirations of the future, when meditating or seeking repose on the roof of his home, in the silence and glory of an Eastern night? had an angel predicted the swift change of every desire, every hope, the path of peril and victory on earth, of glory and immortality in heaven,—he would have seemed "even as them that dream." Skilled in the literature of the heathen, the region of Amanus and the Cilician vales and mountains was to him full of beautiful associations, of indelible scenes: the youthful Saul, a Jew in bigotry, a Roman in resolution, a Greek in intellect—visiting the battle-fields of Alexander and Cæsar, the ruins of the cities they had destroyed, would have been an interesting sight to the poet or the historian. Ere a few years should have fled, *he* was also to go forth on his resistless career—to extend the kingdom of his Lord from shore to shore, and, sealing it with his life, leave to posterity a name as deathless and cherished as that of Issus or Arbela.

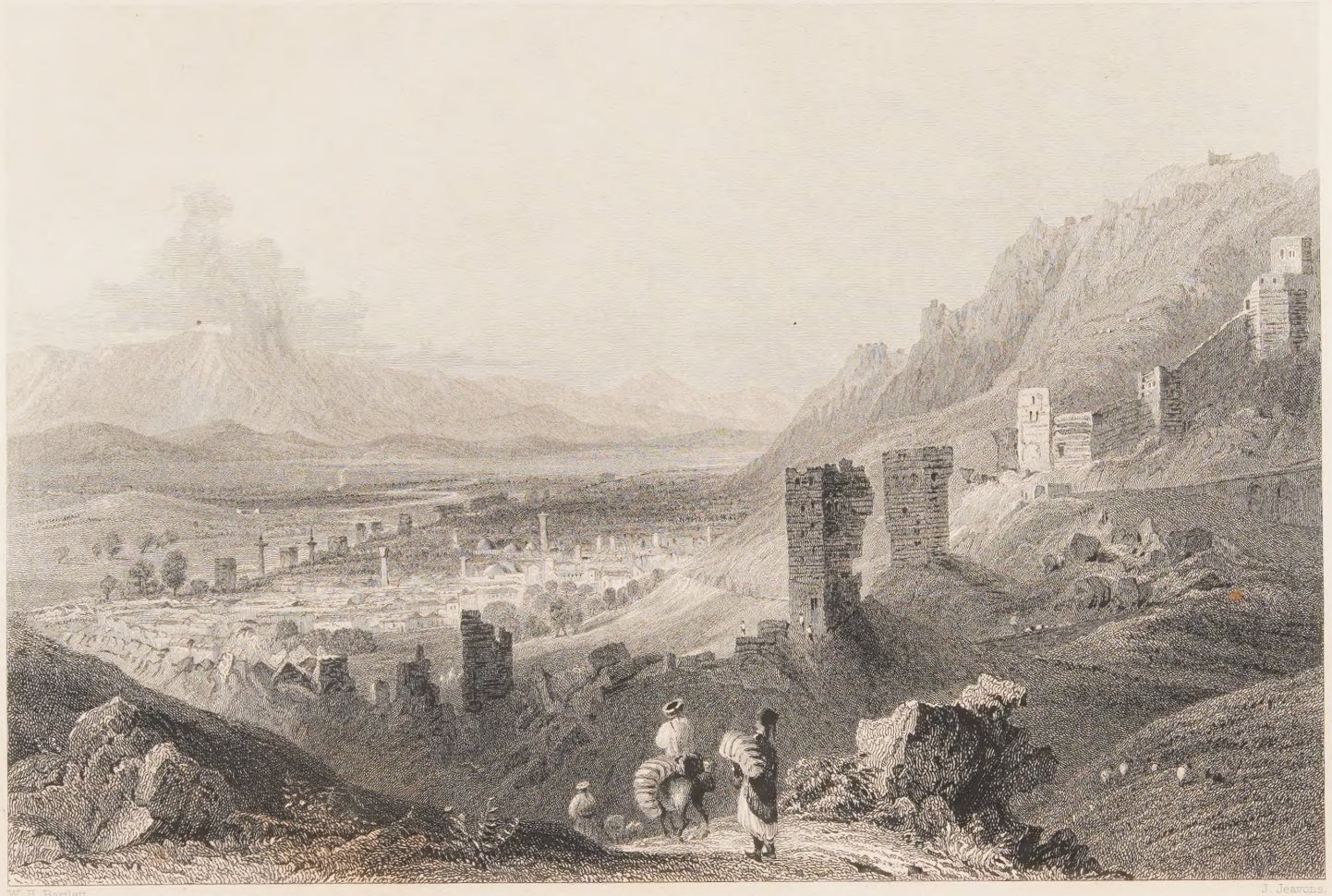
JUNCTION OF A TRIBUTARY STREAM WITH THE ORONTES.

The course of the river is here beautiful, strongly reminding one of the Wye near Coldwell rocks; but the myrtle, the bay, the pine, and many Oriental trees and shrubs, give greater richness to the present scene. On ascending from the rocks represented in the view near Suadeah, you walk for about three miles, and then ferry across, and in about a mile further come to this spot, where a stream which descends from Mount Amanus falls into the river. In the distance on the left, rising above the Orontes, is the mountain called the Column, on the summit of which are the remains of a very noble convent and church, dedicated to St. Simon Stylites, who was born in the year 392 at Sison, a town on the borders between Syria and Cilicia: he was the son of a shepherd, and followed the same occupation to the age of thirteen, when he entered into a monastery. After some time he left it, and took up his abode on the tops of mountains, and in the caverns of

rocks, fasting sometimes, it is said, for weeks together. He next adopted the strange fancy of fixing his habitation on the tops of pillars; and, with the notion of climbing higher and higher towards heaven, he successively migrated from a pillar of six cubits to one of 12, 20, 36, and 40. Multitudes flocked from all parts, to pay their veneration to the holy man, as he was generally denominated. Simon passed forty-seven years upon his pillars, exposed to all the inclemency of the weather. The extremities of each column were only three feet in diameter, with a kind of rail or ledge around, that reached almost to the girdle, somewhat resembling a pulpit: there was no lying down in it. At length a dreadful ulcer put an end to his life at the age of 69: his body was taken down from his last pillar by the hands of bishops, and conveyed to Antioch, with an escort of six thousand soldiers; and he was interred with a pomp equal to any thing that had been displayed for the most powerful monarchs. These honours produced imitators, a few of whose performances surpassed the original: one of them inhabited his pillar 68 years. This fanaticism remained in vogue till the 12th century, when it was suppressed. As religious works, even in manuscript, were scarce in the 4th century, and these pillar saints had little taste for reading, it is difficult to imagine how they passed the time: beat by the rain, the wind, and the sun, their temper could scarcely grow more sweet, or their imagination more clear and vivid, with the lapse of years: a gloom and melancholy, and sometimes a wild and degrading mysticism, took possession of the mind. The great excitement of these men was the wonder and applause of the multitude, which never deserted them: in their utter ignorance of true religion, they felt little or nothing of its consolations. The second Simon, who lived in the 6th century, 68 years on his pillar, taught, like his predecessor, or rather deluded, the gazing multitude, declaimed against heresy, pretended to cast out devils, heal diseases, and foretell future events.

The whole valley of the Orontes, up to Antioch, is magnificent; it is cultivated in many parts, and might be made, with industry, as productive as it was in ancient times: viewed a few miles farther, from the heights of Beit-el'-ma, it presents a splendid broad expanse, reposing beneath the heights of Amanus, and watered by the bold sweeping Orontes.

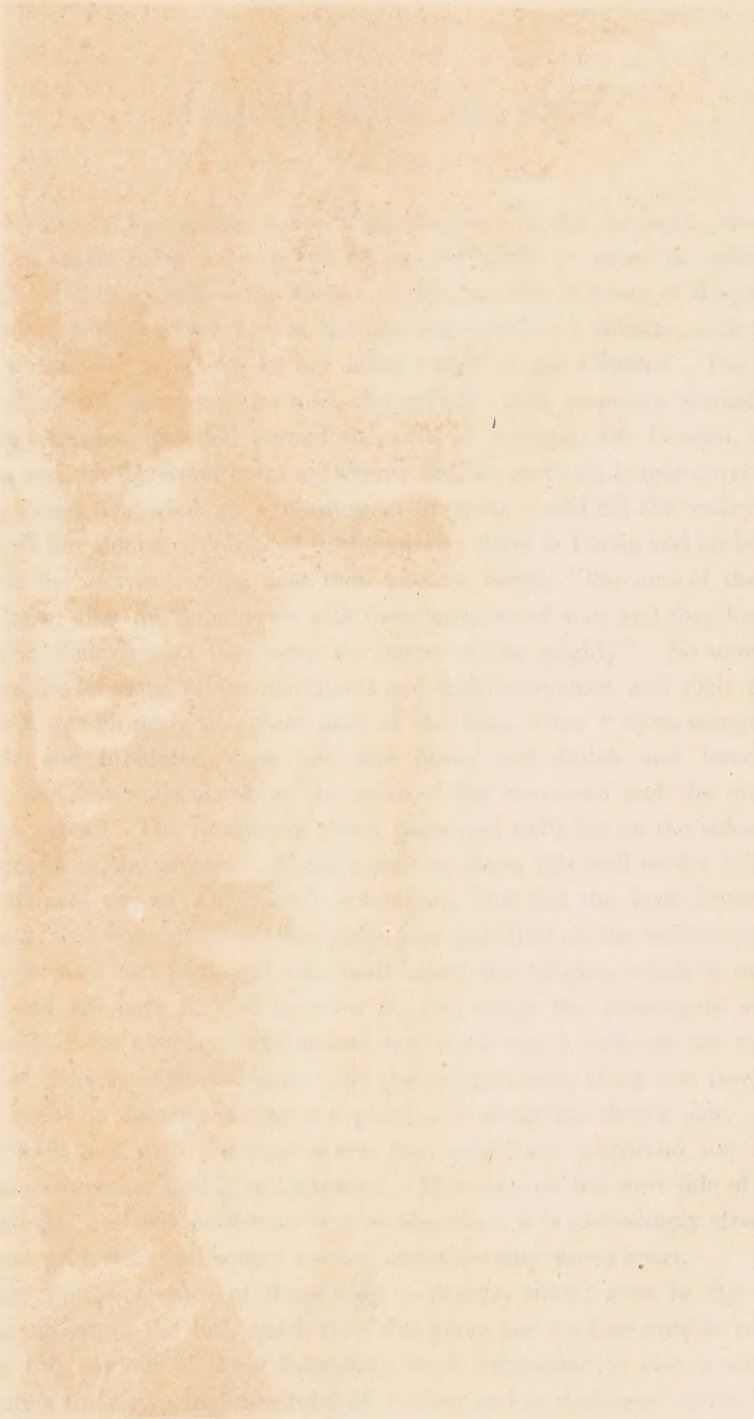
The numerous flocks, and their shepherds, give a pastoral appearance to this scene: the old stone bridge, with its single arch, crosses the tributary stream, that loudly pours its tide from the melted snows into the calm, majestic bosom of the Orontes. Cultivation is visible even to the water's edge: the declivities afford the richest pasture to the flocks, whose keepers, seated on the banks or beneath the trees, look every day on a scene that might vie with the fields of Arcadia. The pillar of St. Simon, if that saint had any taste for the picturesque, was admirably placed; his was no fierce retreat in the desert, like that of so many other excellent anchorets: the gloriousness of nature, in water, grove, garden, and mount, was always present on his right hand and on his left; and he could not well shut them from his vision. Some patches of snow were still clinging to the highest crags: in the valley the air was delightfully warm, and had the fine inspiring freshness felt in the East while it is yet early in the day.



W. H. Bartlett. J. Jeavons.

ANTIOCH FROM THE WEST.

FISHER, SON & Cº. LONDON & PARIS. 1836.



ANTIOCH, FROM THE WEST.

Is this Antioch, the queen of the East, the glory of the monarch, the joy of the evangelist? brought down even to the dust, she shall no more be called the lady of kingdoms. On every side is the silence of ruin, and the dimness of despair: yet how beautiful and exulting is the face of nature: *she* sitteth not solitary, with the tears on her cheek, but dwells, as of old, in her loved valley of the Orontes. The soil is rank with the violet, the anemone, the rose, the myrtle: that exquisite shroud covers the slain of many nations, who fell around the walls of Antioch: the Persian, the Saracen, the Roman, and the Christian hosts are there; did the earth no longer cover their hope and the dry bones live, what an exceeding great army would fill the valley! "there is Egypt and all her company delivered to the sword; there is Persia and all her multitude round about her graves: whom dost thou pass in beauty? the sons of the north, who came from afar; they are gone down with their weapons of war, and they have laid their swords under their heads: they were the terror of the mighty." No sound comes up the hill from the lost city, of the merchants and their companies, and their going to and fro. Antioch was formerly the great mart of the East, when "Syria occupied her fairs with purple and broidered work and fine linen, and Judah and Israel were her merchants; and her walls shook at the noise of the horsemen and the chariots which entered her gates." The remains of those gates and walls are on the sides of the hill, and on the bank of the stream. About a century since, this wall on the hill, which was built by Seleucus, one of Alexander's successors, had not the least breach in it, nor a sign of any; and from this, one may judge how beautiful all the walls must have been. It was at least sixty feet high, and was built along the heights, which to the south are very steep, and are here divided by a ravine, into which the passengers are entering. On these walls there were no battlements, but there was a walk on the top, on which the circuit of the city might be made with the greatest ease, along the steep precipices (where all is now in ruins) down to the plain, and along the river's side. But though built on a rock, and with the utmost art, they could not withstand the shocks of so many great earthquakes that have happened. However, on the west side of the western hill, the wall has resisted both time and earthquake: it is exceedingly strong, and well built of stone, with beautiful square towers, about seventy paces apart.

Such was the appearance of these walls a century since: even in the present day their fragments climb the hill, which they still grasp and enclose even in ruin. On the side of this hill, on one of these fragments, it is impressive to rest a while, ere the traveller enters the city, which is stretched "silent and in darkness" at his feet: domes, minarets, masses of ruin, low ill-built homes, with thin tiled roofs—how dull and heavily

they lie! it is better to sit here, and listen to the camel-bell of the little caravans coming over the plain, than hasten down to some mean home of ignorant and unfeeling people. Were the homes of such men as the Christians of old still there, did a few even of their descendants still survive, how beautiful would it be to seek their roof,—to talk of the time when Antioch was called the City of God; still later, when it contained 360 convents, and its numerous churches were the finest in the world! Church, convent, home of the faithful, all are gone. There is a place where a few worship, in a cave in the hill about half a mile from the town: by night, by the taper's light, the little group of Christians partake of the eucharist there, and pray and chant according to the Greek ritual. Surely those who seek comfort and strength in this desolate place are not sent empty away. This little church in the wilderness is a timid and persecuted one, and dares not seek a temple within the walls.

The only moving thing of life and gaiety in the scene is the Orontes: the sun, sinking behind the heights, is on its golden wave, and on the gardens which stretch beyond: to the east is the great plain of Antioch, with its lake, bounded by distant mountains; nearer are the high mountains of Beilan: to the left, in all its majesty, is the lofty Mount Casius, of a conical form, its breast and summit red with the splendour that fills the whole heavens above it. Such is the magnificent view from the highest part of the rocks above Antioch; such is the hour also when a peculiar glory is on every part of its territory, but not on itself: never again "shall its garments be white, or wet with the dew of the morning." Many parts of the environs are very attractive: the irregular valley, covered with vineyards, behind the heights; Beit-el-ma, supposed to be the site of the ancient Daphné, is about five miles south-west, in a romantic situation: there are some vestiges of ruins, and fine cascades. The ancient shrine is also supposed to have stood in a spot seven miles distant, on the declivity of the mountains, where several streams, flowing through a meadow shaded with luxuriant bay-trees, walnut-trees, and groves of myrtle, unite and form a small river, which afterwards is lost in the Orontes. The latter river, after passing Antioch, takes its course between some low mountains north of Mount Casius, and enters the sea about six leagues from the city.

Yet the foot turns with joy from these isolated scenes of beauty, of vale or grove, to the massive bridge that enters the ruined city; and would turn from even Daphné in its glory, amid forests of laurel and myrtle—to these hoary heights and noble towers, which have a voice to the ear of enthusiasm, not of sweet music, but "as the sound of many waters." And dear and lasting are the things thus learned: in after life, when sorrows threaten us, when troubles are nigh, it will be beautiful to sit beneath our own roof, by our own fireside, and to remember Antioch! and listen again to the voice that spoke to us there, and bade us never to despair: for there shall be unto us, as to *her*, a covering of wo, yet of immortality!

W. H. Bartlett. T. Higham.

SCENE ON THE RIVER ORONTES, NEAR SUADEAH.

FISHER, SON & Co. LONDON & PARIS, 1836.

SCENE ON THE RIVER ORONTES, NEAR SUADEAH.

The scenery on this river resembles, in many parts, that of the Wye in South Wales: it is a fine slow-flowing stream, although its waters are not clear: in this vicinity there are two or three small islands on its bosom. When the traveller has succeeded in procuring mules at Suadeah, which occupies the site of the ancient Seleucia, he may take a solitary and lovely ride to Antioch. The hamlets in the plain are wretched: no roof invites to refreshment or rest; no spacious khan, with its group of trees and quiet pool, stands by the way-side. The gratification of the senses is generally in the East precarious and prospective: the wanderer must often dine and sup, like the impoverished French epicure, on the remembrance of ancient luxuries, which every step of the way towards Daphné, Antioch, and Sardis, will richly supply. The path along the river often winds among thickets of bay, ilex, arbutus, and flowering myrtle, and where the magnificent pinacled rocks rise abruptly from its bed, he must rest a while, heedless of the noontide rays, careless of where he may lay his head at night. In Italy, the curse of its lovely landscapes is the dry bed of the streams which so often cross the path: even its larger and famous rivers are in summer half dry; but in Asia Minor the waters are full, as of old.—not withered, like the prophet's gourd, leaving the stranger to mourn over that most unsightly of all objects, a shrunken spectre-looking torrent, wailing by, or peering through some glassy pools at the pitiless sun. The banks of the Orontes, at this spot, are beautiful as the forest in its glory and gloom, cool as the cavern on the shore: its haughty cliffs, here shrouded by fragrant shrubs—there glaring in the fierce sun-light: below, where the path winds, there is a delightful coolness beneath the overshadowing trees, which in some parts droop even into the stream. The stream scarcely murmurs in its slow and majestic course: it has bathed the ruins of Antioch, and will soon pour its waters into the Mediterranean. The path, after leaving the side of the Orontes, approached the mountains which enclose the plain on the western side, at whose foot were several extensive and well-planted orchards, belonging to the Aga of Antioch: hence the road was through lanes, thickly overhung on both sides with shrubs, and, as it wound up the mountain, the shades of evening began to gather on a country celebrated for its landscape scenery. It soon after grew dark, and the way more rude and rocky; no cottage light was near, or bark of the village dog:—"forlorn on the hill of winds, the night was dark around;" a halt must be made, the fire kindled, and the coffee prepared—sweet solace to the traveller's cares and toils. Over one of the dreariest wilds of Lebanon, the writer was one day passing, when a cloudy sky, a keen wind, and a miserable fog creeping upon every height, forest, and village, made the spirits sink and the blood run cold. The idea of comfort rose like that of an angel in the way. At last, a little hamlet presented itself near at hand; the path passed the door, and a young Syrian, in his light and graceful costume, came forth with a cup of excellent coffee: it was more precious than gold. He had probably descried us

through the mists long ere we could discern his dwelling, and had instantly prepared the beverage: it was the berry of Mocha, hot, pure, inspiring, and quickly banished the misery from the frame, the sorrow from the mind: he smiled, and wished us happiness, of which he was certainly the messenger at that moment.

Beneath the shelter of a rock on Mount Amanus, the traveller takes a short repose, and with the first grey light is again en route: in a few hours the plain of Antioch opens, with the beautiful freshness of morning, on its hamlets, and on the gardens and well-sown fields around the town: a strong-built bridge leads over the river directly to the gate. At the distance of two days' journey hence towards Aleppo, the route is still in the vicinity of the Orontes, which is there crossed by a ferry-boat, the breadth being fifty or sixty yards, and the banks forty or fifty feet high. The water continues to be discoloured, like that of the Nile during the time of its inundation, but in a less degree, for the filtering process is necessary to render the latter drinkable, whereas the peasant and the pilgrim often quench their thirst at the Cilician stream: near its banks, there are at intervals excellent springs, which offer a purer draught.

TRIPOLI.

This View is taken above the convent of Derwishy, which is seen below, on the river's bank: a Maronite priest is conversing in the path above with a Syrian shepherd and shepherdess: the ancient castle, built in the time of the crusades, is on the hill in front: many parts of the town, and the high arcades of gothic architecture, under which several of the streets run, bear marks of the ages of the crusades. Tripoli is the best-looking town in Syria, the houses being well built of stone, and neatly constructed within. It is surrounded and embellished with luxuriant gardens, which are not only intermingled with the houses in the town, but extend over the whole plain lying between it and the sea. This maritime plain and the neighbouring mountains place every variety of climate within a short distance of the inhabitants. More luxuriant in gardens and groves than Beirout, more sheltered and healthful than Sidon and Acre, Tripoli seems to combine every advantage of comfort, scenery, and fertility, to induce the stranger, in search either of health or enjoyment, to make it his resting-place in preference to any other part of Syria. The site of the convent Derwishy, or the Dervises, on the shore of the Kadesha, amidst lemon and olive trees, is charming: a retirement from the world of care, temptation, and pleasure, to a world of exquisite, silent, solitary beauty: each path beside the Kadesha is one dear to the meditative man; in its windings through the vale there is a seclusion, shadowed, pastoral, and calm; where the thoughts are gently stirred by the murmur of its waters, by the pipe of the shepherd. The path leading up either hill opens on a brilliant and extensive landscape, of the plain, two miles in width, covered with gardens, even to the sea: of the port on the left, with the islands, of the

W. H. Bartlett. J. C. Varrall.

TRIPOLI.

FISHER, SON, & Co LONDON, & PARIS, 1836.

heights of Lebanon behind, and the boundless and beautiful sea in front,—and over all an atmosphere pure, soft, and splendid. From the port on the left, there runs a chain of six square isolated towers, about ten minutes' walk from each other, seemingly intended for the defence of the harbour; they stand immediately on the sea, and appear to be of Saracen workmanship. Around these towers, and in the sea, as on the shore to the right of Beirout, lie a great number of grey granite pillars. The tower of the lions, one of the six, is said to derive its name from a shield carved over the gateway, on which two lions were formerly visible, the arms of Count Raymond of Toulouse. When Baldwin, king of Jerusalem, took Tripoli from the Saracens, after a seven years' siege, he made Bertrand, the son of Raymond, Count of Tripoli. In the year 1170, the city was almost destroyed by an earthquake; the Saracens took it in 1289, and entirely destroyed it; but it was afterward rebuilt by them. There are several European merchants settled here, and consuls for France, England, Austria, &c. The principal article of export is the silk produced on the mountains, of which it formerly exported about eight hundred quintals every year, at about £80 per quintal: but its commerce has been lately on the decline. The next chief article of exportation is sponges, which are procured on the sea shore: the best are found at some depth in the sea; soap is exported to Tarsus, for Anatolia and the Greek islands, as well as alkali for manufacturing it, which is produced in the eastern desert: the khan of the soap manufacturers is a large well-built edifice. The castle on the left, the tomb of Abou Nazer on the right, the few kiosques and country seats, must yield in loveliness and comfort of position to the convent of Dervises: it is said to be at this time uninhabited; and might probably be come-at-able to the traveller, even of moderate resources, who desires to pitch his tent for a time in the East: the tenant of such an abode would be an enviable man; in his ci-devant Dervish home, in the deep vale of the Kadesha, where the orange and mulberry groves, the poplars, and many other trees and shrubs, render the air fragrant and cool. There is nothing wanting to give a home-feeling to such a residence, save some English furniture, books, and music: then might the recluse of the Kadesha, when walking on his terraced roof, or in his garden, gaze on his valley, river, groves, and the lofty declivities on each side, and defy "earth's extremest bounds," to offer a more grateful retreat; the town,—its busy commerce, the dwellings of its friendly consul and merchants, within half a mile: the storms on the heights of Lebanon above, are heard, but not felt: the long fall of the surge on the distant beach comes low and dream-like up the valley. At evening, how delightful to take a volume of our native land, Shakspeare or Scott, or the more pastoral poets of the lakes, and sit beneath the trees, or in the portico, and "lose the present in the past;" while a thousand associations and fancies come thronging on the thoughts,—till those thoughts are broken, deliciously broken, by the evening convent bell, pealing from the mountain steep. And while we listen, does not that bell tell of the past, as vividly as the immortal drama or verse? does it not bring tears to the eyes, and a rich melancholy to the heart? the Sabbath morn and eve in the fields of our earliest life, when such sounds were borne on the wind, calling us to the grey church, which our fathers loved; calling us also to stand beside their graves, and look our last look on the

dead; sorrow, exquisite sorrow,—joy, hope, faith, and memory are breaking forth afresh with every tone of those bells, which come as if from mid air,—and, prolonged by the mountain echoes, are not like earthly sounds. Happy the man, who thus, in a foreign land, feels that the golden cord that bound his spirit to the home of his first and purest thoughts, is not broken; that, far as he wanders, the present cannot sever the past, or cloud the future,—but that there is still, and ever within, a fountain of merciful and blessed things, of which he can drink when all around is enchanting, as when all is desolate and barren.

ANTIOCH, ON THE APPROACH FROM SUADEAH.

Antioch was peculiarly a "defenced city;" nature had given it the everlasting mountains for walls and bulwarks, yet the pride and care of its kings covered them with mighty defences: the fortresses on the summits seem, even in ruin, to laugh at the power of man, and, like the tower of Shinar, to look up to heaven with scorn. The view is taken from a burial-ground: a vulture was perched on one of the tombs, and the bones of the dead were scattered beneath. Two women were lamenting bitterly, but not for the lost city: their hands were lifted to heaven in anguish and despair, for a child taken in mercy in its innocence, or for a husband or friend: the grave was fresh with the flowers they had planted; and when they are withered, the earliest of the season shall replace them. They were kneeling where nations are forgotten in death, but they knew it not: their wail, after the manner of the Eastern women, was low and melancholy: to the fancy of the stranger, wandering among the ruinous places, it seemed like the voice of those over whom the veil is spread, whose blood the earth shall never disclose; "even all the multitudes that fought against the city, to distress her, shall be as a dream of a night-vision." The earthquake, the tempest, the sword, the flame of a devouring fire, have all done their work on Antioch, yet time itself has spared the walls and towers on the precipices: the embattled hosts, who often came against them, saw that they were invincible; the convulsions of nature alone broke their strength, and rent their foundations. Yet even now there is an inexpressible life and immortality about them; even when the city and the plain trembled and sank at their feet, death did not swallow them up in victory: the eagle in his flight often rests on their battlements, rather than on the mountain peak. How poor the minarets, even of the great mosque, look in comparison to these noble ramparts! the morning sun is yet on the mountain heights to the left, and the red battlements on their verge, that look as if there "the trumpet shall again be blown, and the garments of the warrior rolled in blood."

The Oriental women go and mourn in the cemetery, where those who were dear to them are interred: ancient usage and etiquette require an outward shew of sorrow, even

ANTIOCH ON THE APPROACH FROM SUADEAH

ANTIOCH ON THE APPROACH FROM SUADEAH.

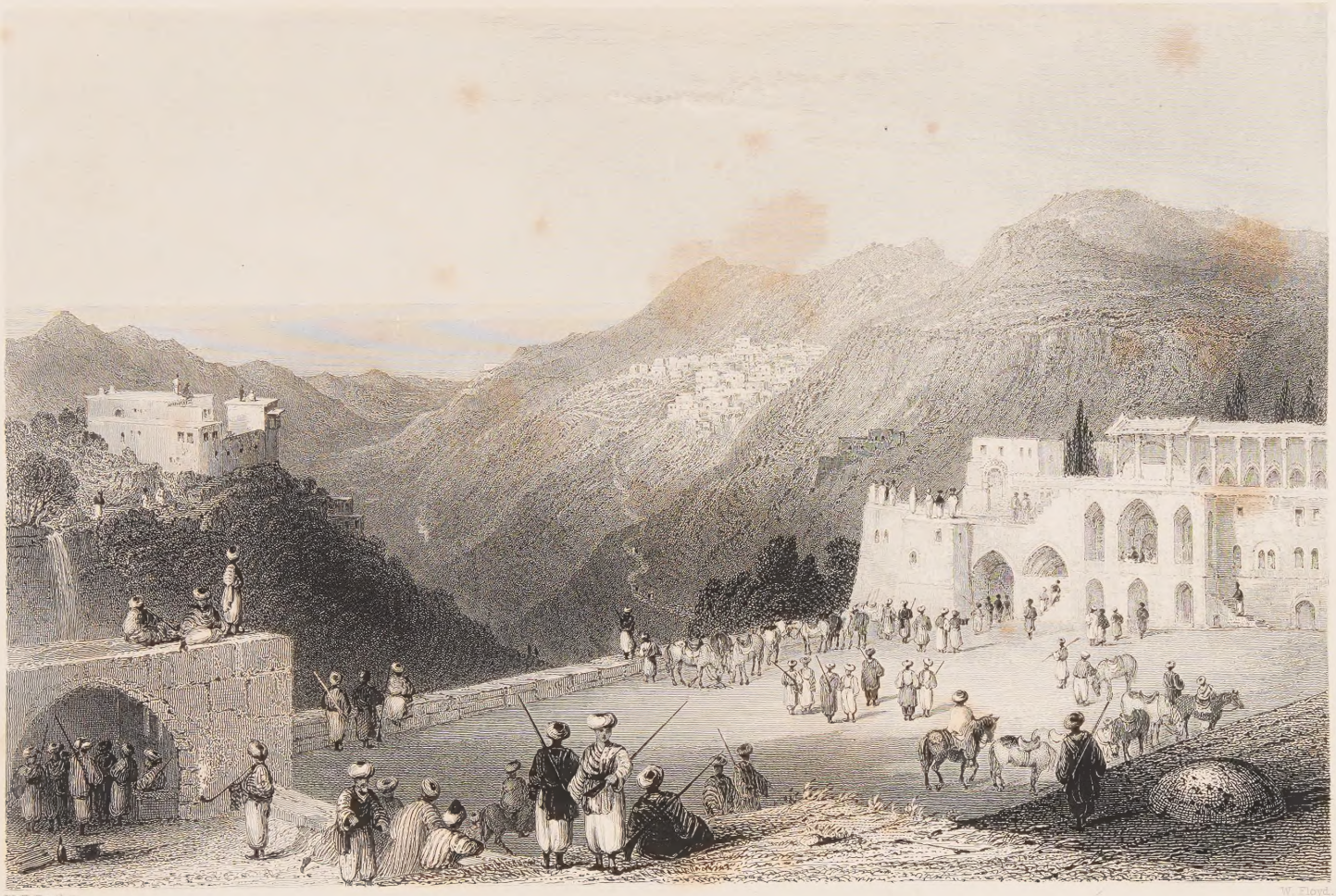
when the heart has no share in it: a veiled and kneeling figure is often seen where the cypress trees give an almost impenetrable shade: sometimes the air and dress bespeak her to be a lady of the land, sorrowing alone, and in that low thrilling lament, that in the silence of the burial-ground is like the voice of her "that refused to be comforted, because they were not." Among those visited by the cruelties of the Greek revolution was an Armenian lady of Constantinople, a young and handsome widow, whose husband was recently murdered. Bereaved of her home, she resided with the family of a relative: dejection and sorrow were stamped on her pale and handsome features; she refused to join her friends in their walks or excursions on the Bosphorus: even the love of dress, so strong and enduring under almost all circumstances in the breast of an Eastern woman, seemed to be extinct: the blow had been too sudden and ruthless; her home, her husband, her love, all to which her heart clung intensely, were cruelly taken—and what was life to her now! In the evening she sometimes came forth to the place where the slain was buried; and then the imprisoned feelings gave way to all the luxury of sorrow: and there is no spot so suited to its indulgence as the great cemetery on the hill of Pera, at evening; which then scarcely seems a portion of this world, but rather a separate world of shadows, of mourning, and communion with the dead, like the valley of the prophet, into whose awful secrets the desolate alone can enter.

This mingled scene of beauty and ruin, of misery and splendour—was a vivid emblem of the East: the unruffled bosom of the Orontes sweetly reflected the aged ruins on its shores: the hoary walls on the precipices were sadly, fiercely bright, like the ghastly smile on the face of the dead: the few feathery clouds that passed slowly along the peaks, looked like the phantom waving of a banner: the gay tents beside the stream, the Janizaries and their master, the ladies and their slaves, told a tale of pride and pleasure—at which the vulture on the tomb seemed cruelly to gaze; the dogs crunched the bones of the dead, and the mourners, beating their breasts and lifting their hands to heaven, seemed to say, "yet a little while, and you also, who trust in beauty and in power, shall be even as we, lamenting bitterly."

The cemetery of Antioch is destitute of funereal trees; no grateful gloom shrouds the mourner from the careless eye of the passengers: the morning sun was streaming down the mountains on the city, the solid bridge, and the people now issuing from the gate: a party of Turkish ladies passed by, in long muslin wrappers and yellow boots, with their black conductors, to take the air while it was yet fresh and cool: the janizaries of the governor preceded himself on horseback. The tall mosque near the river, the finest in Antioch, as well as the burial-ground, was still wrapped in shade.

BETEDDEIN—PALACE OF THE PRINCE OF THE DRUSES.

The palace of the Emir Beshir, the sovereign of Lebanon, is a very costly edifice: it consists of a large quadrangle, on one side of which are the apartments of the Emir and his harem; two other sides contain the apartments of his officers and people, and the fourth is open towards the valley and the town of Deir el Kamar, and also commands a distant view of the sea. The best apartments are furnished with glass windows; terraced gardens are wrested from the rugged soil, and water brought from the hills into the quadrangle at a considerable expense, from a distance of nearly twenty miles. A winding path over low stone steps leads to the unassailable fortress of this mountain prince, whose summons can in a few days call all Lebanon to arms. The Emir may walk on the walls of his eagle palace, and say with him of old, "Is not this the proud home I have built, on the brink of the everlasting mountains?" To these wild walls of power and luxury, there come natives of Egypt, Abyssinia, Italy, and France, Druses, Mahometans, and Syrian Christians; the bold mountaineer, armed to the teeth, mingled with the thoughtful scribe or literateur, the latter sometimes retired apart, beneath a rock or a tree, writing verses in praise of the prince, or on the strange vicissitudes of his fortunes. The physician of the palace, a clever and agreeable Frenchman, is probably still resident here, and, like his countryman, M. Chaboiceau of Damascus, resolved to end his days in a country that has patronised him so liberally. The French are very successful as medical men in the East, by a facility and even eagerness in adapting themselves to the tastes and usages of the people; sorrowing not for their own country, though always boasting of it; with a conscience untroubled about the variety of faiths, the same smile of good nature and scepticism is given to the mysteries of the Druse, the reveries of the Dervish, and the genuflexions of the Turk. There is a small Christian church near the palace: on the mountain, the Emir is a Christian; in Acre, when he visits the Pasha, and in the towns on the coast, he is a believer in the Prophet. He is now seventy years of age, of a patriarchal appearance, and long white beard: on his features, usually mild and calm, late misfortunes have fixed a more stern expression: he has lived to see the Pachalic of Acre wrested by the Porte from his friend and ally Abdallah, and now, returned like the old eagle to his airy home, he looks abroad on the storms of fate, on the downfall of the Sultan, and the successes of Ibrahim, and believes that he shall die at last in his castle, in peace: perhaps Ibrahim, should his allegiance falter, may decree him a more speedy end. In his harem were several handsome women, who accompanied



W. H. Bartlett. W. Floyd.

BETEDDEIN,—PALACE OF THE PRINCE OF THE DRUSES.

DER EL-KAMAR IN THE DISTANCE.

FISHER, SON, & Co. LONDON, & PARIS, 1836.

him in his flight to Egypt, when he forsook Beteddein, surrounded on every side by his enemies, and they returned with joy on his restoration. Women, at least in the East, are the creatures of habit far more than of circumstance: the flight, the voyage, the residence in Egypt, a climate and scenes so different from their own; the court of Mahmoud Ali, where they were intimate with the sultana and the favourite ladies, and witnessed a splendour and refinement hitherto new—after all these excitements, Beteddein is as dear to them as ever. The rains and snows, the thunder-storms, the solitude of their rocky home, had been their companions for years; did not the memory of the Pacha's gardens and fountains, and the music and the ball, follow them to their windy terraces and withered flower-beds? and the splendid and costly dresses of Egypt's seraglio flit in mockery before their eye? Of what avail was the dye of the surmeh, black as the raven's wing, for the eyelashes; or the crimson hue of the hennah, for the palms of the hands and tips of the fingers; or the gold coins drooping in braided rows on the shoulder,—when few came to the castle to see and to admire, few came to flatter the Emir's ladies. The Eastern castles being as bookless as those of the old Highland chiefs, a taste for reading would be of little use, and here such a taste is unknown: the steep and irregular cliffs on every side forbid all pleasant promenades or excursions, so that fancy can scarcely picture, for a beautiful woman, a more triste and monotonous life than that of Beteddein. The love of dress, ever a passion in the East, is certainly indigenous in Lebanon, and dwells within these lonely walls as intensely as in the gay circles of Europe, whence large pier-glasses have been brought for the use of the harem: could the toilette of Beteddein be descried through its massive gates and fences, its mists and its sentinels—the many hours daily of bathing, adorning, perfuming,—the display, the envying, and scolding one another—the spectator would have said, and more justly said, not frailty, but "Vanity, thy name is Woman!"

The plate represents the gathering of the chieftains to join the army of Ibrahim Pacha, who was then about to advance into Syria, previous to his capture of Damascus, and the victories of Koniah, &c. The Emir, the ally of Ibrahim, sent his summons through the whole range of Lebanon, and the mountaineers obeyed the call with alacrity: it was like the passage of the fiery cross through the Highlands, of old, calling on every man to range beneath his banner, and come to the gathering without delay. These mountaineers were bold and hardy troops; Ibrahim knew their value in rapid and daring movements, and it was the interest as well as policy of the Emir to afford him as numerous an aid as possible. In the time of extremity, he can command a force of twenty thousand men, horse and foot, armed with firelocks: the larger proportion consists of cavalry; their manner of warfare is desultory, and rarely incurs the loss and slaughter of a well-fought field. The Druses, who compose two-thirds of this force, are distinguished by their broad-striped dresses: they are a stout well-made race of men, with a cheerful and rather reckless expression on their round faces, which are in general beardless and rather fair: they wear their hair beneath the light Syrian turban, for in Lebanon the faith and usages of the Turk are not at all fashionable. The scenery around Beteddein was admirably suited to this busy and martial scene: there was the,

flashing of arms along the brink of the descents, where a line of cavalry was advancing; and then the tedious ascent, through the pass, where a few men only could advance abreast: down the declivities, in another direction, poured groups of foot soldiers, wild and disorderly: muskets, lances, sabres, were as plentiful on the mountain paths as pipes in a coffee-house: the advance of the chiefs, who were beautifully mounted, with their immediate followers, was still more picturesque; the horses, long used to the rugged ways and passes, came on with as much eagerness as if their feet were on the plain. The great court of the palace was crowded with men and steeds already arrived; some lounging idly, or smoking, or conversing in groups: many of the more curious mounted the roofs and terraces, to look out afar for the coming of the troops of Lebanon and the banners. The galleries and recesses were filled with officers and soldiers, eagerly passing in and out, while the Emir was in his hall of audience, in earnest consultation with his chief counsellors and friends. All felt that the present summons was to no wonted or local contest, in which they fought with no more zeal than was agreeable to them, and returned to their homes when wearied; but to a desperate conflict, in which the stake was for kingdoms,—and Ibrahim brooked no lukewarmness in his cause. The general of the mountain troops, on former occasions, was the Sheich Beshir, the Druse chief: he was put to death a few years since; and the Emir, to shew his zeal, more apparent than real, in the cause of Ibrahim, accompanied his troops good part of the way to Damascus, borne in a litter. The Christians are the more numerous, and the Druses the richer part of the population,—both are warlike: the former detest the name of Druse too much ever to yield quietly to a chief of that community; and they are attached to the Emir, who, with his whole family, long ago embraced the Christian religion. The latter was long supported by the Pachas of Acre and Tripoli, by whom, a hundred and forty years since, the government of the mountain was entrusted to his family; and now he is in close alliance with the viceroy of Egypt, who received him kindly and generously in his exile: and he is delivered from the rivalry of the Sheich Beshir, with whom he was obliged to share all the contributions which he extorted from the mountaineers. The Druses are perhaps the only people who do not love music, vocal or instrumental: rarely, if ever, is the ballad, or legendary song, or mountain air, heard in their cottages, or at their festivals: they have no sort of musical instruments, and they march to battle without trumpet, pipe, or song.

W. H. Bartlett. T. Barber.

ST. JEAN D'ACRE, MOUNT CARMEL IN THE DISTANCE.

FISHER, SON & CO. LONDON & PARIS 1836

ST. JEAN D'ACRE.—MOUNT CARMEL IN THE DISTANCE.

The strength of this hitherto impregnable fortress is broken: the walls, which swept round the plain, enclosing the town as within iron ramparts, were shattered in the late siege by Ibrahim Pacha, after a desperate defence of six months. The whole town, which once looked so neat, well-built, and prosperous, has now an air of ruin; even the noble mosque built by Djezzar Pacha is undergoing repair, from damages sustained during the siege: it is in the centre of the plate, towering above all the other buildings, a monument of the liberality and devoutness of the ferocious Djezzar, who perhaps raised it as a kind of compensation for his many atrocities. Repentance or contrition were feelings he never knew: he would have met the king of terrors, had it been possible, with a cruel menace or device. The sycamore and the palm shadow the area of this beautiful mosque, and a fine fountain murmurs there: here the tyrant, when evening had brought the dim religious light the Turks love, used to come and pray beneath the corridors and the dome his own hand had raised, and look forward, no doubt, to heaven hereafter, when his old age of blood and crime should be ended. The phantoms of the thousands he had butchered in cold blood, treacherously, often smilingly, in the dungeon, by the hatchet or the wave, never rose to his fancy or his conscience, to cloud his devotions or disturb his hopes. Had even the beings he had maimed, of the wealthy, the noble, as well as the poor and helpless—whose noses, ears, lips, he had lopped, and took not as yet the life—risen up like swift and mangled witnesses against him, on the shore of the dark river,—he would have sternly elbowed his way to the regions of bliss. And Djezzar, in the mosque, was remarkably devout; said his prayers with a loud and fervent voice, and went through all the genuflexions, and bobbings, and prostrations, with a zeal equal to that of a Santon. He died in his bed calmly, unconcernedly, unrepentingly, at near eighty years of age: "there were no bands in his death; his heart was firm within him." The writer was told by Sir Sydney Smith, that when seated one evening with Djezzar in his divan, the latter, displeased at some recent occurrence, menaced the admiral, and hinted how easy it was to imprison or even put him to death, if he chose but to give the word. "It is very true, Djezzar Pacha," he replied, "and very easy to fulfil your words: but look at that ship," pointing to his flag-ship in the harbour; "before the sun shall set, Acre would be a heap of ashes."

The bazaar to the left of the court of the mosque is new: the broken walls in the foreground are those of the Castle, which were devastated; the vessels in the harbour, near the tower, are the djerms or light barks of the country. Mount Carmel is opposite, descending into the sea; on its top is a monastery, and at its foot the small town of Caipha. The form of Carmel is accurately given: its verdure, its woods, and varieties of surface, are not visible at this distance.

In Acre many wealthy and respectable familles resided, for it was the capital of the pachalic; and the fine and wide plain without the walls was often gay with the exercises of the troops and the presence of the pacha. While resident here, the writer sometimes visited a Jewish family, whose interior exhibited a picture of the troubled state of the times, and the uncertainty of property. The head of the family was a merchant, in whose house two pilgrims of his people had lodged a few years before, a father and mother, who had an only daughter, whom they betrothed on the spot to their host, seeing that he was prosperous, a merchant, young, and possessor of a good house. The Jewish maiden brought a pretty face and figure, and a tolerable portion, to her husband, who had never seen her till she was brought from her distant home to his house, as a bride. The match did not seem to be a happy one: the wife spoke with fervour of her home, of its tranquillity, and many attractions; its woods and flowers, friends and security. The contrast was bitter, such as only domestic affection could reconcile, and this she felt not: the sea washed the walls of her dwelling at Acre; there was no garden: fear was on every side, for the pacha had already hinted his suspicion that her husband was rich; and where he scented plunder, he soon, as the Persian says, "put the footstep of desire into the stirrup of accomplishment." The anxious merchant thought of leaving the town, to avoid the dreaded exactions, and asked our advice where he should emigrate. Reluctant to fly from the scene of his industry, his house, &c., his fancy harassed him by often painting the pacha's avarice, the pacha's wrath, in hideous colours: one or two rich men of his nation had already fallen victims, and his turn might soon follow. Yet, Israelite as he was, he could not bear the idea of a retreat to a mountain village, and its peace and solitude, to a town or fastness on Lebanon—if it did not possess the means of traffic, the delicious opportunities of gain. The uncertainty of resolve and anxiety of mind, which he every day experienced, was distressing: at every rumour of fresh cruelty and extortion he turned pale, and fancied the bastinado at his feet, or the bowstring at his neck: he could have fled alone and safely, and he knew that his wife and dwelling would not be assailed; but jealousy would not allow him to leave a young and pretty woman—fearing more from his friends than his enemies. He knew that he did not possess her affections, and that she dwelt with more heart-sickness and love on her native home, her early attachments, than on his welfare or enjoyment: indeed, if the angel of death should actually overtake him, and his head be asked for at the palace, it was doubtful if the wail of the handsome Jewess would have been as one that refused all consolation. He passed most of his time within doors, that he might attract as little notice as possible: the ships of various nations sailing out of the harbour were finely seen from his windows and gallery, to which they sometimes passed near, and he earnestly wished, many a time, to be on board one of them, embarked for France or England, his wife, his child, and monies, all on board, and Acre left for ever: at last he decided to depart, as secretly as possible, to the former country; but whether he put his design in execution, or what was his fate, we knew not, as we left the town for the interior soon afterwards.

THE SITE OF THE ANCIENT DAPHNE.

In this wild and luxurious scene there is a resemblance to the site of the ancient oracle of Delphi: the gardens of Armida were not more formidable to the crusaders under Godfrey of Bouillon, than the groves of Daphne were of old to the Roman veterans. Cassius, their general, forbade them to enter here, where the sights and sounds were more subduing than the enemy's sword. Daphne, so famous in the history of Syria, is about six miles from Antioch: you travel for some time along the foot of mountains through groves of myrtle and mulberry trees, till you arrive at this natural amphitheatre on the declivity of the mountains, where the springs burst with a loud noise from the earth, and, running in a variety of directions for about two hundred yards, terminate in two beautiful cascades, about thirty feet in height, falling into the valley of the Orontes. The largest of the fountains rises from beneath a rock, on the top and sides of which are the massy remnants of an ancient edifice, perhaps those of the temple of Apollo: the water of this spring is conveyed for nearly two miles through an artificial subterraneous aqueduct, which has been traced to the vicinity of Antioch. The real site of Daphné has been much disputed by travellers, among whom there is a great difference of opinion: neither Babylæ, Zoiba, or Beit-el-ma, fulfil the anticipations and images excited by the words of the ancients, who sometimes dipped their pens, when painting scenes of natural beauty, in the colours of the rainbow; or from their less correct taste and genuine love for the picturesque, when compared with that of the moderns, their descriptions may not always be depended upon, even of the scenes they saw. They loved the soft, rather than the magnificent; and things delicious to the senses, rather than the splendid scenes and ruder excitements of alpine regions. The charms of Daphné were derived as well from religious and voluptuous associations, so artfully blended in the old mythology, as from the unrivalled features of nature.

Here Seleucus planted a thick grove of laurel and cypress trees, reaching ten miles in circumference, and forming a cool and impenetrable shade, even in the most sultry summers. In the middle of the wood he erected a magnificent temple, which was consecrated to Apollo and Diana. Daphné was the same with respect to Antioch, as Baiæ was to Rome, and Canopus to Alexandria—a place of resort for amusement and pleasure. The senses were gratified with harmonious sounds and aromatic odours; beautiful were the walks, and shades, and grottoes, beautiful the Syrian women who resorted or dwelt here: at last, all who had any fortitude or virtue avoided the place: the soldier and the philosopher shunned its temptations.

> "The joyful birds sang sweet in the green bowers;
> Murmured the winds; and, in their fall and rise,
> Struck from the trees and fountains silver showers,
> A thousand strange and welcome harmonies.

Flowers and choice odours richly smiled and smelled
On either side of the calm stream, which wound
In a so spacious circle, that it held
The whole vast forest in its charming round.
It seemed that the hard oak, the grieving yew,
The chaste sad laurel, and the whole green grove,
It seemed each fruit that blushed, each bud that blew,
All spoke of ladies' hope, of ladies' love,
And bade the pilgrim hail to this delightful grove." WIFFEN.

Nevertheless, the groves of Daphné continued for many ages to attract the veneration, and to be the resort, of natives and strangers: the privileges of the sacred ground were enlarged by the munificence of succeeding emperors; and every generation added new ornaments to the splendour of the temple. At last the Christians of Antioch built a magnificent church here to Babylas bishop of that city, who died in the persecution of Decius: the rites thenceforth began to be neglected, and the priests of Apollo to forsake the place. Julian the Apostate endeavoured to revive the love of paganism amidst the groves of Daphné: he visited the neglected altars, and resumed the sacrifices, and saw with mortification and anguish that their reign was over, their sun was going down, and that the mysterious voice had gone forth in Daphné, as in the temples of Greece, "Let us go hence." One night the temple was discovered to be in flames; the statue of Apollo was consumed to ashes, as also were the altars: Julian said that the malice of the Christians had caused the conflagration; the Christians said, it was the vengeance of God.

Two beautiful cascades, and a few groupes of trees and bushes, and a screen of bold crags behind, cannot, however, realise the associations of memory, which are here miserably shattered; and the pictures of the past flit away like the foam of the waterfalls. Is this all that remains of Daphné?—Let the traveller recline on the bank, whose flowers grow rank beneath the spray; and, lulled with the falling waters, or with a gentle dose of opium, strive to conjure up on the steep the magnificent temple of Apollo; its flights of columns casting their long shadows on the stream, the smoke of its sacrifices and clouds of perfume rising slowly over the groves, while over the cataracts slowly floated the music of many instruments, and the voices of invisible women. He wakes—and what does he behold? Three water-mills built of mud, some myrtle and bramble bushes, and a few mountain girls drawing water from the stream, their coarse garments hiding coarser forms—the Dulcineas of the place; which, had Cervantes seen, he would surely have placed his hero on the steep, and given him visions, and made him harangue over Daphné and her glory, while Sancho stood laughing loudly by his side.

"Ah, sister! Desolation is a delicate thing;
It walks not on the earth, it floats not on the air,
But treads with silent footstep, and fans with silent wing
Th' illusive hopes which in their hearts the best and gentlest bear;
Who, soothed to mournful thoughts by the ruined scene above,
And the spirit-stirring motion of the bright and busy wave,
Dream visions of aerial joy, and call the monster, Love,
And wake, and find the shadows fall on Daphné's desart grave."

W. H. Bartlett W. Linden

ADANA, MOUNT TAURUS IN THE DISTANCE.

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ADANA,—MOUNT TAURUS IN THE DISTANCE.

Adana, which retains its ancient name and situation on the banks of the river Syhoon, the ancient Sarus, is still a considerable town, and the capital, till lately, of a pachalic, including the greater part of Cilicia Proper. It is now, with the surrounding district, ceded to Ibrahim Pasha. This city was formerly, next to Tarsus, the most flourishing in Cilicia: it was one of the towns to which Pompey banished the pirates, and it subsequently shared the same fate as Tarsus. The modern town is situated on a gentle declivity, surrounded on all sides with groves of mulberry, peach, apricot, fig, and olive trees, and vineyards. It is large built: the population, composed chiefly of Turks and Turcomans, is nearly equal to that of Tarsus, from which it is twenty-eight miles distant. Part of the ancient walls remain; and a noble gateway in the middle of the bazaar, forms a lively contrast to the flimsy architecture of the Turks. Near the bridge, on the bank of the river, is a castle about a quarter of a mile in circuit, the work apparently of the Mahometans. The river Syhoon, which passes through Adana, and afterwards through the plain of Tarsus into the sea, near which its width is 270 feet, holds its course for some distance within a few miles of that of the Cydnus, both flowing through the same plain. Livy and Appian make mention of the river Sarus, when relating the destruction of the fleet of Antiochus by a violent storm.

From Adana the snowy range of Mount Taurus is grand: it is bolder in character than Lebanon, from being more broken, and from the rugged precipitous aspect of its loftiest pinnacles, where there are probably glaciers. There is usually a battalion or two of troops stationed here: on the bridge in the foreground, some of the soldiery are entering the castle, which is partly ruinous; on the opposite side are the encampments of the cavalry. Adana is a large and gloomy town, with bazaars well furnished with provisions, &c. The surrounding plain is fertile, and better cultivated than is usual in Asia Minor. It is not easy to procure a lodging here: the stranger is obliged to present the firmoun of Ibrahim Pasha to the governor, and solicit him to procure one, which is almost sure to prove very bad and comfortless; and instead of wandering about in a vain effort to move the kindness of its wealthier people, he had better apply at once to the Frank physician, who will accommodate him beneath his roof; and this roof is welcome, after a visit to the squalid apartments selected by the governor, from which his foot was quickly turned in disgust, and he was on the point of asking the shelter of the soldiers' tents when rescued from his homeless state by the physician.

The troops defiling over the bridge to the ancient castle, are a part of the forces of Ibrahim Pasha, in a costume half Asiatic, half European: the tents of the cavalry are pitched on the banks of the Sihoun: these men all fought gallantly in the battles which gained Syria and Asia Minor for their leader: the Nubian infantry, well disciplined by French officers, proved themselves equal in bravery and firmness to the Albanians, who were the flower of the Turkish army: the writer saw the Nubian troops, when training carefully; tall of stature and slender, and well accoutred, it was not easy to recognize in these soldiers, in close rank and file, the wild and ungovernable inhabitants of the desarts, save by their swarthy complexion. They have learned, after much pains, the use of the bayonet, frequently charging in this campaign, with the order and determination of Europeans: and the Turks, unused to this mode of fighting, often recoiled from the charge. The treaty of peace between the Sultan and his victorious subject was delayed on account of the principality of Adana: Ibrahim, aware of the value of its position, was inflexible in his demand that it should be rendered to him: and the Sultan was reluctantly forced to comply; and at the same time gave to his conqueror the titles of Pasha of Abyssinia and Jidda, and Governor of the holy cities of Mecca and Medina. The French officers, whose long discipline and persevering efforts prepared the Egyptian forces for these successes, served the Pasha well; a few of them have fallen by sickness or the sword: the most eminent was Colonel Selvés, a great favourite of the Viceroy of Egypt, who allowed him a large salary: he followed Ibrahim to the Morea, where he died of his wounds, in a war which he deeply regretted—without glory, or plunder.

W. H. Bartlett. R. Sands.

THE RIVER BARRAMA, THE ANCIENT PHARPAR.

THE RIVER BARRADA, THE ANCIENT PHARPAR.

"Are not Abana and Pharpar, rivers of Damascus, better than all the waters of Jordan?" was a boast very natural for one who had loved their shores perhaps from childhood, to whom the plain of Damascus was as the garden of Eden; but the river of Israel is more considerable and more pleasant to the eye, than the Pharpar, or Barrada, which rises in the rocky hills twenty miles above Damascus, and is afterwards drawn off in many little streams among the gardens in the plain, till its diminished tide joins those of the other rivers in the cataract without the walls. Like the Jordan, it is clear and rapid, and wanders circuitously for several leagues through a wilderness of gardens, whose innumerable fruit-trees, flowers, and water-works it keeps perpetually fresh and full: it is a stream that peculiarly ministers to luxury and enjoyment; every fathom of its course is precious and useful to the pleasure-loving Damascenes, who, reclining on its banks, beneath the shadow of their own trees, or in a little summer-house, listen to its quick murmur, smoke, and sip coffee, while their beautiful Arab steeds, richly caparisoned, are near, to take their indolent masters home in the cool of the evening. Yet to the eye that loves to feast on the waters, of river or sea—on their wildness or repose—Damascus cannot give the delight or inspiration of Constantinople or Cairo: its "cribb'd and cabin'd" streams are exquisite additions to the landscape, but do not wake "the dreaminess, the far, resistless musings," which are felt beneath the groves of the Bosphorus or the Nile.

The scene in the plate is a large meadow without the city, through which the Barrada flows: to the right is an ancient mosque, now an hospital, and some smaller mosques lift their minarets above the trees: the ancient wall is said to be about five miles in circumference, low, and incapable of a good defence. The tents of the caravan from Damascus to Bagdad are pitched on each shore: among the figures are several Persian hadgees, or pilgrims, in a costume quite contrasted with the Arab or Turkish. After the fatigues and privations of the pilgrimage, this large, cool, and pleasant meadow is a welcome resting-place to the caravan: the luxuriant trees, the river, the luxuries of the city close at hand, without its heat or crowd: the spacious tents stand temptingly open; cooking, conversing, making bargains, reclining on carpets: contrast is the food, the marrow, of an Oriental's life: the Prophet would have done an infinite service to all his believers, if he had absolutely commanded every one of them to

go occasionally on pilgrimage. "Sweets to the sweet" continually, is enough to cloy and weary mind and body; and the indolent, and mostly unintellectual Oriental, dreams away his life amidst the fumes of his pipe and mocha, and the smiles of his women: his horse, his splendid Arab, of purest blood and fire, alone tempts him to exertion. Even the paradise of the Prophet, to which his fatalist followers look, is but an eternity of sweets, shades, perfumes, murmuring streams, lovely women—without expansion of the soul or imagination, without any glories and revelations breaking on the heart and eye, and making time itself an eternal excitement. The Eden of the Turk is an endless repetition of what he has enjoyed and thought when in life: the pipe and the mocha not being in the other world, will be a heavy loss to him: day and night for ever circling—how is he to get well through them, when he cannot pass one day on earth without these indulgences. The dislike, and even aversion, of the Turks to the Christian faith is great; in Damascus it is peculiarly so, for its people are the most bigoted and intolerant in the whole empire: yet it is not impossible that the time may arrive, when, in the dispensation of mercy, their heads also shall bow, and their hearts be subdued.

SIX DETACHED PILLARS OF THE GREAT TEMPLE AT BALBEC

SIX DETACHED PILLARS OF THE GREAT TEMPLE AT BELBEC.

Amidst so vast a field of ruin, the interest of the visitor often attaches to some favourite scene or locality, to which his steps turn oftener than to any other: the stream, in whose bosom the fallen fragments are mirrored, the small temple in the plain beyond, &c.: but no isolated portion is so exceedingly beautiful as the Six Pillars which stand apart and alone; there is about them that appealing and inexpressibly mournful air, that the beholder feels as if he could almost sit at their feet and weep. More slender, more elegant, more lofty, than any others of the numerous and noble pillars—on *them* the sun seems to dart his first, and to linger with his latest rays: they stand on rather higher ground than the great temple, from which they are fifty yards distant, and their stately architrave and cornice almost entire: they are the only remains of some very august pile. Their being in shadow prevents the richness of the frieze from being adequately given: the moonlight is on the temple: the pigeons of many-coloured plumage, that fly about and perch on the ruins by day, have disappeared: and the bats are flitting round with their hideous shapes: the darkness is deep on the vast blocks of fallen walls and pillars. There is a mighty mass rising against the sky, and enclosing all with its almost unearthly magnitude: it is the wall, the covering wall, of height and thickness enough to have defended Babylon of old: all gloomy and sublime it stands, even the shadows rest heavy on it: the eye turns away gladly to the colonnades, the chapels, the windows, and arches, on which the moon rests like snow on the Eastern mountain's breast—as if it fell suddenly and vainly: shrouding faintly each ravage on the beautiful friezes, on the costly niches, in each of which a statue stood. This light, this shadow, is suited to the six melancholy columns, to their admirable beauty, to their unutterable loneliness: could Wordsworth sit for an hour on one of the fragments, the genius that gave a voice to Yarrow, to the aged tree, would touch with eloquence those exquisite shafts, would gather fire even from the faded altar of the temple.

They are composed of light yellow stone, and are formed of only two or three blocks, which are so perfectly joined together, that the junction lines are scarcely discernible: their diameter is seven feet, and their height between fifty and sixty feet, exclusive of the epistylia, which is twenty feet deep, and composed of immense blocks of stone, in two layers of ten feet each in depth. The whole of this is most elaborately ornamented with rich carved work in various devices. "They rose," finely observes a traveller, "like a pharos above the horizon of the ruins: large birds like eagles, scared by the sound of our fotsteps, fluttered above the capitals of the columns, where they had built their nests; and, returning, perched upon the acanthus of the cornices, striking them with their beaks, and flapping their wings, as if living ornaments of these inanimate wonders."

PASS OF BEILAN, LOOKING TOWARDS THE SEA.

This is one of the three great passes into Cilicia, and was anciently called the Gates of Syria: it is now the caravan road from Scanderoon to Aleppo. From Beilan to the former place, the descent from the mountains to the sea is very striking: the heights are lofty, picturesque, well covered with wood, and a great part of them planted with vines, disposed in the neatest order, and carefully cultivated. The vineyards of Beilan have lost the hands that so carefully improved them: the aspect of this alpine asylum is changed, not by the cruel exactions of the Pacha, or the pestilence, the frequent causes of the depopulation of Eastern habitations. The roofs of many are gone, the walls are still entire, and the sun falls through the empty casements, from which the lights, a few years since, streamed down the precipice, and voices came on the traveller's ear. Many are still entire, with their little verandahs and rustic porticos: for it is a hard thing to forsake a mountain home such as Beilan, its bold and beautiful heights and ravines, where infancy was fostered, to which manhood has clung; and it is not a solitary place, for the caravans from Scanderoon to Aleppo frequently pass and return, and their route lies through the town and before the doors: camels, horses, merchants, and traders of various nations, with various produce; and sometimes they rest in the khan of Beilan. Two young women, clad in the rather loose and high robe, and in their hand the long-necked water-pots, so universal in Syria and Palestine, with which they have been to the fountain, are gazing on the ruins of their neighbours' homes; even the goats, wandering wistfully about, seem to have lost their masters, and muse with a sad consciousness around the desolate places. The fountain by the wayside, the Turkish tomb just below, and the cemetery and caravanserai beneath the cliff, are the same as when this was a region of peace. The latter building, of firmer architecture than the dwellings, still offers its shelter and rest to the traveller; but half the town is in a ruinous state, the result of the marches and fighting in its vicinity. Husseyn, generalissimo of the Turkish forces, after the defeat of the Asiatic pashas at Homs by Ibrahim, made a rapid movement upon Aleppo, with the view of saving it from the Egyptians. By the time, however, that he arrived near that city, so ill had he taken his precautions, that the provisions of his army were nearly exhausted, and no relief or assistance could be obtained from the inhabitants, who refused even to admit him within their walls. Husseyn made no attempt to force an entrance, as the Egyptians were now advancing; and after a stay of two days in the neighbourhood, he retreated to Antioch without having effected any thing. The successful Ibrahim had advanced upon Aleppo, principally by night, in consequence of the intense heats and the scarcity of water: after a triumphal entry into it on the 15th July, he appointed civil and military authorities, left a garrison, and then proceeded to give battle to Husseyn, wherever he might find him. The Turkish field-marshal, after the defeat of the nine Pashas in the great battle of Homs, seemed to be bewildered in his exertions, from the scarcity of provisions, the discouragement of his army, and the

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PASS OF BEILAN. LOOKING TOWARDS THE SEA.

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frequent hostility of the inhabitants. Provisions had lately been brought for his army in transports to Scanderoon, where he began to build storehouses for their safety, while his army was in pressing want. Upon the approach of Ibrahim, his forces were wasted by disease, and thinned by the desertion of large bodies of men. Afraid to meet the invader in the open and fair field, he left Antioch, and took up his position behind the Pass of Beilan, a place of great natural strength, and made every preparation to defend it with vigour. He ranged his troops along the heights, and posted artillery on all the commanding points: his cavalry were also dispersed in different parts of the defile, and he determined there to await the attack of Ibrahim: it was not slow in arriving. The Egyptian army reached the pass on the 28th July, and on the succeeding morning proceeded to force it. There are two roads that lead to it, and the army, having been divided, proceeded along both; Ibrahim, with four regiments and the guards, advancing along the main road on the right hand, which the enemy had most strongly fortified, The peaceful villagers of Beilan, whose dwellings for many generations had not heard the sound of war, were now spectators of a murderous conflict among heights, precipices, and passes, which, in the burning month of July, are formidable even to the idle and careless traveller. The resistance on the part of the Turks was most determined; and although their fire was ill-directed, the Egyptians were repulsed in their successive charges, and made but little progress during a great portion of the day. At last, by a well-sustained fire of their artillery, the latter succeeded in dismounting some of the enemy's guns, and produced confusion in their ranks: Ibrahim sent round his guards, to endeavour to take the heights on one side where they were accessible, and made a simultaneous charge in front. This manœuvre was completely successful; a panic, similar to that of the battle of Homs, again seized the Turks, and communicated itself to the whole of their army. They fled in the direction of Adana in the greatest disorder, leaving their guns, ammunition, and arms, and were pursued by the Egyptians with dreadful slaughter: their loss is stated in killed at 13,000 men; nearly forty pieces of artillery were left on the ground, and they lost nearly the whole of their ammunition and baggage. The Egyptian cavalry continued to pursue the fugitives, to disperse any reunion that might take place, and brought in several thousand prisoners; others deserted, and joined the Egyptians; and the remaining few made their way as they best could to Koniah, where a few months afterwards another dreadful defeat awaited them. The grand Turkish army had thus ceased to exist in one month after it entered on the scene of action; and its commander, from whom so much had been expected, and upon whom so many honours and distinctions had been conferred, in the certain anticipation by the Sultan of his success, was a fugitive like the rest. The store-houses which he had built with so much care at Scanderoon, and filled with provisions, all fell into the enemy's hands. And now Ibrahim was master of the whole of Syria, without an enemy before him or behind him. He had been hitherto more remarkable for the skill, rapidity, and decision of his marches, than for his dispositions in the field of battle: his advances were rarely arrested by the want of provisions, the excessive heats, or the visitations of disease: confidence in his own talents was ever as present to his mind, as was energy

to his operations: personal bravery he possessed in an eminent degree, Acre having been carried, in the last desperate charge, chiefly by his rushing among the fugitive troops from the breach, striking down several with his sabre, and then leading them back in person. The battle of the Pass of Beilan was that in which he gave the greatest proofs of superior military skill and tactics, and his troops of determination and bravery. The advantages of position, numbers, and artillery were all on the side of the Turks. Another century may elapse ere the mountain homes of Beilan will again be scared by the din of battle, the sound of its lonely torrent drowned amidst the roar of cannon, and the confused shouts and cries of the wounded and dying, who made its waters red with blood. Even weeks and months after the battle, it continued to be visited by parties of soldiers, and the passage of stores, &c. from Scanderoon to Antioch: so that its troubled people had hardly time to recover from their fears and losses; and many families entirely forsook it, and sought a residence elsewhere.

THE MOUTH OF THE NAHR-EL-KELB;

OR, THE RIVER OF THE DOG.

This scene occurs in the way from Beirout to Tripoli: after leaving the former town, the way runs for a short time between gardens, and in about a mile and a half is a river, crossed by a bridge of six arches; from hence, the traveller passes along the sea-beach to a rocky promontory, from whose summit is seen on the other side the Nahr-el-Kelb, or river of the dog, running beautifully through a deep chasm in the mountains, and a very neat bridge over it. This road is the Via Antoniana, and was cut by the emperor Antoninus, as is still testified by an inscription cut in the side of the rock, and given by Maundrell. This river is the Lycus of the Greeks; according to Strabo, it was formerly navigable, although the stream is very rapid. The stone bridge is the work of Fakr-el-den, the celebrated prince of the Druses, who perished in 1631.

The Nahr-el-Kelb is the boundary of the patriarchates of Jerusalem and Antioch. The mountains, which are here very high and steep, come down to the sea, leaving only the road between them and the bay: on their summits are some small convents, romantically situated: some travellers are fording the stream, and proceeding along the shore: it is yet early in the day: the valley at the end of this bay is cultivated, and studded with cottages. About two hours farther is the Nahr-Ibrahim, so called from a pacha of that name, perhaps the builder of the handsome bridge of one arch by which it is crossed. This river, like the Nahr-el-Kelb, issues forth from a deep chasm between the mountains: it is the ancient Adonis, and Maundrell was fortunate enough "to see what may be supposed to be the occasion of that opinion which Lucian relates concerning this river, viz. that about certain seasons of the year, especially about the feast of Adonis, it is of a bloody colour, which the heathens regarded as proceeding from a kind of sympathy in the river for the death of Adonis, who was killed by a wild boar in the mountains out of which it rises. Something like this we saw actually come to

THE MOUTH OF THE NAHR-EL-KELB.

OR RIVER OF THE DOG.

FISHER, SON & CO. LONDON & PARIS. 183

pass, for the water was stained to a surprising redness, and the sea was discoloured a great way on to a reddish hue, occasioned doubtless by a sort of red earth washed into the river by the violence of the rain."

The sides of the rocks in this vicinity are in many places covered with Greek and Latin inscriptions, and with symbolical figures sculptured upon its face, whose meaning cannot now be deciphered; probably they relate to the worship of Adonis formerly practised in these regions, for, according to tradition, temples and funereal solemnities were dedicated to him near the spot where he perished. The Nahr-el-Kelb is clear and rapid, like most of the streams that flow from Lebanon: the shores rise, like two perpendicular walls of rock, two or three hundred feet in height, in some parts occupying the whole ravine, in others leaving between its waters and the rock a narrow margin covered with trees and rushes. In one part a ruined khan juts out on a point of the rock upon the very brink of the water, opposite a bridge, of which the arch is so tall and slender, that it cannot be crossed without trembling. Arab patience has cut in the face of the rocks forming this defile some narrow stone steps, which, although they hang almost perpendicularly over the flood, must yet be traversed on horseback. "We trusted," observes a late traveller, "to the instinct of our sure-footed steeds; but the steepness of the steps, the smooth polish of the stones, and the depth of the precipice, made it at times impossible not to close our eyes. On this very path, a few years since, the pope's last legate to the Maronites was precipitated by a stumble of his horse into the gulf below, and perished. The path issues upon an elevated platform smiling with tillage, vineyards, and little Maronite villages. On an opposite hill appears a pretty new house, of Italian architecture, with porticos, terraces, and balustrades, constructed by Signor Lozanna, bishop of Abydos, the present legate of the holy see in Syria, for his winter retreat." The country in the interior, after passing this river, is still worthy of the praises which the ancients bestowed on the haunts of Adonis and Venus: gardens of mulberry, fig, and olive trees; woods of pine, and chesnut, and vineyards, with many a torrent foaming through its noble crags, on whose crests and sides are neat villages, built of white stone.

"All he had loved and moulded into thought,
From shape, and hue, and odour, and sweet sound,
Grieved for Adonis. Morning sought
Her eastern watch-tower, and her hair unbound,
Wet with the tears which should adorn the ground.
Afar the melancholy thunder moaned,
Pale ocean in unquiet slumber lay,
And the wild winds flew round, sobbing in their dismay.
Whence are we? and why are we? of what scene
The actors or spectators? Great and mean
Meet massed in death, who lends what life must borrow.
As long as skies are blue and fields are green,
Evening must usher night, night urge the morrow,
Month follow month with woe, and year wake year to sorrow."

SHELLEY.

In the pagan mythology it is said that Adonis, the son of Myrrha, daughter of Cinyras, king of Cyprus, was born in Arabia, whither his mother had fled: he grew up a model of manly beauty, and was passionately beloved by Venus, who quitted Olympus to dwell with him. Hunting was his favourite pursuit, until, having gone to the chase against the entreaties of his mistress, he was mortally wounded in the thigh by a wild boar. This story appears to have been introduced into Greece from Syria. According to Pausanias, Sappho sung of Adonis; but it is by the Greek poets of later date, and their Latin imitators, Theocritus, Bion, and Ovid, that his story has been probably expanded, and invested with the elegance which is the peculiar character of the Grecian mythology. The Adonia are mentioned by Aristophanes among the Athenian festivals: the rites began with mourning for the death of Adonis, then changed into rejoicing for his return to life and to Venus, and concluded with a procession, in which the images of both were carried, with rich offerings. In Syria the worship of Thammuz, who was the same personage, was probably of much older date: the adoration of the latter was one of the abominations of Judah six centuries before the Christian revelation: thus in Ezekiel, "Turn thee yet again, and thou shalt see greater abominations that they do. Then he brought me to the door of the gate of the temple, which was towards the north; and, behold, there sat women weeping for Tammuz." Byblas, a town near the river Adonis, was one of the chief seats of this worship.

"O weep for Adonis—he is dead!
Wake, melancholy goddess, wake and weep,
Yet wherefore? Quench within their burning bed
Thy fiery tears, and let thy loud heart keep
Like his, a mute and uncomplaining sleep.
To that high capital, where kingly death
Keeps his pale court in beauty and decay,
He came, and bought, with price of purest breath,
A grave among the eternal. Come away,
Haste while the vault of the blue Syrian day
Is yet his fitting charnel-roof! while still
He lies, as if in dewy sleep he lay.
He will awake no more, oh, never more!
Within the twilight chamber spreads apace
The shadow of white death, and at the door
Invisible corruption waits to trace
Her wretched way to her dim dwelling-place.
She fans him with her moonlight wings, and cries,
'Our love, our hope, our sorrow, is not dead;
See, on the silken fringe of his faint eyes,
Like dew upon a sleeping flower, there lies
A tear some dream has loosened from his brain.'
She knew not 'twas her own, as with no stain
She faded, like a cloud which had outwept its rain."

SHELLEY.

W. H. Bartlett.

M. J. Starling.

SCENE IN MOUNT LEBANON.

ABOVE THE VALLEY OF THE KADESHA OR HOLY VALLEY

FISHER, SON & Co. LONDON & PARIS. 1836.

SCENE IN MOUNT LEBANON,

ABOVE THE VALLEY OF THE KADESHA, OR HOLY VALLEY.

This is Lebanon, in her wild and imperishable glory: solitary, her multitudes passed away, there is no voice in the air, save that of the eagle What a prodigal luxury of nature is here! Forest, valley, precipice, cataract, almost unseen, untrodden—yet beautiful as if fresh from the Creator's hand. Did the harvest ever wave on these fields, did the vineyards ever climb these eminences, or hamlets and villages people them? there is a loneliness, a sadness, around, as if the words of the prophet were fulfilled, that "Lebanon mourneth, because the people are gone down from his shadow." There is no confusion of objects in these exquisite wilds, no alpine chaos, of enormous fragments fallen from above, of impassable and obscure abysses; the painter might have dreamed of this scene, and then made an ideal picture: each fearful declivity has its covering and graceful forest, from which the groups of granite rocks break forth at intervals. The vallies, that seem so narrow at the top, are every one accessible by winding paths, to where the stream blesses as it winds, but blesses only a wilderness. The paths require a careful eye on the mule; the steps, either natural or cut, that form part of the way, being sometimes several feet deep in the rock, and on the verge of a tremendous precipice: it is safest to travel here on foot. There is something so hushed in the solitude around: the tempest wakes terrifically here, but now it is noon-day: a summer's day. The sound of waters comes faintly from beneath; many a weary step ere the traveller rests on their bank: the heat is oppressive, and the air so transparent, that the peaks of snow look, in the dazzling beams, like so many fiery crests, on which a few thin clouds are floating, like little isles faintly peopling a lone and beautiful sea. The Syrian guards and passengers were armed; and, accustomed to the rugged path, walked as carelessly as on table-land: there is little danger to be apprehended from the bandit or the robber: the straggling soldiers are, during the quarrels and disputes of the chiefs, the most unsafe people to meet with. Many a projecting ledge, many a noble tree growing out of the clefts of the rock, invited to a few moments' pause, to gaze on the defiles beneath, or on the rich banks of wild flowers on every side. There is no fear of passing the night in the woods, or in the shepherd's hut; one of the most agreeable features of a tour in Lebanon, is the certainty of an excellent and hospitable asylum, at the close of almost every day's journey. The gate of one of the numerous convents is sure to open to the wanderer, where a clean cell, a refreshing, and often luxurious repast, with the mountain wines, is soon prepared. Should it happen that no convent is within reach, the house of the Sheich of the Maronite village is a welcome, and sometimes a better, substitute—most welcome, after a weary day's march over heights, and gulfs, and savage ways. Dinner is at all times out of the question on such a journey: the traveller must be an epicure who

would pause, and be at the trouble of such an occurrence, in the heart and pith of his progress: a piece of bread, and a couple of cold eggs, boiled before starting, furnish an excellent meal, and may be taken *en route*, or by the side of a clear mountain stream, and occasion no delay or preparation: this was our almost daily repast at noon through Syria. On the height to the left, a fire was kindled by a party of wandering mountaineers, whom it might not have been perfectly pleasant to have encountered at night: yet the glare of their fire falling on the ridges of the mountain, would then have been more picturesque: it was now miserably blended with the sun. On the edge of the descent on the left, was a convent, perched like an eagle's nest, looking down into the gloomy depths of the ravine: and were the shadows of evening falling around, the traveller would there have gladly sought a home, the strange and fantastic home of a night. How wild and lone would be the peal of its bell over the abysses, the call to prayer, to meditation—where the only associations were the torrent, the cavern, the dizzy precipice, and the midnight hymn mingling with the blast. Is this a place for religious joy and consolation, for hope, breaking through the veil of time into the splendours of eternity? To a sanguine temperament and stern intellect, this convent may be as dear and beneficial as a home among the loved scenes and friends of our earlier life: but the majority of monks are not of this character. A life in this monastery is, as an old writer expresses, "like the twilight going before the darkness of the grave: like a solitary shepherd's tent with no pasture around it, in a fading world." There was scarcely any room in this nook for the industry of the fathers, who have often vineyards and mulberry plantations, the produce of which is sold: they have always well-cultivated gardens; perhaps even here may reside one of the numerous bishops of the mountain, who are often wise, polite, and patriarchal men, of simple habits and tastes, exhibiting in many instances a more edifying and interesting copy of apostolic spirit and manners, than is to be found in the wealthier churches of Europe. Poverty, or rather a decent competency, is their safeguard from luxury and pride, and their mountain barriers keep out the temptations and seductions of the world: the rolling of carriage wheels, of titled or distinguished acquaintance and connexions, is never heard at their doors: no train of clerical expectants, or lovers of episcopal power and influence, is in their hall or at their table. The nobility of Lebanon is that of the spirit, shown by the faithful discharge of duties often very monotonous, and by seeking its excitements and pleasures in its sacred calling alone, for Lebanon has few others to offer; the care of the convent-land and revenue, visits to the scattered flocks and their pastors, and the cultivation of letters in the prelate's ancient library.

Is not such a condition fortunate, if contentment, a peaceful conscience, and a serene and exalted piety, be the ambition of its possessor? With few worldly cares, responsibilities or anxieties, and a life sufficiently active and influential for the exercise of the mind and the trial of faith and patience, such a man may look from his mountain walls with a smile of thankfulness, that his resting-place is free from the wave and the storm. He is not always deprived of the affections and endearments of domestic life; the Maronite bishops are permitted to marry, though they by no means always avail themselves of this privilege. A few

W. H. Bartlett. W. J. Cook.

GOTHIC CASTLE IN A VALLEY NEAR BATROUN.

FISHER SON & Cº LONDON & PARIS, 1836.

also of the Armenian bishops, animated by the progress of liberal opinions and feelings, even in Lebanon, have, within the last ten years, thrown off the yoke of celibacy, and taken to themselves wives. A priest of the mountain brought up the rear of the party, in his turban, robe, and beard: mounted on his sure-footed mule, habituated, like its master, to cross precipices and ravines; he was on the way to his own home, his own roof-tree, where the wife of his bosom awaited him, in the midst of the village of his flock, who would welcome the return of their pastor. His cottage was, probably, as humble as the peasant's; but in that humbleness there was no want, no privation: the little, well-cultivated garden, the few, very few books, the coarse furniture; the attachment of his people, with whom he lived as with one large family. Might not the priest of Lebanon, even with the errors of his creed, be a happy and pious man?

GOTHIC CASTLE.

IN A VALLEY NEAR BATROUN.

This scene, characteristic of the often narrow and rugged vales of Syria, is on the confines of the territory of Tripoli, and about three miles from the sea, which is visible from the heights: the Castle is supposed to be a relic of the crusaders, and is a position singularly fortified by nature, and almost impregnable in the age in which it was defended. Here dwelt of old the soldiers of the Cross; perhaps some of the chivalry of England, with a small band of retainers: savage as is the seclusion, it is in the heart of a territory of exceeding beauty and fertility, where a ruthless hand and licentious heart could find ample indulgence. This remarkable rock is perpendicular on all sides, being a hundred feet high, and five to six hundred feet in circumference: the walls of the Castle are so uniform with, and so resemble, the sides of the rock, that they seem almost of one continued piece with them. It would make a famous banditti-hold, being in a state of good preservation; the gloomy scenery of the iron-like vale is in keeping with its dark and massive walls: it looks as if perched on the turreted cliff, to give a fine and wild finish to the scene. A rivulet runs beneath, crossed by a half-broken and massive arch, over which is the path leading through the valley. The heights to the right are luxuriantly spotted with trees: the benighted traveller, no khan being within reach, may seek the shelter of the decayed chambers and vaults, and, while his fire flashes on the hoary floor and walls, be thankful that he is sheltered from the wind and the dews of night: he may safely feel that he is lord of all he surveys: no host shall meet him in the morn with an eye craving for presents, while kindness is on the lips; no sheich with an exorbitant demand, which may be lessened but not evaded; nor the sound at sunrise of the Turkish prayers, heard distinctly from room to room—first the low muttering, then the gradual swelling of the voice, and the names of Alla and Mohammed mingling loudly in the morning thanksgiving.

Silence in the Gothic castle will be on the sleeping hours of the stranger, silence on his waking: no "charm of earliest birds;" the cry of the jackal, that dismal watcher of the waste, ceases at the approach of morn. "The valley," observes Lamartine, "here contracts, and is completely shut in by a rock; this rock, whether it be natural, or hewn out of the side of the mountain which adjoins it, bears on its summit a gothic castle, in a state of complete preservation, but now the abode only of the jackal and the eagle; staircases cut out of the solid rock communicate with terraces ranged one above another, protected by towers and battlements, and terminate on a platform, from whence rises up the donjon-keep pierced with loop-holes. A luxuriant vegetation covers the castle, its walls and turrets; immense sycamores have struck root in its halls, and rear their spreading heads above the crumbling roof; the ivy clinging to doors and windows; the lichens revealing here and there the colours of the stone; and the numberless parasitic plants, which hang in profuse and tufted festoons, give this fine monument of the middle ages the appearance of a castle framed of moss and ivy. A beautiful spring flows at the foot of the rock, shaded by three of the finest trees that can be imagined. They are a species of elm. The shadows of one of them covered our tents, our thirty horses, and the scattered group of our Arabs."—The three noble trees praised by Lamartine are ilex, not elm; they afford a delicious resting-place to the traveller: the stream at their feet is bordered by oleander and myrtle. The whole glen is fragrant to a degree with flowering myrtle and clematis.

ANCIENT CEDARS IN THE FOREST OF LEBANON.

These are some of the very ancient trees: on the large trunk to the left many tourists have left their names. One of the latest is that of De Lamartine, the poet and traveller, carved industriously in large letters. An Arab tribe sometimes live in the forest, and were here at the time of this visit: the Sheich is conspicuous among the standing figures: this tribe is very hospitable and attentive to strangers: the costume of the women is that of almost all the Christians in Mount Lebanon. Tradition asserts, and the people believe, that these aged trees are the remains of the forest that furnished timber for Solomon's temple, three thousand years ago: and every year, on Transfiguration-day, the Maronites, the Greeks, and the Armenians, celebrate a mass here, at the foot of a cedar, upon a homely altar of stone. It is certain that they were very ancient, even several hundred years ago: two centuries since, they were twenty-five in number; Pococke, a century ago, found fifteen standing, and the sixteenth was recently blown down: Burckhardt, in 1800, counted eleven or twelve: there are now but seven, and these are of so prodigious a size, of an appearance so massive and imperishable, that it is easy to believe they actually existed in biblical times. Those which have fallen during the last two centuries, have either perished through extreme

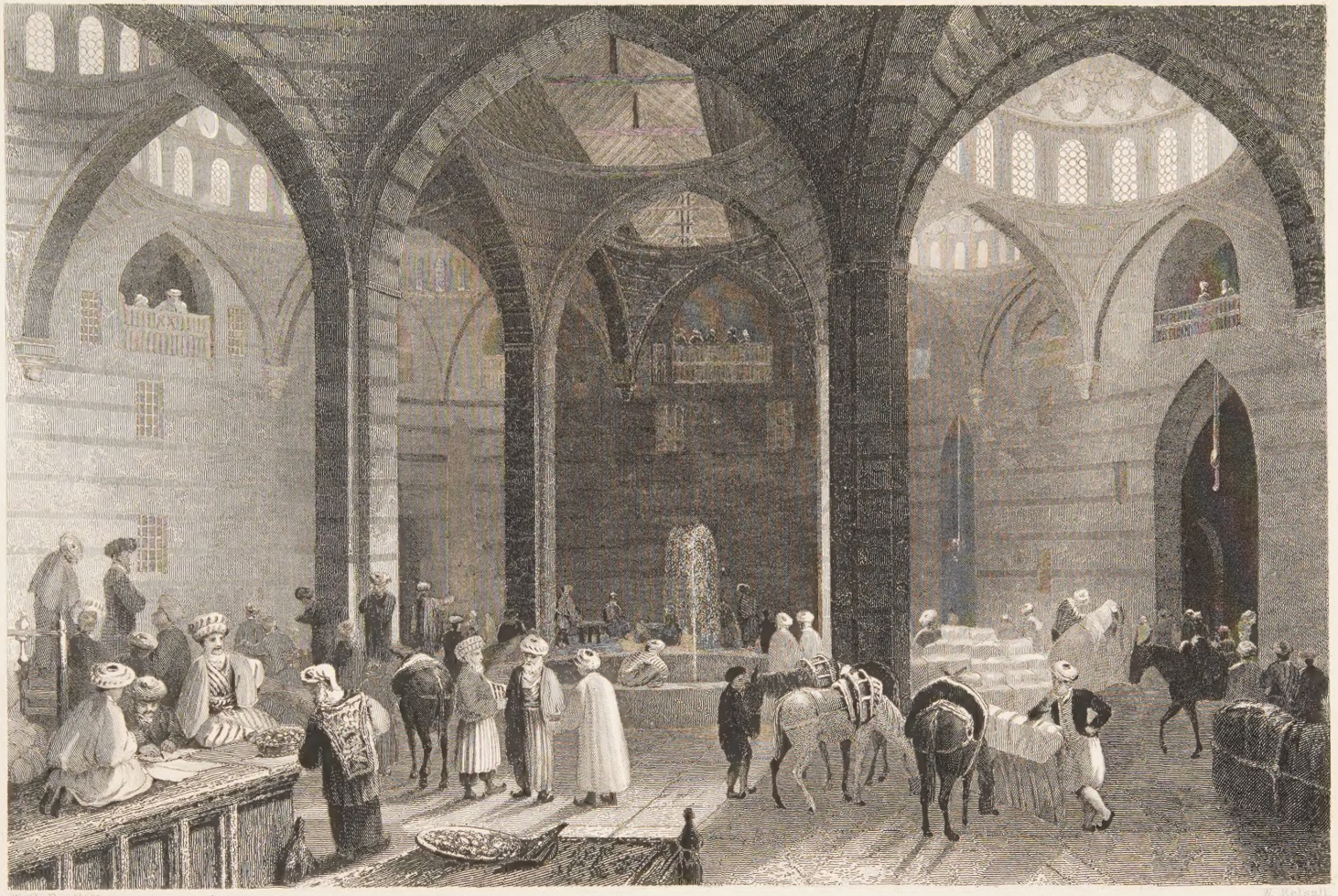
ANCIENT CEDARS IN THE FOREST OF LEBANON.

age and decay, while the occasional violence of the winds probably contributed to their fall. "The oldest trees," observes Burckhardt, "are distinguished by having the foliage and small branches at the top only, and by four, five, and even seven trunks springing from one base. The branches and foliage of the others were lower, but I saw none whose leaves touched the ground, like those in Kew Gardens." The trunks of the old trees are covered with the names of travellers, and other persons who have visited them. The trunks of the oldest trees seemed to be quite dead; the wood is of a grey tint. The enormous tree to the left is the one that Maundrell says he measured, and found it twelve yards six inches in girth, and thirty-seven yards in the spread of its boughs: at above five or six yards from the ground, it was divided into five limbs, each of which was equal to a great tree. They are difficult of approach, and are surrounded with deep snow, which is not passable until the middle of summer, when it begins to melt away: the ground on which they stand is uneven, being covered with rock and stone, with a partial but luxuriant vegetation springing up in the interstices: their position, on the brow of the mountain, surrounded on every side by deep and solemn valleys, rocky and almost perpendicular descents, waterfalls and dreary dells, — has something sacred and awful in it: they seem as if placed in their splendid and perilous site, like centinels between time and eternity—the sad and deathless memorials of the days of the first temple, when God dwelt among his people, in the visible glory between the cherubim, and in the blessings of earth and heaven, the proofs of his love. All else has perished: the temple, the city, the generations of men "like the sands of the sea-shore for multitude;" thrones, religions, principalities, and powers, have passed like the winds that howl through these branches: and the cedars have stood on their mountain brow, immortal! no voice has yet gone forth to hew them down utterly: the voice of time is hushed on this cloud-like brow; how often have they heard the rushing of his wings, "going forth utterly to destroy," and have put forth their leaves and their glorious branches with each season, fresh and strong as in the days of their youth.

To the fancy of the spectator, seated on the grey rock by their side, there is something mysterious yet beautiful, in the murmur of the wind through their recesses, like the wild tones of a harp, said to be touched by the hand of the distant dead, whose spirit is passing by: the hearer knows that he shall never listen to that sound again, in which there seems to be the voice of eternity. The tree near Jerusalem, a venerable sycamore, beneath whose branches the prophet Isaiah was slain, — the aged olives of the valley of Jehoshaphat, do not come on the memory or fancy like these cedars of Lebanon,—whose image is blended with the earliest pictures of our childhood,—with the ceiling, the walls, the pure gold, and all the glory and history of the first temple of the true God. Shall they live till that temple be again rebuilt, and the restored race of Israel again worship there? Perhaps, before they die, Palestine shall resound with the praises of the Lord, and the name of the Redeemer shall be borne even to their mountain brow, from the lips of those who now despise Him. Then, and not till then, had they a voice, they might say, as of old, "Now, let us depart in peace:" we have seen the first dispensation, the second also has been fulfilled, and we have waited on

earth till the third and last manifestation to our lost land: it is time to depart. Of their past as well as present appearance, the words of Ezekiel are beautifully descriptive: "The fir-trees were not like his boughs, and the chestnut-trees were not like his branches, nor any tree in the garden of God was like unto him in his beauty: they all envied him: the cedar, with a shadowing shroud, and of an high stature, and his top was among the thick boughs: under his shadow dwelt the people." The voice of prophecy has perhaps often been heard amidst the shades of these sacred trees: their name, and the images they suggested, often mingled in the strains of inspiration. Is there any object in nature more dear to the poet; whether in the tempest they swung their aged arms to the sky, or the Maronite hymn rose sweetly from multitudes kneeling around. The groves of all other lands, even the most ancient, the palm forests that were the pride of Egypt, the noble oak and fir-trees of Ephraim and Carmel,—the curse withered them, or with the changing seasons they passed away: when the cedars also die, all these, in the words of sacred writ, each famous forest in the old and new world, shall say, "Art thou become like unto us, cut down to the ground: art thou also become weak as we?"

The small Arab tribe, some of whom are represented in the plate, come to live here when the snows are melted, in the beginning of July, and continue during the hot months: it is, to a simple and primeval people, a favourite and lovely residence, enjoying an air that bears health on its wings, so pure and inspiring, from its very elevated site, and entire freedom from the heats that often prevail in the vallies and lower declivities. The Arabs pitch their tents in the forest, in a sort of half savage life, yet free from its perils and habits: the stranger finds a friendly welcome to their rude homes: they pass very many hours in the heat of day beneath the branches of the cedars, conversing, smoking, or seated indolently,—some of the mothers swinging their children by a cord hung to one of the sacred branches, as if some virtue were thence derivable, or healing quality to some bodily disease. Perhaps the men, from a superstitious feeling, find a peculiar pleasure, unknown elsewhere, in smoking their long pipe, seated on a fallen branch or trunk: it must be confessed, that their attitude and looks, in this loved reverie and indulgence, however in keeping with Orientalism, are somewhat at variance with the more refined and enthusiastic reverie of the stranger, who would rather be alone in such a spot, than exposed to the fixed and curious gaze of some young Arab mother, or the voice of her child.



W. H. Bartlett. W. Kelsall.

THE GREAT KHAN AT DAMASCUS.

FISHER, SON & Cº LONDON & PARIS. 1838.

THE GREAT KHAN, AT DAMASCUS.

These khans are the hotels of the East: the observation of Dr. Johnson, that the warmest welcome met with, in life's dull round, was at an inn, provided a man had money in his pocket,—will scarcely hold good here. Open to all comers, from all lands, at all hours of the day, never of the night, the doors of the khan are not closed to the poor; the shabbily-dressed wanderer, whom the world has forsaken, will not find a cold and harsh welcome. This spacious khan may be said to be the grand hotel of Asia, where her various sons meet together, not for the purposes of ostentation or luxury, of expenditure or indulgence—but to buy and to sell, to display the useful as well as tasteful productions of their own lands, and to carry back, in return, those of Syria, Egypt, and Turkey. No clanging of doors, ringing of bells, hurried footsteps and voices of domestics and guests, rolling of carriage-wheels: there is one sound, heard amidst, and often above, the converse of the people—the fountain's fall, that seems almost like the speaker's call to order, in our House of Commons, and by its clear, steady, sweet reverberation, to remind the men of the East that loud speaking is a curse, and to recall them to a more subdued tone. The lonely and the friendless man will here be sure to meet his fellow; he may retire into the more shaded and silent parts of the building; and ere he has smoked and ruminated long, a little group, of similar or perhaps better fortunes, will gather round him: they will gaze calmly and without envy on the rich merchants, on their handsome robes and pipes, and many attendants: the envy and the thirst of wealth is not a frequent feeling in the Turkish breast. Why did not Hafiz or Sadi write in praise of a noble caravanserai? what are banks of flowers, or roses, or the palm grove? what are the shades of the cedar and sycamore forest, compared to its solid comforts, its cool and grateful gloom? Muses of Persia and Arabia! ye ought to have known, that after a man has travelled all day through a sultry land, it is not a lonely joy he sighs for, beneath "a great rock," or a murmuring grove, or beside a stream; it is the kind, the social congregating of his fellow-men, the welcome meeting of the people of many nations, beneath the roof-tree of a goodly khan. It feels like a home, where each traveller enters, and gazes round him with a like glad feeling, and seems to say within himself, "We are wayfarers for a night; our fires shall burn; our words be peace and good-will to each other: we have each come from his own distant land, from family and friends; and to-morrow's sun shall send us forth, to see each other's face no more for ever."

This edifice is entered by a gate of fine Arabic architecture, through which strangers and men of business are continually passing on horseback and on foot. Here assemble the merchants and traders of Damascus, to meet and confer with those of other lands: to inspect the merchandise, the goods, the precious things, which have travelled long

and wearily, during weeks, and even months, across the deserts. Here come to lodge, for a few or many days, till his speculation is completed, his camel-loads sold, and his purchases made, the Persian, the Egyptian, the Bedouin Arab, the Mussulman of Hindostan, and the Druse, with his worsted dress wrought in small stripes of red and black. In some parts, piles of goods covered the stone floor, by whose side was their thoughtful owner: a group was seated in another part, cross-legged, and dictating to a scribe the account of their sales or concerns: a grave and wealthy personage, earnestly accosted by two humbler acquaintances, was receiving their salutations coolly: and in a corner, a person, elevated a little above the few around him, was addressing them with some energy and action: had his audience been more numerous and devoted, he might have passed for a story-teller. This large area, or ground floor, is not, however, the aristocratic part of the edifice: flights of stone steps lead to the upper stories, in which are numerous chambers, unfurnished and carpetless, with a single window or casement, which are hired by the merchant or traveller, and are the more select portion of the building. Here he is attended by his own servants; or, should he not have any, it is easy to hire them: his meals are prepared and brought to him, and here he also receives his acquaintances and visitors. The roof of this splendid khan is very lofty, and supported by granite pillars: in the midst is a large dome; an immense fountain is in the centre of the floor, around which are the warehouses for the various merchants; there is a circular gallery above, into which the chambers of the guests open.

Little privacy can be enjoyed here; it is a place of business, where the love of traffic and gain is paramount, and renders the wealthy trader indifferent to the conveniences and enjoyments which he has left in his distant home. His bed laid on the floor of the chamber, the fire kindled on the bare hearth; if he be fastidious, a few articles of handsome furniture can instantly be procured from the great bazar, to which the khan adjoins. At evening, a circle is often formed in the large area beneath, around the fountain, where the men of business gather, and, while the light falls dimly through the dome, smoke and talk over their hopes and ventures. But in the khan, each individual is too intently occupied, actively or meditatively, to attend to the concerns of his neighbour: espionage or suspicion have little place here; the robber of the desart, the dervish, the trader in jewels, or slaves, or costly array, the soldier of fortune,—dwell together with an air of indifference and civility; and often, from the casual meeting in a khan, whether in the city or desart, intimacies are formed, that endure, and cast a merciful influence over the future life.

"This khan," observes Lamartine, in his sanguine description, "has been built by Hassad Pacha, within the last forty years. A people who possess architects capable of designing, and workmen capable of executing, such a monument, cannot be characterized as dead to the arts. These khans are generally built by wealthy pachas, who bequeath them to their families, or to the cities which they are desirous to enrich; they yield great revenues. It exhibits an immense cupola, whose boldly-constructed arch reminds one of that of St. Peter's at Rome: it is equally supported by granite pillars. Guards are on the watch both day and night, to ensure the security of the khan; large stables

W. H. Bartlett. H. Adlard.

FORTIFIED CLIFFS OF ALAYA, COAST OF CARAMANIA.

FISHER, SON & Cº LONDON, & PARIS, 1838.

are provided for the horses belonging to travellers or caravans: beautiful fountains spout forth refreshing streams around the khan; the gate is one of the richest specimens of Moresque architecture, as well in conception as in all its details, and one of the most striking in point of effect, to be seen in the world. The Arabian style of architecture may there be recognised in its full perfection."

FORTIFIED CLIFFS OF ALAYA,

COAST OF CARAMANIA.

These vast precipices of Alaya drop perpendicularly into the sea, which has worn caverns in their base, and their summits are lined with ancient towers, probably of the middle ages. The town is partly seen at the foot of the declivity, up which the houses seem to climb, so as almost to rest on each other: the numerous walls and towers which still exist prove how anxious its former possessors were to make the place impregnable. The cliffs are between five and six hundred feet high above the sea, and continue equally perpendicular to sixty or seventy feet below it; at a little distance from the shore, they are lost under the lofty mountains of the interior, but close in they have a magnificent appearance. They consist of a compact white limestone, tinged here and there with red. The general aspect of the town and its vicinity exactly coincides with the short description Strabo gives of Coracesium, the first town of Cilicia; and the barren ridges of Mount Taurus, which here come down to the shore, sufficiently indicate the beginning of that rugged coast. Other circumstances concur in proving the identity of these places; for we find that Coracesium shut its gates against Antiochus, when all the remaining fortresses of Cilicia had submitted. It was afterwards selected by the pirates, from their many strongholds, to make a last stand against the Romans; and certainly no place on the whole coast was so well calculated to arrest the march of a conqueror, or to bid defiance to a fleet, as these commanding precipices. On the top of a high conical hill, about three miles north-west of Alaya, and two miles from the coast, are the deserted remains of an ancient town: it was surrounded with walls; the ruins of a handsome temple were found there, much broken sculpture, and many Greek inscriptions; but they are all monumental, in honour of different individuals, and throw no light on the former name of the place. Laertes is described by Strabo as a fortress built on a hill, the shape of which is like a woman's breast, and the above hill has manifestly this peculiar form. Diogenes Laertius was a native of this town.

In approaching Alaya along the coast, several villages and castles are passed, of comparatively recent construction, yet all ruined and deserted, and affording a striking picture of the rapid impoverishment of this part of the Turkish empire. The present importance of the town is not great, although it is the capital of a pashalic; the streets and houses are miserable; there are few mosques, and they are mean; there are no perceptible signs of commerce, and the population does not exceed two thousand. The vestiges of ancient buildings do not possess much interest; there is here no harbour, and the anchorage is indifferent. The view of the town-walls and steep, to whose bosom they cling, is so picturesque and fantastic, that it resembles a chess-board placed on its end; open to the sweep of the southerly winds, without trees or shelter. There is a small isle, with a castle on it, near the shore: a useless, at least an uncultivated soil, rarely pressed by the traveller's foot: no incitement to industry or activity; little intercourse with other nations or places; the grossest ignorance, bigotry, and brutality—such are the characteristics of Alaya and its people.

Wherever the industrious colonists of ancient Greece formed a maritime settlement, they endeavoured by art to supply the deficiencies of nature; and it is not probable that a place of such strength and consequence should have been left destitute of some shelter for its vessels. There was probably a mole here in ancient times; and Captain Beaufort, in his rapid and admirable sketch of the whole of this rarely-visited coast, observes, that he was restrained from searching for the remains of this mole, from an anxiety not to give offence to the peevish prejudices of the inhabitants. An isolated position, like that of Alaya, though it looks from the sea like a little Gibraltar, is a dreary home, where the Turk dreams and frets away his life, deprived of all the associations and little indispensable luxuries and excitements which seem to form the art and part of his existence: no groves, even in the rocky cemetery—no fountains, no coffee-houses but of the meanest kind—how is he to bear "the many ills and cares that flesh is heir to?" he must sit on the rugged beach, or the limestone rock, and smoke his pipe, and look on the wild waste of waters, or on the mouldering and broken ruins of old walls and towers, while the sea-bird's shriek rings in his ear. In the hot season, the white cliffs cast fiercely and dismally back the glare of the sun, all shadowless, flowerless—no soft green bank, no loved palm or sycamore: in winter, the violence of the wind and the surge often keep him within doors, where his thin walls and comfortless rooms are pierced by the blast: if he has ever read the Arabian Nights, or heard of Cairo or Constantinople, what visions of glory and blessedness must they seem—what a mockery of Alaya!

W. H. Bartlett. W. Wallis.

RHODES.

FROM THE HEIGHTS NEAR SIR SIDNEY SMITH'S VILLA.

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RHODES.

FROM THE HEIGHTS NEAR SIR SIDNEY SMITH'S VILLA.

This is part of an extensive view from the heights above Rhodes, near a villa occupied by Sir Sydney Smith. On the left is the harbour, protected by the castle: it is a beautiful and sheltered basin, and on the two sides of its entrance the Colossus formerly stood, with a foot on each opposite point, so that vessels could only enter the harbour by passing between the legs, which were at a sufficient distance apart. The site of this colossal statue was the most picturesque in the world; its form beaten by a thousand storms, and in its hand a small pharos gave light to the mariner, both near and afar, through the darkness of night: yet if the descriptions of this figure were not given by credible writers, it would be difficult to believe, from the extent and singularity of the position it occupied, that the tale was not invented, or strangely embellished. The large and gloomy edifice on the right of the harbour is the gothic castle of the famous Knights of St. John of Jerusalem; and the massive walls of the town are seen stretching to the right: in the middle of the town another old gothic tower is seen, and several mosques; to the extreme right is part of a deserted harbour. The villas on the left, richly embosomed in gardens, are without the gates: the land on the opposite side of the broad channel is Asia Minor, with its long and bold range of mountains.

The beauty of this view, which is unsurpassed in the East, is augmented by the excessive purity of the atmosphere: how clearly, almost ethereally, distinct is each distant bark on the channel, and each mountain-peak, precipice, and forest of Asia! it is a splendid panorama, over which at noon there is a pale purple haze, like a faint shroud, which, as the sun sinks lower, melts away. The ruins of the ancient kingdoms of Asia Minor, stretched out upon the opposite capes and hills, desolate and solitary, are almost visible to fancy's eye; at least there are dim forms and shadows that resemble them. Early in the morning, (and whoever resides in the Archipelago must be an early riser,) there is a bracing, inspiring freshness in the air, which is perfectly delightful: the sea-breezes have no humidity or heaviness, but seem almost to partake of the dry and exhilarating quality of the air of the deserts. What a contrast is here between the often shelterless shores and wastes, the comfortless homes, or the Turcoman's tent, of Asia Minor—and the delicious refuge of Rhodes, which in a few hours can be enjoyed. Did life more often present such startling and indelible contrasts, how much sweeter and deeper would be its draught! is not the monotony, the daily, yearly, gentle tide and usage of our existence, one of its sorest ills? the memory becomes unpeopled, like a forsaken khan, on which the sun falls beautifully by day, and the shadow at evening, by whose side there is the fountain and the palm—but no passengers of many nations come and lodge there, and light their fires, and tell their tales with vivid welcomes, and recount their successes, joys, and passions, till the morning sends them into the wilderness again.

In the little land-locked harbour, the vessels lie as securely almost as in a dock: the day on which the writer landed, was some Turkish festival, and the gates were closed at

noon, during the hour of worship in the mosques; he was glad to take refuge from the heat in a barber's shop, among the houses at the water's edge: a Turkish barber is more of a gentleman in bearing and pretension than any of his fraternity in the rest of the world; he politely invited the stranger to sit down and rest, till the gates should be opened, which would be in an hour or two: he was well dressed, and had several assistants, and his full share of fluency of speech. The scene within and the scene without were amusingly at variance; the beautiful basin was as calm as that of the barber, and its little wave scarcely lifted itself to fall with a mimic moan before the door; there were several vessels of various nations on its bosom, their crews stretched, and mostly sleeping on the deck: between the rocks of the entrance, as through a vista, were seen the mountains of Asia Minor, and the thin clouds of noon resting on their sides and summits: within the shop were Turks, and Greeks, and mariners, the former well dressed and of a lordly air, talking earnestly with the master, some waiting their turn, others beneath the tonsor's hands, with bare scalps, uttering grave sentences at each breathing interval. There was no coffee-house or place of refreshment without the gates: no breeze came from the harbour; even the long shadow of the Colossus would have been welcome: the barber's shop was an asylum, though not a cool one; while the customers, the clash of tongues, the anxious movements, the hot water, made the hour pass very slowly. But when the gates were opened, it was like entering the Happy Valley of Rasselas from the wastes beyond—broad streets, foot-pavements, groups of trees, clean, nice-looking dwellings; the Rhodians appeared in that moment to be the most enviable and the best lodged people in the Levant. It was an absolute pleasure to walk up and down the streets: the trottoir was at first, both to the eye and foot, a very incredible object—never to be beheld in the proudest capitals of Turkey: none of their princes ever knew such an indulgence, or would have dreamed of it in their most imaginative hours. No caliph in his nightly rounds, to espy the real state and feelings of his people, not even Haroun el Raschid, ever walked on a foot-pavement: even in Rhodes, the brains of the faithful did not invent or their hands perpetrate it; the Christians bestowed this exceeding great luxury and convenience on the town. The pavement of Turkish towns and cities is execrably bad, composed of small stones, unevenly laid, and most unpleasant to the foot: the streets of Cairo, which are mostly stoneless, are comfortable in comparison to those of Constantinople: they are hard and tolerably smooth, being, as it were, mac-adamised, of earth only, dried and baked in the heat, and, as rain rarely falls there, they are never turned into mud and mire, which would soon be the case in a wet season.

The villa occupied by Sir Sydney Smith was splendidly situated on a gentle eminence above the town, with the full benefit of the sea-breezes. In his various wanderings and adventures in many lands, the defender of Acre was never so exquisitely lodged; his flagship riding in the channel, or at anchor in its frequent calms: the perfumed shades of the orange, lemon, and sycamore trees of his garden: the fall of his own fountain, broken at morn and eve by the signal-gun of the Pompé, its echoes borne over the hills of Rhodes and far away to the Asian mountains.

W. H. Bartlett. J. Tingle.

THE PASS OF BEILAN,—MOUNT AMANUS.

ON THE APPROACH FROM ANTIOCH.

FISHER, SON & Co LONDON & PARIS. 1836.

THE PASS OF BEILAN,—MOUNT AMANUS.

ON THE APPROACH FROM ANTIOCH.

About six hours from Antioch, and in the caravan road to that town and Aleppo, is the town of Beilan, in the gorge of Mount Amanus. When yet about three hours distant, the traveller comes to the Khan of the Black Myrtle, so called from the quantity of that shrub in the neighbourhood, where there is a narrow pass, and a hamlet of mountaineers, who claim a tribute from every traveller or caravan that passes. A little beyond the Khan of the Black Myrtle is a castle on the top of a precipice to the left of the road, in a most romantic situation; half an hour hence is a paved way to Beilan—but for which, in winter, the road would be, from the nature of the soil and the rains, impassable. Beilan is situated on either side of a deep, narrow, and elevated valley: a stream from the mountains rushes through the middle of the town, and three or four aqueducts cross the valley, of ancient construction, and they are still in use. The houses almost climb up the sides of the fine descents, or stand boldly on the brink: the night was advanced, the moon was some hours risen, and shone full on the village and the declivities: it was a luxury to the wanderer to pass such a night in Beilan: as he wound slowly up the steep path, and looked on the picturesque homes, from many of whose casements the light was glancing: in a few moments his mattrass would be placed on the hospitable floor, the fire blaze bright, the cup of coffee and the pipe be put into his hand; and then—how beautiful to seek repose on the terraced roof! can his eyes close in slumber while the moon is in all her lustre on the precipices, on the groves, and on the crests of Amanus, far above his head? On the left is the cemetery of the generations of Beilan: on the right, the mosque, with its dome and minaret; the large khan is above, almost leaning against the rock, its little windows pierced by the rays: the ancient aqueduct crosses the ravine, and a mountain rivulet is beneath its arch. The charm of an asylum in a wild and weary region was felt by the writer in a similar night in Palestine: the guide had lost the way, and each step seemed to lead farther from every thing like a roof, and the heath and the rock were gathering faster on every side—when the bark of a dog, far to the left, induced us to turn in that direction; and soon, kind and mingled voices bade us welcome: the young women of the family prepared and served the supper, and afterwards the mountain song, in its native wildness, broke on the night. There was excellent wine, as at Beilan: the girls were tall and well made, with fresh complexions, and dark hair that hung on their shoulders in plaited tresses. How quickly the feeling of home gathers round the heart, amidst kind words and attentions, looks of welcome and mercy! The blazing wood-fire—the soul-felt ballad of the mountaineer—the neatness and comfort of his home—his interesting family,—were so sweet a contrast to the friendless world around us, that as the flame glanced over roof and wall, they looked as if they "were our own, and we had long dwelt in this strange land." After a few hours, we resolved to sleep, not beside the warm hearth, but in the

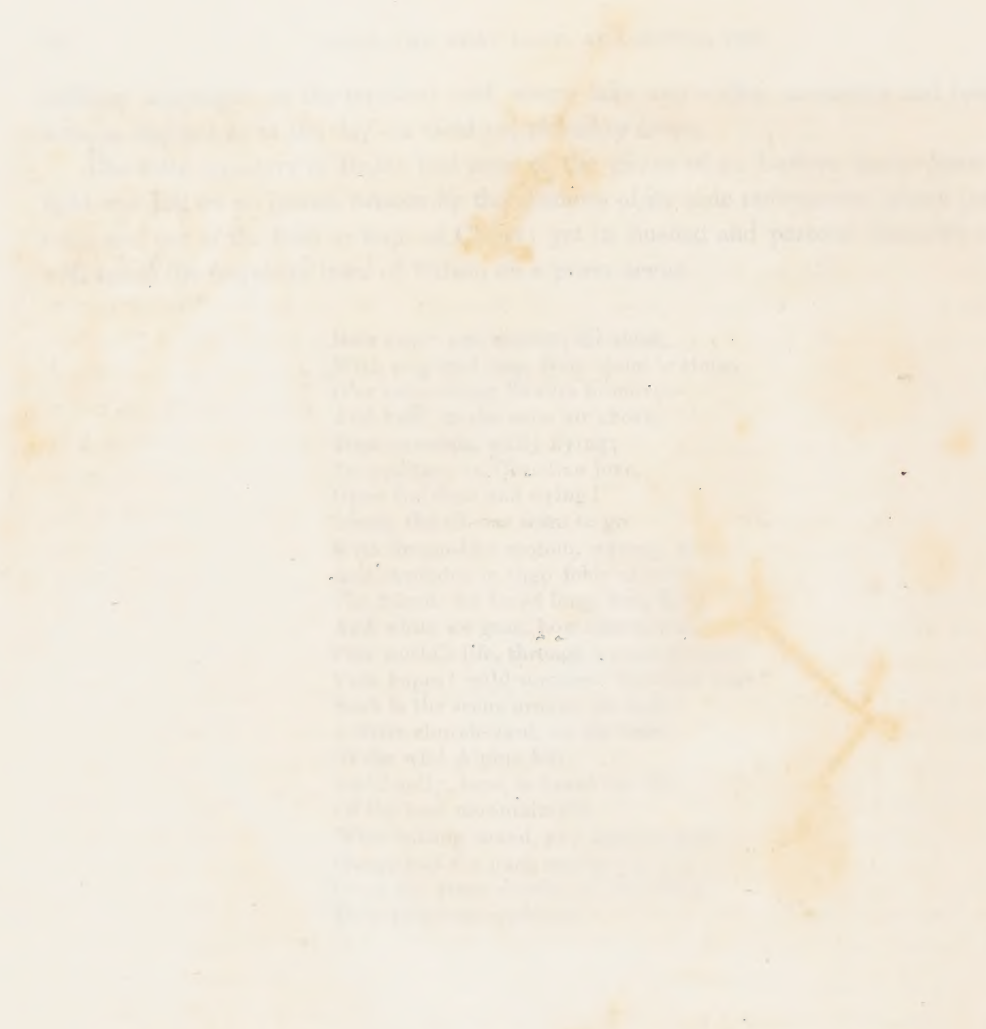
brilliant moonlight on the terraced roof, where lake and valley, mountain and convent, were as distinct as in the day—a vivid yet visionary scene.

The little cemetery of Beilan had none of the gloom of an Eastern burial-place: the light was full on its bosom, broken by the shadows of its rude monuments, whose inscriptions told not of the faith or hope of Christ: yet its hushed and pastoral character might well recall the exquisite lines of Wilson on a purer scene.

How sweet and solemn, all alone,
With reverend step, from stone to stone,
O'er intervening flowers to move—
And hear, in the calm air above,
Time onwards, softly flying;
To meditate, in Christian love,
Upon the dead and dying!
Across the silence seem to go
With dream-like motion, wavery, slow,
And shrouded in their folds of snow,
The friends we loved long, long ago!
And while we gaze, how dim appears
This world's life, through a mist of tears!
Vain hopes! wild sorrows! needless fears!
Such is the scene around me now:
A little church-yard, on the brow
Of the wild Alpine hill:
And loudly, here, is heard the flow
Of the lone mountain-rill.
What lulling sound, and shadow cool,
Hangs half the dark sepulchres o'er,
From thy green depths, so beautiful,
Thou gorgeous sycamore!

HOUSE OF GIRGIUS ADEEB, AT ANTIOCH.

Hospitality to the stranger was the virtue of the East in ancient times, when it derived from the pastoral life of the patriarchs a charm, a simplicity, and a picturesqueness which is rarely found at present, save among the Arab tribes, who dwell in tents amidst their flocks and pastures. It seems to be the heritage of this people, even from the earliest tradition of their existence, even from the days of Esau: they are kind to the stranger who halts at their door; a repast is set before him, a lodging for the night is offered. The writer, when crossing an extensive plain in Syria, was obliged to put to the proof the hospitality of these people, whose encampment stood most invitingly in the way, the only habitations in the wilderness, if the expression may be applied to a vast tract of wild and rich pasture land. The tents were pitched on a long line, near a small and rapid stream; the numerous flocks and herds were grazing on every side. Since day-break we had travelled five or six hours, and had begun to look wistfully



HOUSE OF GIRGIUS ADEEB, AT ANTIOCH.

around, in hope that some column of smoke might invite to rest and refreshment, however rude: the roof of a khan would have been a cheerless sight, its dim interior, its cool fountain, its ancient pillars, were not what we desired at this moment: we were hungry and thirsty, and might remain so till the day should set. Like the tops of a grove of palms to the desert pilgrim, seemed to us the white tents of the Arabs, while yet afar off: in the middle, and loftier than the others, was that of the Sheich: we dismounted at the entrance, and were received with a simple and cordial welcome: a handsome carpet was spread on the floor, on which we sat down, and were served, in about half an hour, with a plentiful meal, for which we could offer no remuneration; it would have been received as an insult. Our stay was short: but we were free to remain the whole day or night as their guests, to eat from the same pilau of rice, from the same bowl of cream and butter, and unleavened cake, and to rest beneath the same tent, which was divided into several apartments, at night.

The attachment of this remarkable people to the usages of their ancestors is inviolable: the prophet Jeremiah, when warning the Jews of their disobedience to God, adduces the fidelity of the Rechabites to the command of their ancestors, as an admirable model for their imitation. "For this cause," it was said, "Jonadab the son of Rechab shall not want a man to stand before me for ever." The fulfilment of these words, even to this day, may appear almost incredible to many: to the lover of prophecy, this fulfilment will be full of interest. When the Rev. Mr. Woolf resided in Jerusalem, he was one day visited by several men, in the Arab costume, who had come from the wilderness, where they dwelt; a conversation ensued between them and the missionary, whose eyes flashed with joy, and his gestures, when he spoke, were as energetic as those of his guests: the writer, who was present at this remarkable interview, inquired the cause of so much emotion, and was answered, that these strangers had declared themselves to be the lineal descendants of the Rechabites, and, like their ancestors, had inviolably obeyed the command, "Ye shall drink no wine, neither ye, nor your sons for ever: neither shall ye build house, nor plant vineyards, but all your days ye shall dwell in tents." Their history of themselves and their people, during many ages, was clear and simple: they had ever received and obeyed from their fathers, they said, the command of old delivered; they had never drank wine, though living in or near a country by whose inhabitants it was generally drunk: they had never built houses, or lived in villages, hamlets, or towns, but had always dwelt in tents. They were fine healthy-looking men, of great simplicity of mind and manners, and very intelligent: the joy of the missionary at this discovery amounted to rapture, and when he expatiated on this accomplishment of prophecy, on this singular fidelity, his words seemed to borrow the wild eloquence of the desert: he felt that it was an indelible moment, such as even his wandering career could rarely give. They listened attentively while he spoke, for they felt also that this sympathy in a stranger, this delight and interest in their history, was very rare to be found. In the course of the conversation, they said, that the existence of their people was very ancient; that, in their traditions, Heber the Kenite was the founder of the tribe, by the hand of whose wife Jael, Sisera was slain while reposing in the tent. Perhaps

the history of the world cannot furnish an instance of greater, or as great fidelity and religious observance of an ancestral command.

It was a strange thing to hear these men of the wilderness, in the heart of the lost Jerusalem, talk thus familiarly and earnestly of the ancient times of Scripture: to the Missionary's fancy, the people of old seemed to live again! were not the Kenites and the Rechabites dwellers in tents, simple in manners and language, even as these faithful and pastoral men, who held not the faith of Mohammed, but seemed to live apart from the concerns and excitements of towns and cities; they sowed no fields, built no walls, tasted no wine in a dry and thirsty land, and perpetuated the command of their fathers even to their latest posterity. This interview took place in the Armenian convent, in the lodging of the Missionary, a room well carpeted and divaned all round the walls: he was here in possession of every comfort, and of every facility for his Mission, being permitted by the authorities to see people of all nations in his apartment—Turks, Greeks, Catholics, and Jews: on this chosen ground he should have lingered longer; he was here highly favoured with the countenance of the Turkish governor, the kindness of his Armenian hosts, and with golden opportunities of usefulness: but "patience shall have her perfect work" can never be the motto of this eminent man; the spirit of restlessness and enterprise, ever reaching impatiently to the things that are before, hurries him from land to land, and is now bearing him to the heart of Africa: perhaps, amid her burning deserts and friendless huts, he may remember, in the hour of sorrow and bereavement, the peaceful and friendly home of Jerusalem, where his words were listened to with reverence and attention, and he wandered every day, meditating or conversing with his countrymen, through the fields and valleys of the City of God.

The Plate represents a scene of hospitality, not in the desert or the tent, but in the city of Antioch. Girgius Adeeb, the host, is delighted to welcome travellers to his house, by day or night, or both; and will not accept, even from the wealthiest, any remuneration. So free, so general a welcome, if rail-roads and steam-packets should soon visit Antioch, Girgius will find grievously expensive. He was first met with at Suadeah, at Mr. Barker's, and an invitation to his house at Antioch instantly followed. Such an invitation is not only a comfort and luxury, but an absolute charity, in a half-ruined and comfortless place like Antioch, where there is no convent, opening wide its massive gate, and affording a secure asylum, a clean cell, and welcome repast. The dwelling of Girgius was a good one: it rests upon the ancient wall of the city, and from the divan windows on the left you look out upon the Orontes and the distant mountains, and in the opposite direction is a glimpse of the walled heights above the city: the harem, or woman's abode, is on the right, in light, and near the door is the well, and servants fetching water, not muffled, like the Turkish females, for Girgius is a Christian. The offices are at right angles with the harem, but are not seen: the children of the host are playing about: the door at the corner opens into the sleeping-rooms for the guests, who rest on a broad low divan, continued around the room: a servant is carrying refreshments up the steps of the divan: and some merchants are conferring with Girgius, who is seated, with a pipe in his hand, just without the rails of the divan.

W. H. Bartlett. T. A. Prior.

DER-EL-KAMAR, AND THE PALACES OF BETEDDEIN.

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A jar of precisely similar make and size to those in the plate formed part of our baggage in Syria, to carry wine, when it chanced to be very good, and was filled at intervals "few and far between:" the young woman, playing with the child, is clad in the tunic, or short vest, which is embroidered: the large and full pantaloons of silk reach little more than half way down the leg: the shoes, of yellow leather, turn up sharp at the point; the child's dress, like that of most children of good condition in the East, is tasteful and picturesque, and more becoming and graceful to that age than the European costume. In the foreground are the nahrguillies, or pipes, for smoking with water. Two large citron-trees afford a scanty shade.

In the house of Girgius, the traveller feels completely at home, a rare yet blessed feeling in the East: if he be a traveller of taste and independence, his visit, though prolonged to many days, is considered a favour. It is usual, on departing, to give handsomely to the servants: the chief of these is Debro, who figures in the foreground of the plate, a knowing, bustling, and useful steward to his master, and particularly obliging to all travellers. In the evening there is generally quite a reunion in the house of Girgius, and an excellent supper is laid out, to which ample justice is always done: before seating, raki is served out in small glasses, as an appetizer: here are to be met Aleppines in their rich furs, Turks, Christians, officers of the Pasha; among the latter was a fine young Pole, in the medical service, personally attached to Ibrahim Pasha, and overlooking all his faults, clenching every argument with "Monsieur, il paie bien ses employés."

DER-EL-KAMAR, AND THE PALACES OF BETEDDEIN.

The palace of the Emir Beshir is in front, that of his sons on the height above. The gathering of the chieftains, and of the troops hastening to the standard of Ibrahim, is ceased: the courts of the Emir are emptied of the eager crowds of horsemen and footmen, and in comparison there is "silence in the halls of Cuthullin, and the grey thistle bends its head to the blast, and seems to say, the time of my departure is near." The aged lord of the palace, on his divan within, his white beard sweeping his breast, must also feel that *his* departure is not far off. Can he meet it without inquietude, without pain? Rarely do Oriental princes exhibit, in old age, a picture of that sunset of the heart, whose last light and glory is so dear, so enviable, and sinks slowly but to awake again with that "day without night." A career of strong excitement and change, often of violence and crime, make men cling intensely to life, when ambition has been successful, though the sceptre is clasped in the withered hand. The Emir's hand is red with blood, which the beautiful white robe that covers him from head to foot, and the diamonds of matchless lustre that glitter in its folds, cannot cover, cannot dim. The powerful chiefs of rival tribes have been put to death, with their children,

within the walls of his palace: many princes have had their eyes put out, their possessions confiscated, and are now living in exile with their families, in the remote villages of Lebanon. He would justify such deeds by the plea of necessity, and maintain, that under the selfish despotism of the Sultan, and the strife and jealousy of the Syrian governors, no just and peaceful ruler could prosper. But all the waters of Lebanon cannot quench the thirst of power and plunder of its princes: blood alone can quench it, and it is shed freely.

The scenery around the palace of Beteddein is favourable to cold and merciless thoughts, and, should any faint throb of conscience be left, is favourable also to remorse It is not a place in which a man who loves the soft and gentle sights of this world would like to meet his last enemy: savage dells, barren crags, and precipitous paths on every side: below, the stern and sunless ravines unfold their withered bosoms, bathed by unlovely streams, as if to say, "These, stranger, are the dark and cruel places of Lebanon, not her glories." Above, has the town of Der-el-Kamar any attractions?—its bald houses climbing up the rugged declivities, and almost resting on each other's roofs. Yet, higher, there are summits without beauty or sublimity. The writer passed twelve days at Der-el-Kamar and Beteddein, the most disconsolate and destitute days of all his journey. The roar of a waterfall from a mill-dam not far off, fifty feet high, rose above that of the torrents of rain; the sun looked forth at long intervals with a ghastly smile on palace, prison-like vales, and ferocious heights—one of those bold and picturesque coup-d'œils, at first greatly to be admired, but, ere long, wearisome, gloomy, and depressing. How welcome to gaze on the distant sea, which rose gladly, like the face of a friend in a desert, through a wide opening in the hills; the sun was on its blue waves, breaking in light—even their voice seemed to come from afar, and say, "Come away to lovelier scenes." Alas! we could not: for the storm returned; it was the rainy season, the clouds fell dark and heavy on the cliffs, and the roads were impassable. There are groups of trees here and there, scattered over the surface of the declivities, but they look like strangers, and afford a scanty shelter or shade: the palm, the mulberry, the fig tree, are there. O groves of Egypt, over whose fall the people lamented, and the wail of the nation went up as for the first-born—how glorious would you be on these descents! It cannot be supposed that Der-el-Kamar is rich in gardens; Semiramis would have found it difficult to have hung any of her airy gardens here. The young women of the place are a fine and healthful race, of rather fair and florid complexion: their stature is heightened by the singular ornament worn on the top of the head, a silver horn, a foot high, with strange figures and characters carved on it, is placed upright on the head, and the cloke or robe drawn over it, so as to fall gracefully down on each side of the face. Perhaps this very ancient custom is alluded to in the Psalm, "They shall not lift up their horn on high: their horn shall be exalted." The people are civil and respectful to strangers, clean in their persons and attire, and neatly dressed. There is little delicacy or elegance of feature or form in the women, whose persons are rather robust: they have the frank and kindly look of mountaineers: in their dwellings luxury does not

enter, or comfort find a home; the traveller is rarely invited to cross the threshold. The vine is carefully cultivated, and produces a strong, sweet white wine, of which about a quart may be purchased for a shilling: excellent beef, equal to that of England, is also to be had here, as in most other parts of Lebanon. The cultivation is on the acclivities, terraced up by walls, to prevent the soil from being washed away. Burckhardt says, "The tombs of the Christians deserve notice: every family has a stone building, about forty feet square, in which they place their dead; the entrance being always walled up after each deposit. This mode of interment is peculiar to Der-el-Kamar, and arose probably from the difficulty of excavating graves in the rocky soil on which it is built. The tombs of the richer Christian families have a small cupola on their summit." The inhabitants are about four thousand, consisting of Maronite and Druse families, who manufacture all the articles of dress worn by the mountaineers: they are particularly skilful in working the rich abbas, or silk gowns interwoven with gold and silver, which are worn by the principal Druse sheichs. A few Turkish families reside here, isolated in this mountain capital, in regard to their faith and usages; obliged to hear at times their Prophet derided, and their lonely mosque put to scorn: and now that their Sultan's fortunes are sunk beneath those of Ibrahim, their situation is even less desirable than formerly. The convent of the Maronites is at a short distance above, and commands the town and the vallies: the chapels of the Druses are scattered at intervals on the mountain, invisible to the observation of others: on their mysterious worship and ceremonies, no stranger is ever permitted to intrude: not that his curiosity would be rewarded by any impressive rituals or devotions, the relics of ancient and purer times: their religion is in part a Mohammedan heresy, mingled with some unmeaning rites, and some notions borrowed from Christianity, and an air of mystery thrown over the whole. The secret of this repulsive and unintellectual system is strictly kept by its votaries, in spite of its dark and comfortless influences, which, however, exercise a sort of spell over their ignorant minds, like that of freemasonry over the attachment of its followers.

There is much of costliness and splendour in the palace of Beteddein: in the south-west pavilion the floor is of inlaid marble, with a fountain in the centre; the walls are inlaid with ivory and gilding, and ornamented with Arabic inscriptions in large gold characters, as are the walls of the Emir's audience-room, one side of which was hung round with the richest Cashmere shawls, in folding drapery. "Light and elegant arcades," observes Lamartine, "like the trunks of the palm-trees, light and graceful colonnades ran along the courts and galleries: a marble staircase, ornamented with balustrades sculptured in Arabesque, led to the entrance of the palace of the women, which was surrounded with black slaves, splendidly attired, armed with silver-mounted pistols, and Damascus sabres sparkling with gold chasings. Five or six hundred Arabian horses were fastened by the head and feet to ropes which crossed the court. Secretaries, with flowing robes and silver inkstands, stuck like a poniard on their girdles, attended in the saloon of the Emir. His baths consist of five or six halls, paved with marble; the roofs and walls stuccoed and painted in water colours, with great taste and elegance, by

artists from Damascus. We proceeded thence to visit the courts and stables: none can form an idea of the Arabian horse who has not visited those of Damascus, or of the Emir Beshir; it must be seen with its splendid cloths embroidered with gold and pearl, its head covered with a net of blue or red silk, worked with gold and silver lace, shaking its long black mane, brushing with its tail its beautifully polished sides, while its fiery, proud, and intelligent eye is fixed on the stranger. The Emir's favourite wife wears the horn on her head, after the custom of the women of Lebanon; but it is of gold covered with precious stones."

Is it not bitter to leave all these things, the palace he has planned and raised on the inaccessible cliff, the empire he has gained by a half a century's toil and crime, the power that makes old age awful? Is it not agony to go away like the moth, while the steeds look for their master, the princes for their counsellor, and Lebanon for its lord, in vain! his beautiful women shall come and wail for him, and say "Alas! his glory." Yet this man, hard as he may feel the summons, will meet death calmly, as did Djezzar of Acre, and Ali Pacha of Yanina: "there were no bands in their death; they were not troubled." His manners are easy and dignified, his complexion fresh and healthful; there is sweetness in his smile, and his air and conversation are those of a wise and fine old man: at seventy-six he is active and indefatigable, rising always before sunrise, meeting the daily pressure of business, whether it be of rebellion, exaction, trade, or treachery, with a cool and practised head: then careering over his mountain kingdom on one of his splendid Arabs; and at evening, calmer affairs and details, interviews with chiefs and strangers. Each hour, each moment is of value to this remarkable man, as if he felt, with Cecil, the magnificence of the future.

> For at my back I always hear
> Time's winged chariot hurrying near;
> And onwards, all before, I see
> Deserts of vast eternity

Yet a few years, or months, and the animating genius, the unpitying heart, will be extinct and cold in Beteddein. The son will take the father's dominion, even with the last breath of the spirit that created it,—and that spirit, into what scene will it pass? To another Beteddein, another bower of luxury and pride, of beauty and fearfulness?—all-unrepenting, unannealed!

W. H. Bartlett S. Lacey

PART OF THE WALLS OF ANTIOCH, OVER A RAVINE.

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PART OF THE WALLS OF ANTIOCH, OVER A RAVINÉ.

In this mountain-pass we know not whether most to admire—the grandeur of nature or the grandeur of man. Daring was the genius, and skilful the hand, that could war with these mighty solitudes, and plant there everlasting bulwarks, crowning the inaccessible ridges, and closing a ravine twenty-five feet wide with a wall that was seventy feet high. Beat, during two thousand years, by the torrent, the tempest's wing, and by many a fragment falling from above—their aspect is awful, and the frame shudders as we contemplate them; the precipice above, the precipice below; still they endure—of a fearful immortality, their lichens and wild anemones wantonly waving on the brink of death. Death is a power to which they are a stranger; the shepherd beneath their arches shall ere long be laid with the clods of the valley, the traveller, pausing in their shadow, shall tell his tale, and live his brief day: all the merchants of Syria, who journey this only caravan-road, shall pass away—and then shall come the people of succeeding ages, and find these walls even as they are now.

A short distance only, and what a startling contrast! We almost hear the rushing of the Orontes in the beautiful plain beneath, and the sounds of Antioch seem to come faintly on the ear. After so much beauty, it is welcome to be thus alone with the terrors of nature: the roebuck could not find a footing on these perpendicular precipices, and the vulture could scarcely rest amid their dark gulfs, to feast his eyes on the flocks on their brink. The sun is sunk below the peaks, the tinkling of the camel bell is passed away. The traveller, while night is falling, is here a lonely being: seated on a rock, and listening to the torrent rushing below. The Arab smiles as he swiftly passes him on his gallant steed; and the trader, while he gives him his evening blessing, pronounces his *Inshallah* in a tone of wonder and pity. In such a scene and hour, the past and the future rush on the mind in a tide of thoughts and images that are wild, beautiful, and irresistible: the narrow and silent pass, like a ledge over the abyss, is crowded, as of old, with many a warrior, and priest, and noble, in all their multitude: the Macedonian, burning for empire; the Roman, patient unto death; the Saracen, athirst for blood and Paradise; the Crusader, loving the Sepulchre only less than gold and fame;—they all sought immortality. Alas! its only memorial is this eternal and desert wall, begun by the first and finished by the latest conqueror. Not such was the immortality sought by the first Christians, who fled to this solitude from the sword and dungeons of the city, and poured out their blood on these rocks. Martyrs of Antioch, who thus sealed your Redeemer's love—how bright, amidst such remembrances, is your destiny! And in the gloom deepening on this wilderness, where the stranger feels in a strange land, it is beautiful to think that each of these hoary caverns was then a temple of the Lord, where the hymns of praise rose even above the torrent's roar! Your brief day was quickly

passed—your warfare soon over: to *you*, time and fame are nothing; you have bowed them beneath your feet. On the mountain peaks, the ancient turrets are now like gold in the last sun-light, though all below is dark and chill: their banner of Macedon and banner of Rome is rent and gone; while, beautifully rising through the gloom, is the ensign of the Cross, girt by a little band, upheld in fear, yet in hope. In this very path is the cave where the few Christians of Antioch come to worship at evening; in a few hours their solitary lights will gleam there, and their voices be heard on the silence of the night. Theirs is the worship in the wilderness, in temples not made with men's hands.

This wall is one of the most magnificent works of the kind ever seen: it is necessarily carried across the Ravine, with an arch below for the passage of the stream. It is not always safe to linger late in so rude and lonely a scene: there may be, even behind the crags, hands and eyes bent on mischief, and watching every movement of the stranger. A French traveller in Syria, a few years since, suffered miserably for the indulgence of his taste and curiosity in a similar place: he was engaged in sketching the savage and picturesque scenery around him, and then, heedless of the approach of evening, continued to sit on the rock, enjoying the tranquillity of the hour, and the balmy freshness of the air. He had long and intently been watched by some Arabs, who, from behind the neighbouring rocks, patiently observed him sketching; his papers and views were on the rock beside him; and he was wrapped in some reverie, all unsuspicious of evil, when they fired and mortally wounded him. It was a quick and dreadful transition from repose, fancy, and hope, to agony, terror, and death. They plundered him of his money and valuables; and he was soon after found weltering in his blood by some peasants of the nearest hamlet, whom the Arabs had acquainted with the deed. They conveyed him to their home, and tended him with kindness the short time he lived, which was only till the following day: his death was a loss, for he was an accomplished artist and an impassioned traveller, and had wandered a good while alone through the country, without meeting with any accident or molestation, previous to this cruel occurrence. In the poor and lone cottage of the Syrian peasant, in anguish of body and agitation of spirit, perishing suddenly and afar from his family, relatives, and friends—with what force, what love, must his native home and all its ties have rushed on his thoughts!—His papers were preserved by the people, and found their way at last to his family. He was buried near the hamlet, beneath its spreading trees. No rites of sepulture, or ceremonial of the dead, so sacred to the memory, honoured his remains; no eye that had loved to look on him in life, wept over his dust; the hand of the stranger framed his rude bier; and the names of Alla and the Prophet were mingled with the sound of the earth that fell heavy on it.

LEBANON.

LEBANON.—GENERAL VIEW OF THE CEDARS.

The site of these noble trees is a very unsheltered one—on a ridge, near the highest part of Lebanon, encompassed with snow several feet deep during half the year; open to the wildest mountain winds and storms. The small forest in the plate includes a great number of young cedars, and the whole can be walked round in half an hour. Pococke says, "that the great cedars, at some distance, look like large spreading oaks: the bodies of the trees are short, dividing at bottom into three or four, some of which, growing up together for about ten feet, appear something like those gothic columns which seem to be composed of several pillars."

The oldest cedars in our own country do not date above a hundred and fifty years back: they are supposed to reach their maturity in less than three centuries. In the back ground are seen the snowy summits of Lebanon: under the trees on the right some Arabs had lighted a fire, which reflected on their figures, as they were seated in a wild group around it: the glare of the flame was cast at intervals on the trunks of the trees, that seemed to stand like some of the aged columns of Egyptian ruins, around which the Bedouins encamp in the desert. There was no danger of a conflagration of any part of the cedars, from the flying sparks or half-extinguished embers, for the Arabs regard them with superstitious reverence, and would rather fire their own dwellings than one of these sacred trees. "I went to see them," says Father Dandini; "they are called saints, because of their antiquity: moreover, as these trees are but few in number, they esteem it a miracle that they cannot be reckoned exactly. I counted twenty-three, and another of my companions twenty-one: they never fell them, to make boards. They affirm that certain Turks, who fed their flocks thereabouts, having been so impious and so hardy as to cut down one of these trees they call saints, were punished forthwith with the utter loss of their beasts. One may also see there the spring of a rivulet, which the inhabitants call the holy river, for that it takes its source from the mountain whereon grow the cedar saints, in a very hidden and delicious place, and from it descends along the valley, running with little murmuring streams among flint stones." The ascent from Eden to the cedars is about five miles, allowing for the windings of the road, which is very rugged, passing over hill and glen: the time occupied depends on the season of the year: Lamartine was three hours on the way, in June, and could then only survey them at a distance of many hundred yards, in the deep snow. "At first," says a traveller, "they appeared like a dark spot on the mountain, and afterwards like a clump of dwarfish shrubs, that possessed neither dignity nor beauty: in about an hour and a half we reached them. They are large, and tall, and beautiful, the most picturesque productions of the vegetable world: there are in this grove two generations of trees: the oldest are large and massy, rearing their heads to an enormous height, and spreading their branches afar." The young cedars in this grove are not easily known from pines, which it will be perceived they greatly resemble: a few pines are also found among them. In ancient

times they probably extended over the heights and vales nearer to the village of Eden, which was then celebrated as the region of the finest trees: the forests that supplied during so many ages so great a demand, must have covered an extensive tract of ground, and the trees stood closely, as now, together.

The cedar of this species is not found on the other parts of Lebanon, being confined to this consecrated spot: walnut, mulberry, oak, pine, abound all over the mountain: the vast and beautiful sycamores, of a size to shelter a small caravan (men, horses, and camels of thirty persons) beneath its branches, are found at intervals in the plain, at the edge of the mountains. The Arabs, a group of whom had kindled the large fire beneath the cedar, are often found wandering on Lebanon during the summer months, in search of pasture: they remain for a time in the fertile spots with their cattle, and then strike their tents to seek a fresh pasturage. Some of the districts of the mountain resemble those of the Alps in this respect; being covered with grass, and the numerous springs, together with the heavy dews which fall during the summer months, produce a verdure, richer and of a deeper tint than in less favoured parts. The Arabs come up hither, and wander about for five months in the year: in winter they descend to the more sheltered valleys, or pass the winter months on the sea shore about Tripoli and Tartous. "I was astonished," says Burckhardt, "at seeing so high in the mountain, numerous camels and Arab huts. Though, like the Bedouins, they have no fixed habitations, their features are not of the true Bedouin cast; and their dialect, though different from that of the peasants, is not a pure Bedouin dialect. They are tributary to the Turkish governors, and at peace with all the country people; but they have the character of having a great propensity to thieving: their property, besides camels, consists in horses, cows, sheep, and goats." The words, "O inhabitant of Lebanon, that makest thy nest in the cedars," can now apply only to these wandering Bedouins, or to the Sheich and his little tribe, who come in summer and dwell beneath their shadow. The party sat long, partaking of a rude repast, and conversing around the large fire, the materials of which the forest afforded: a few had risen, and were moving among the trees, in their long coarse robe and turban.

A spectacle beheld by a missionary, of numerous fires on Lebanon, was far more picturesque. "Standing off the coast of Saide and Beirout, we had a brilliant view of the illuminations which take place on the mountain, on the eve of the festival of the Holy Cross. From north to south, there was, in a crescent form, an exhibition of lights, which increased in brilliancy as the darkness of evening came on. Some of them rose to a very considerable height above the horizon, marking the great elevation of the mountains: I counted fifty. These large fires were lighted by the monasteries and churches; and throughout the whole of Mount Lebanon, from Tripoli to Tyre, and in various other parts, this ceremony would take place. Considering that our view was partial, we may calculate, that not fewer perhaps than five hundred such fires were lighted."

W. H. Bartlett. J. Tingle.

COAST OF ASIA MINOR NEAR ANAMOUR.

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COAST OF ASIA MINOR, NEAR ANAMOUR.

The coast of Asia Minor presents a great variety of magnificent scenery: the headlands are often so shelterless and iron-bound, that the wanderer would gladly, in a gale of wind, exchange their lofty and romantic masses for a low, sandy, and monotonous beach. In an open boat, attacked by the fever, and driving before a wild in-shore wind, the artist was passing beneath the fierce cliffs of Cape Anamour, each sight and sound in unison with the helplessness of disease, and the agitation of the thoughts. A tremendous cavern opened its dark abyss close at hand, and the roar of the waves came with a hollow and sepulchral voice from within: the sea-birds swept shrieking around the boat and the cave, and a vessel came drifting headland before the blast. Yet enthusiasm triumphed over the scene and the fever, and the artist, in the midst of the storm, sketched eagerly the gloomy and startling scene around him. Not very far from this spot, and at the base of a rocky promontory, was a most romantic cove, for which the boats made, and succeeded in entering. Anamour was near at hand, the ruins of its castle, theatre, acqueduct, &c.: how gladly would even the ruins of Balbec have been given in that moment for a clean cottage, a comfortable chamber, and kind attendance. The situation of the ruins of Anamour, the ancient Anamurium, is quite as fantastic and bold as that of the town of Alaya. The lofty cape has been fortified by a castle and outworks on the summit, (500 feet above the sea,) from whence a flanked wall, with towers, descends to the shore; a second wall, six feet thick, runs nearly parallel to this: it appears of later construction. Two aqueducts, on different levels, that wind along the hill for several miles, supplied this fortress with water; and when carried across the ravines, they are supported on arches. "In the interval between the two walls," says Captain Beaufort in his excellent description, "there are some large buildings and two theatres; the most perfect of these is a hundred feet long by seventy wide, inclosed by plain walls, and containing six semicircular rows of seats; it appears to have been roofed, and was probably an Odeum, or music theatre; the other is about 200 feet in diameter, and partly cut out of the slope of the hill. It has been mentioned, that the columns of the mausoleum of Trajanopolis, (thirty miles distant,) and the seats of the theatre, had been carried away: so have those also of these theatres; and it is remarkable, that in the whole extent of this place, there is scarcely to be found a vestige of a column, or a loose block of marble of more than ordinary size. Yet there are no buildings in the neighbourhood, for which they could have been purloined; and the only alternative is, that every thing worth the removal has been transported to the island of Cyprus, which is at no great distance, and where arts and commerce flourished long after this coast had become the prey of a succession of ruffian conquerors. We then hastened to examine a wide field of ruins outside of the walls, which at first sight had appeared like the remains of a large city. It was indeed a city, but a city of tombs, a true Necropolis. The contrast between the slight and perishable materials with which the habitations of the living were constructed, and

the care and skill bestowed by the ancients, to render durable the abodes of the dead, is more than ordinarily impressed upon the mind at this place: for though all the tombs have been long since opened and ransacked, the walls are still sound; whereas, of their dwellings not one continues in existence. These tombs are small buildings, detached from each other, and mostly of the same size, though varying in their proportions: the roofs are arched, and the exterior of the walls is dashed with a composition of plaster, and small particles of burnt red brick. Each tomb consists of two chambers; the inner one is subdivided into cells or receptacles for the bodies; and the outer apartment is provided with small recesses and shelves, as if for the purpose of depositing the funeral offerings, or the urns that contained the ashes. These antechambers may have been likewise intended for the ceremonies and lamentations of the mourners; they are stuccoed, and neatly finished with that kind of border which is commonly called a la Grecque. This is the third distinct kind of sepulchre that we observed on these coasts: first, at Makry, Myra, and other places, the excavated catacomb, with the entrance carefully closed by a slab of rock; the front of the catacomb is frequently ornamented with a pediment and columns, all worked out of the solid rock. Secondly, as at Patara, Phaselis, &c. the sarcophagus was more or less decorated, but always consisting of a single block of stone, hollowed like a chest, and covered with another immense stone in the shape of a low roof or pediment. And, thirdly, the house-built sepulchres of this place, covered in by an arch, and separated into chambers for the dead and for the mourners. The two former species generally bear inscriptions; whereas these silent tombs display no record of the names and qualities of their occupiers.

Anamour is now altogether deserted, peopled only by tombs: even the shepherd does not build his hut, nor the fisherman spread his nets, among these sepulchral memorials of a great population. The coast, to the extent of thirty miles on each side of Anamour, is bold, sometimes magnificent, yet it is an unlovely and desolate coast and country, interrupted at long intervals by narrow and dreary valleys, which conduct the mountain torrents to the sea: here and there a solitary hut, inhabited by savage-looking people: yet beyond Selinty on one side, and to a great distance on the other, there is hardly an isle, a hill, or peninsula, that has not its ruins, the vestiges of former life, activity, and dominion: strong and massive walls, inclosing a homeless area, on whose rank soil wanton the wild flowers and aromatic herbs, rich pasture for the solitary flocks: or the vestiges of a theatre, that once rang with the sounds of music and the shouts of the multitude, still resist the sweep of the winds that fall with great fury on these heights. These massive sepulchres, from which the ashes are long since gone, are all that remain of the eminent cities of Myra, Anemurium, and Phaselis: they will endure to the end of time; and at Anamour, if ranged with greater regularity, they would resemble the street of tombs in Pompeii; they are little melancholy edifices, without beauty or impressiveness, save as valuable memorials of the resolve of the past generations of Anamour, to sleep within "walls of brass, and gates of iron" unmolested till the day of doom. At present they look like the Stonehenge of a foreign land; diminutive, yet very numerous, covering great part of the declivity

W. H. Bartlett. S. Smith.

CAFÉS IN DAMASCUS.

A BRANCH OF THE BARRADA FLOWING BETWEEN.

FISHER, SON & Co LONDON & PARIS 1838.

to within a short distance of the sea: a severe mockery on the anxiety and foresight of the builders. It seems to be the destiny of man, that he must make his last rest beneath the earth, and not upon it: had the kings and judges of Israel been contented to repose in the tumuli on the plain or the hill-side, on their remains the dews of heaven had still descended, and the sun lingered: their sepulches of pride, carved in the rock, have been ravaged and defiled as base things. The Indian prince of North, and the cacique of South America, lie each in his narrow bed, his lonely tumulus, on which the thickets blossom, and the tall grass and wild flowers wave: many a Saxon noble still rests in his sepulchre, with his arms beside him, the rude mound unbroken.

The Cove in which the boats sought shelter from the gale, on the shores of Anamour was of most romantic aspect: it had no music of streams or groves, or glad voices of children from the neat hamlet, or pipe of the shepherd: sternly girded by its pale and sullen cliffs, it was naked and silent as the empty sepulchres of Anamour; and yet most welcome, as the nearest and only refuge from the storm.

CAFÉS IN DAMASCUS—ON A BRANCH OF THE BARRADA.

The Cafés of the kind represented in the plate are, perhaps, the greatest luxury that a stranger finds in Damascus. Gardens, kiosques, fountains, and groves are abundant around every Eastern capital: but Cafés on the very bosom of a rapid river, and bathed by its waves, are peculiar to this ancient city: they are formed so as to exclude the rays of the sun, while they admit the breeze; the light roof is supported by slender rows of pillars, and the building is quite open on every side. A few of these houses are situated in the skirts of the town, on one of the streams, where the eye rests on the luxuriant vegetation of garden and wood: others are in the heart of the city: a flight of steps conducts to them from the sultry street, and it is delightful to pass in a few moments from the noisy, shadeless thoroughfare, where you see only mean gateways and the gable-ends of edifices, to a cool, grateful, calm place of rest and refreshment, where you can muse and meditate in ease and luxury, and feel at every moment the rich breeze from the river. In two or three instances, a light wooden bridge leads to the platform, close to which, and almost out of it, one or two large and noble trees lift the canopy of their spreading branches and leaves, more welcome at noon-day than the roofs of fretted gold in the "Arabian Nights." The high pavilion roof and the pillars are all constructed of wood: the floor is of wood, and sometimes of earth, and is regularly watered, and raised only a few inches above the level of the stream, which rushes by at the feet of the customer, which it almost bathes, as he sips his coffee or sherbet. Innumerable small seats cover the floor, and you take one of these, and place it in the position you like best. Perhaps you wish to sit apart from the crowd, just under the shadow of the tree, or in some favourite corner, where you can smoke, and contemplate the motley guests, formed into calm and solemn groups, who wish to hold no communion with the Giaour. There is ample food here for the observer of character, costume, and pretension: the tradesman, the mechanic, the soldier, the gentleman, the

dandy, the grave old man, looking wise on the past and dimly on the future: the hadgé, in his green turban, vain of his journey to Mecca, and drawing a long bow in his tales and adventures: the long straight pipe, the hookah with its soft curling tube and glass vase, are in request: but the poorer argillé is most commonly used. From sun-rise to set, these houses are never empty: we were accustomed to visit one of them early every morning, before breakfast, and very many persons were already there: yet this "balmy hour of prime" was the most silent and solitary of the whole day; it was the coolest also: the rising sun was glancing redly on the waters: there was as yet no heat in the air, and the little cup of Mocha coffee and the pipe were handed by an attendant as soon as the stranger was seated, whose favourite Café was the one represented in the plate: the river is the Barrada, the ancient Pharpar. Never was the sound of many waters so pleasant to the ear as in Damascus: the air is filled with the sound, with which no clash of tongues, rolling of wheels, march of footmen or horsemen, mingle: the numerous groups who love to resort here are silent half the time; and when they do converse, their voice is often "low, like that of a familiar spirit," or in short grave sentences that pass quickly from the ear. Yet much, very much of the excitement of the life of the Turk in this city, is absorbed in these coffee-houses: they are his opera, his theatre, his conversazione: soon after his eyes are unclosed from sleep, he thinks of his Café, and forthwith bends his way there: during the day he looks forward to pass the evening on the loved floor, to look on the waters, on the stars above, and on the faces of his friends; and at the moonlight falling on all. Mahomet committed a grievous error in the omission of coffee-houses in a future state: had he ever seen those of Damascus, he would surely have given them a place on his rivers of Paradise, persuaded that true believers must feel a melancholy void without them.

There is no ornament or richness about these houses: no sofas, mirrors, or drapery, save that afforded by a few evergreens and creepers: the famous silks and damasks of Damascus have no place here; all is plain and homely; yet no Parisian Café, with its beautiful mirrors, gilding, and luxuriousness, is so welcome to the imagination and senses of the traveller. After wandering many days over dry, and stony, and desert places, where the lip thirsted for the stream, is it not delicious to sit at the brink of a wild impetuous torrent, to gaze on its white foam and breaking waves, till you can almost feel their gush in every nerve and fibre, and can bathe your very soul in them. And while you slowly smoke your pipe of purest tobacco, the sands of the desert, and their burning sun, rise again before you, when you prayed for even the shadow of a cloud on your way. The banks are in some parts covered with wood, whose soft green verdure contrasts beautifully with the clear torrent, and almost droops into its bosom. Near the coffee-houses are one or two cataracts several feet high, and the perpetual sound of their fall, and the coolness they spread around, are exquisite luxuries—in the heat of day, or in the dimness of evening. There are two or three Cafés constructed somewhat differently from those just described: a low gallery divides the platform from the tide; fountains play on the floor, which is furnished with very plain sofas and cushions; and music and dancing always abound, of the most unrefined description. The only intellectual gratification in these places is afforded by the Arab story-tellers,

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KALENDRIA,—COAST OF CILICIA.

FISHER, SON & CO. LONDON & PARIS, 1838.

among whom are a few eminent and clever men: soon after his entrance, a group begins to form around the gifted man, who, after a suitable pause, to collect hearers or whet their expectations, begins his story. It is a picturesque sight—of the Arab with his wild and graceful gestures, and his auditory, hushed into deep and childlike attention, seated at the edge of the rushing tide, while the narrator moves from side to side, and each accent of his distinct and musical voice is heard throughout the Café. The building directly opposite is another house, of a similar kind in every respect. There are a few small Cafés, more select as to company, where the Turkish gentlemen often go, form dinner parties, and spend the day.

Night is the propitious season to visit these places: the glare of the sun, glancing on the waters, is passed away: the company is then most numerous, for it is their favourite hour: the lamps, suspended from the slender pillars, are lighted: the Turks, in the various and brilliant colours of their costume, crowd the platform, some standing moveless as the pillars beside them, their long pipe in their hand—noble specimens of humanity, if intellect breathed within: some reclining against the rails, others seated in groups, or solitary as if buried in "lonely thoughts sublime;" while the rush of the falling waters is sweeter music than that of the pipe and the guitar, that faintly strive to be heard. The cataract in the plate is a very fine one; on its foam the moonlight was lovely: we passed many an hour here on such a night, the clear waters of the Pharpar, as they rolled on, reflecting each pillar, each Damascene slowly moving by in his waving garments. The glare of the lamps mingled strangely with the moonlight, that rested with a soft and vivid glory on the waters, and fell beneath pillar and roof on the picturesque groups within.

KALENDRIA—COAST OF CILICIA.

The little port of Kalendria, or Chelindreh, on the coast of Cilicia, looks by moonlight like the creation of the artist's imaginings, rather than a faithful copy from nature. This is the most favourable hour for the bold and spiry cliffs of its coast and islands: the precipices of limestone and black slate, rarely relieved by trees or verdure, were now softened by the calm light, that fell on each peak, rock, and tower, mercifully shrouding the nakedness and dreariness so visible in the fierce sunbeam. The shore was full of bustle and movement at the departure of a fine brig, that was about to sail with the first breeze of morning; boats were putting off with passengers and goods: the people of the village were mostly astir at this event, rather unusual in this lone and little frequented port. The couriers from Constantinople to Cyprus embark here; the latter island may be seen in the horizon from the heights above: the route hence to Konia, the ancient Iconium, is one of great beauty, magnificence, and variety, and of several days' duration. The first day's journey of six hours from Kalendria, leads a few miles into a luxuriant and cultivated valley, and thence through groves of myrtle, bay, and other shrubs, and along the beds of torrents adorned with oleander: at length the road ascends the mountains; in one part, high perpendicular rocks, of the most grotesque and varied forms,

stand up among the trees, "resembling the representations of rocks on Chinese earthenware;" the way afterwards passes through a beautiful mountain scenery, romantic valleys covered with pine, juniper, oak, and beach, with rivulets of clear water trickling through, till it arrives at Sheich-Amur, perched on a rocky hill in a small hollow, surrounded by an amphitheatre of woody mountains. Here the traveller rests for the night, after a comparatively short yet delightful day's journey: the scenery around him is a vivid contrast to the wild and iron-bound port of Kalendria; yet the mass of forests on every side are less grateful to the eye than the bold and moonlight isles, and the murmur of the wind in the foliage is less musical than the fall of the waves on the shore, that solemn sound that seems less of this world than of another.

There is little in Kalendria to detain the impatient traveller, who may be pitied if there is no bark to take him to Cyprus, or means of conveyance to Iconium: the dwellings are mean and comfortless: and he cannot help a fervent wish that the ancient and massive tower, with peopled halls and cheerful lights, once more opened to the stranger—how welcome, from the casement window of the turret chamber, to look forth on such a night; to hear the sentinel on the wall, singing his Cilician song. This is the place where, in the reign of Tiberius, the progress of the injurious Piso was arrested, after that, by his plots and machinations, he had mainly contributed to the death of Germanicus. Sentius forced Piso to throw himself into a castle of Cilicia named Celendris: an engagement ensued, in which the former had greatly the advantage: then Piso attempted to surprise the adverse fleet, and shewed himself from the wall to the legions, and harangued them, endeavouring to entice them over to him, and the eagle-bearer of the fourth legion actually went over with his standard. Upon this, Sentius commanded the trumpets to sound, and prepared to storm the place. when Piso offered to lay down his arms, if he might be permitted to stay in Celendris, But this was rejected: nor was aught granted him but some ships, and a passport to Italy. The fortress is now utterly ruinous, and can scarcely tempt the Greek mistich, or pirate, to seek a momentary refuge within its holds.

> The lonely tower, from its thin fringe of wood
> Gives to the parting of the wintry moon
> One hasty glance, in mockery of the night,
> Closing in darkness round it.

"On one side of the town," observes Captain Beaufort, "we found several well-arched vaults, and on the other, a great number of the sepulchral houses, or sarcophagi; the latter are made of a coarse marble, which has suffered so much from time and weather, that most of the inscriptions are effaced. There are three small islands in front of Chelindreh, and at some miles farther to the eastward two more, which are called Butterfly Islands. One of these is very high; and a lofty spire of rock, that leans from a cliff over the sea, gives it a singular appearance. Their only inhabitants now are eagles, who, unaccustomed to the sound of human voices, quitted their aeries on the lofty cliffs, and hovered over the boats with amusing surprise and uneasiness. The coast adjacent to these islands is high and rude; it is probable that the Aphro-

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THE VILLAGE OF ZGARTI.

FISHER, SON & Co. LONDON & PARIS. 1838.

disias of Ptolemy was hereabout; the aspect of these rocks offers no objection to this conjecture, for the island of Cythera, and most of the places that were peculiarly sacred to Venus, are likewise remarkably sterile and rugged. The peninsula of Cape Cavalieré is the last and highest of the series of noble promontories that project from this coast, its white marble cliffs rising perpendicularly from the sea to the altitude of six or seven hundred feet. Every accessible spot of this peninsula has been defended by walls. A few miles to the eastward of Cape Cavalieré lies Provençal Island, which is high and precipitous towards the sea; but on the north-west side there is a profusion of ruined dwellings and churches, columns and sarcophagi. A citadel stands on the summit of the highest peak, and the whole island presents such means of natural and artificial defence, as to make it probable that it was once a station of great military strength. Vertot relates, that after the expulsion from Jerusalem of the Knights Hospitallers of St. John, and during their settlement at Rhodes, they took possession of several islands and castles on the coast of Asia Minor." Kalendria, isolated as is its situation, can supply a few comforts for the table: the wine of Cyprus is often brought from the island by the passage-boats, and every crevice in the rocks and ruined fortress has its family of pigeons, which are as good as plentiful.

THE VILLAGE OF ZGARTI.

This village, about seven hours distant from Eden, and two from Tripoli, is finely situated, almost at the foot of Lebanon: the houses stand amidst olive groves in the valley. No people upon earth are so picturesquely lodged as those of the villages and hamlets in the range of Lebanon: the figures in the foreground are the peasants of the country: shepherds with their flocks, and others carrying silk, the staple produce of the territory. The road from Eden is rugged and precipitous, and for about five hours a continued and harassing descent, after which it improves, and the plantations of mulberry trees about the villages, and in the bottom of the narrow dells, are extremely beautiful. Welcome, most welcome, is it to halt at the delightful position of Zgarti, to ask the hospitality of the sheichs of Eden, who come here to enjoy, during the winter, the mild and soft air: the river Reshin, augmented by two tributary streams, winds around the village. The priests who live in these isolated domains are in manners and habits of living little distinguishable from their flock, who are much attached to them. Although there are two hundred convents in the region of Lebanon, many a village is situated out of their reach. These Maronite priests are allowed to marry, as in the primitive age of the church; but it must not be to a widow, and they are not allowed to marry a second time. They have not, as in Europe, benefices or fixed salaries, but live partly on the produce of their masses, on the offerings of their congregations, and by the labour of their hands: some carry on trades, others cultivate a little domain: whoever meets them, whether poor or rich, hastens to kiss their hand: each village has its chapel, and every chapel its bell, a thing unheard of in any other part of Turkey. The rites of the Romish church, which all the Maronites profess, are not performed in

Europe with more liberty and publicity than in the whole of this territory. Italy does not number more bishops than this little canton of Syria, where they have preserved the modesty of their primitive condition. The traveller often meets with one of them mounted on a mule, and followed by a single sacristan. The greater part live in the convents: their revenue seldom exceeds 1500 livres, or £60 a year; and in this country, where every thing is cheap, this sum is sufficient to procure them every comfort. The village of Zgarti is a little Paradise to a contented priest: few country cures in England offer a more calm or exquisite retreat. A sabbath here tempts the traveller to stay: the peal of the solitary bell, heard far and wide; the gathering of the people in their best attire; the women with the white Syrian cloaks and turbans; the children, the very pictures of rosy health; the old men, of patriarchal air, the snowy beard on the breast, the thin locks on the brow. The mass is celebrated in Syriac, of which dialect the greater part of the people do not comprehend a word: the gospel only is read aloud in Arabic, that the people may understand it: the chapel is as rude in its structure as the cottage, and suited to the simplicity of the congregation.

The father, Jerome Dandini, who was sent by the pope on a mission to the Maronite patriarch in 1600, describes the ceremonial attendant on his death at Canobin: "We found him in the church, sitting on a chair, dead, and clad in his sacred habits, having the mitre on his head, and the patriarchal cross in his hand: there were abundance of his relations, both men and women, about him, who wept and beat their breasts, making mournful cries all night. Next day came a multitude of people thither: they carried him at noon to the usual burying-place of the patriarchs, which was not above a musket-shot from thence, and then laid him in that grot, sitting in a wooden chair, according to their custom."

Zgarti is in winter the Montpelier to the beautiful Eden: on the approach of the snows and rains and blasts of the heights, the inhabitants of the latter place begin to remove to their winter habitations in Zgarti: the families, with a portion of their household goods and cattle, are seen winding down the long and barren descents, to where

> "The winds breathe softly on the violet bank,
> The thunder-storm is heard afar on Lebanon,
> But felt not."

PASS IN A CEDAR FOREST—ABOVE BAROUK.

This pass is in the route from Damascus to Deir-el-Kamar, and about three hours from the latter place. It was yet early in the morning, and the mountain air deliciously fresh, and welcome, after the comfortless lodging of the preceding night in a Syrian cottage: the snow on the cedar trees and the mountain tops broke the lone and friendless character of the scene; the heights of Lebanon in front were like waves of the sea, rolling on each other; rocks, from whose crevices an aged tree looked forth here and there, rose over the pass on the right, where troops of goats

were browsing, and seemed to feel it to be their primeval heritage. After the pleasures and excitements of Damascus, where many days had been passed, the contrast of this wild pass was strong: yet are not our richest feelings, our exquisite enjoyments, often the result of this vivid contrast? From the garden to the desert, from the burning sand to the fountain, from the busy hum of the world, even the world of beauty—to the rush of the mountain torrent, the cry of the eagle, the savageness of the mountains! And the fir and cedar forest, into which the traveller was entering, was the only forest within view, and it felt like a friend; its very gloom was beautiful, for behind, in front, and on each side, was a succession of heights, pointed and bare, or of iron aspect and battlemented form, on which the fierce tempests of Lebanon had beat for ages. These declivities were sometimes divided by ravines, hard of descent; their bosom wasted, their cliffs withered and stricken, seemed to wait gloomily the hour of their departure, and to be weary of their own age. How much more sweet and glad was the descent into the forest; the path, its sides covered with grass and wild flowers, went down gently into its bosom, and wound around its shadows and glades, and passed into its rich and calm recesses; the camel bell pealed through them like a strange and melancholy sound. It was not a place to leave quickly: the Syrian cottage afforded no refreshment at parting, and the traveller thought the foot of one of the noble cedars, a delightful resting-place in which to breakfast: a fire soon kindled, and coffee prepared, the grassy bank, so canopied and shadowed, was more voluptuous than the richest ottoman of Damascus: the wood, far and near, had no monotony: its avenues swept down the descents, or wound round their sides, or enclosed within their grasp ancient masses of rock, in a prostrate or turreted form, that looked like sullen captives within the strong and eternal forest.

This pass is above Barouk, a large village of the Druses, which is situated on the wild banks of the torrent Barouk: Sheich Beshir conducted a branch of this torrent to his mountain palace at Mochtar. The fate of this eminent man, long the rival in power and popularity of the Emir Beshir of Beteddein, was tragical and almost dramatic. Wealthy, shrewd, more of a warrior than the Emir, often general of their joint forces; the latter could do nothing important without his consent and aid, and was obliged to share with him his contributions and extortions from the mountaineers. The Sheich Beshir, a Druse in religion, was beloved by all of that faith, and equally disliked on that account by the Christians, who would never submit to the sway of a Druse, so that the ascendancy of the two chieftains seemed to be equally divided, though the Emir was in reality the most powerful as well as wise of the two. During many years they were apparently on the best terms: the Sheich came from his palace at Mochtar, to visit the Emir at Beteddein almost every week, attended by a small retinue of horsemen, and was always received with the greatest cordiality. He had the reputation of being a brave and generous man; the writer saw him during one of his visits to the palace of Beteddein: a tall and robust man, with a round face, florid complexion, and quick blue eye, plainly dressed in the Druse costume; features

expressive of energy and good nature, with a dash of the mountain fierceness. During the flight and exile of the Emir in Egypt, the Sheich Beshir entered into a league with the brother of the fugitive, in order to acquire the command of Lebanon. But when, at the intercession of the Viceroy of Egypt, the Emir was restored by the Porte to his dominion, and returned to Beteddein, the Sheich was exposed to his revenge. A thousand purses were demanded of him, to reimburse the Emir for his losses, and the expenses of his exile. He refused to pay, withdrew to his palace at Mochtar, and again entered into a league with the brother of the Emir, and engaged in the conspiracy three younger brothers, who had hitherto remained in their provinces without mixing in any intrigues against their eldest and powerful brother, the Emir. This league might have proved fatal to the latter, had it not been for the assistance he received from his friend Abdallah, Pacha of Acre. The Sheich Beshir was pursued, and arrested in the plains of Damascus, with an escort of two hundred followers. He might easily have effected his escape: but relying on the assurance of the Turkish officer, in the name of the Pacha of Damascus, he surrendered himself, and was led to that city. On his arrival, he was stripped of his clothes, one of his hands was tied before him, the other behind his back, and he was thrown into a prison, where he remained many months. His trial was conducted at Constantinople, and he was condemned to death. When he was presented with the bow-string, his countenance underwent no change; he submitted to his fate with calmness, and was strangled; his head was then severed from the body, which was cut in pieces and thrown to the dogs. The three younger brothers of the Emir were then arrested, their tongues were cut off, their eyes put out, and they were afterwards exiled with their families, each of them in a village at a distance from the other. From that moment tranquillity has comparatively reigned over Lebanon: the Emir, now without a rival, has established a more active police in his dominions than formerly, and the friendship of Abdallah Pacha of Acre was a tower of defence, until the conquest of the latter by Ibrahim and his Egyptian army. His present existence is dependent on the duration of Ibrahim's rule in Syria: he has compromised himself with this conqueror too far, to allow of his being again received into favour by the Porte. But from his mountain palace he may now safely contemplate, in all probability, the fast declining star of the Sultan, and challenge fate itself to disturb his few remaining years of life with any message of the bow-string or deposition from Constantinople.

Below are the summits of the valley of the Druses, Beteddein being only three hours' distant; and three hours from thence, on the mountain side, is the now lordless palace of Mochtar, in the midst of the tribe and the principal sheichs of the Yezdeky Druses, whose fidelity and bravery, timely exerted, should have saved their great chieftain from his cruel and miserable fate.

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MOUNT CASIUS, FROM THE SEA.

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MOUNT CASIUS, FROM THE SEA.

The entrance into Asia Minor by the mouth of the Orontes possesses a grandeur rarely equalled even in this beautiful country. Mount Casius, above five thousand feet in height, rises abruptly from the sea, its sides broken into deep ravines, and lower down into wooded slopes; its summit is a bold rocky pinnacle. Barks usually lie off for wood, which is cut from the forests: the vessels in the plate came from the port of Latikea, and were becalmed near the base: it was a lovely moonlight night, not a cloud in the sky, not a breeze amidst the mountain forests; the murmur of the low waves on the bar alone broke on the stillness. The mouth of the Orontes is close at hand to the left, and might be made navigable, as formerly, to Antioch, which is six leagues distant: "One cause of the ruin of this city," Tavernier states, "was the stopping up by sands of the mouth of the haven." The time is, however, now come, when the cities and rivers of Asia Minor and Assyria will no longer be sealed to the sails or carriage-wheels of England. Colonel Chesney, by his first able and minute survey of these countries two years since, drew the public attention prominently to the subject. He is gone out a second time, furnished with all the necessary resources and aids to his great undertaking; and the accounts of his progress up to the present time are satisfactory, and seem almost to realise his own sanguine anticipations. The course detailed in his memoir was to commence at Scanderoon or the Orontes: he decided in his second journey on the latter: this river has a shallow bar at the mouth, and that which was once the ancient port of Seleucia is partly filled up: he states that it might be cleared, and rendered secure and available for steam-vessels, and that a canal of sixty-seven miles in length might be cut from the nearest approach of the Orontes to the Euphrates, which is opposite Bir.

The Orontes is sometimes a deep and rapid river, but never a "broad expanse," as it is frequently, but erroneously, represented: its navigation would be fraught with substantial benefits to the rich territories which it bathes. Colonel Chesney and his companions, on reaching this first step of their gallant enterprise, encamped on a dry spot of ground near Suadeah, at the mouth of the Orontes, in bell-tents and marquees, with a long tent for their provisions. Shears were erected to unlade the stores, &c., and the scene, with the British flag floating over their heads, and the noble mountains which surrounded them, of whom Casius was the monarch, was most animated and picturesque. An observatory was also erected. The bar in the river rendered the landing of goods often difficult and laborious, and at times the sea broke over it fearfully. On one occasion, the gig of the Columbine was upset, with the captain and four seamen, of whom two got ashore, while the captain and the other two were fortunately picked up, when nearly exhausted. They proceeded by land to Antioch, where they hired a large house, and were very hospitably received and well treated, both by natives and officers belonging to Ibrahim Pasha, though the latter was long hostile to their proceeding. Extensive surveys of the country have been made; the vegetation is described as

magnificent, and enlivened by innumerable birds of every kind. It is rich in natural history; and ounces, panthers, wolves, bears, jackals, &c., were becoming familiar acquaintance with the explorers of the mountains. Eagles were as numerous as crows at home. A scientific party was despatched to the Gulf of Scanderoon, and thence to Karamania, and to cross the Taurus on its return. On this enterprise, the malaria attacked the travellers, but they soon recovered. During their march, a hyena bore off a lamb from the very door of one of the tents. The geology of Upper Syria is said to be very interesting; Mr. Ainsworth, the medical companion, had drawn up two or three reports upon it. Science as well as commerce will reap rich returns from this new communication with India. At the close of last year, the larger steamer was afloat in the Euphrates: it was launched, broadside on, from a height of twenty-three feet, in an angle of twenty-seven degrees, along three slips, and went off in good style, with the Turkish, Arab, and English flags flying, amidst the firing of guns and rockets, and to the astonishment of the natives to see *iron float.* Colonel Chesney had met with considerable difficulties: the heavy materials of the other boats had stuck in the navigation between Aleppo and Bir; the jealousy of Ibrahim, and of the inhabitants on the route, and the intrigues set on foot to embarrass the expedition, were at last, after much anxiety, and hope deferred, surmounted and removed, by the perseverance and firmness of the conductors. A severe and tedious illness also attacked Colonel Chesney: accounts from Aleppo to the end of February state his recovery, and that the lighter materials and stores had reached Port William on the Euphrates, and the heavier parts of the Tigris steamer, boilers, diving-bell, &c., were about to be conveyed thither by animals provided by the Pasha. Chesney was on a tour in search of coal, fuel, and supplies; nearly all the officers had been ill, but were recovered; nineteen of the men had died. The latest accounts state, that the misunderstandings with Ibrahim Pasha had been removed, and that the expedition, of two fine steamers, had definitively started for Bussorah, down the Euphrates, and afterwards the Tigris, under the most favourable auspices.

In the account of his first able survey, Colonel Chesney observes, that the great river of Scripture, the Euphrates, connected as it is with the earliest times and the leading events in the history of the world, and the ancient channel of extensive commercial intercourse—is not likely to deceive our sanguine interest and expectation. In the upper part of its course, it struggles in a tortuous channel through high hills, forcing its way over a pebbly or rocky bed, at the rate of two to four and a half miles an hour, according to the season of the year and the different localities, carrying with it a considerable body of water, but without any cataracts, though the stream meets with frequent obstructions, above and a little below Anna, by a rocky bottom, and is shallow enough in places to allow camels to pass in the autumn, the water then rising to their bellies, about four and a half feet deep. This portion of the river is compared with the scenery of the Rhine below Schaffhausen: its bank is covered thickly with high brushwood, interspersed with timber of moderate size. It is here studded with a succession of long narrow islands, some of them thickly wooded, and others cultivated; and on several of these are moderate-size towns or villages. The banks of the river are well peopled, not only with Bedouin Arabs in tents, of whom there are many thousands, but

also with permanent residents in houses of brick, mud, stone, and reeds. About ten miles below Hit, the hills gradually diminish, and the surface becomes comparatively flat; the current becomes duller and deeper, with an appearance resembling that of the Danube between Widdin and Silistria, but much more animated, the banks being covered with Arab villages of mats or tents, almost touching each other, with numerous flocks of goats, sheep, and cattle feeding near them; also beautiful mares, clothed and piqueted close to the tents, their masters strolling about, and the slaves busily employed in raising water by means of pullies: this is a common machine throughout the Eastern world: at times the water is raised from the Euphrates, as in Egypt from the Nile, to the high banks, by bullocks traversing up and down an inclined plane: these usages appear to have prevailed in Mesopotamia in the earliest times, and the river's bank is quite covered with them, all at work, and producing all the fertility of Egypt, as far inland as irrigation is extended; beyond which, the country is, generally speaking, a desert. From Hit to Hilla, or Babylon, little is seen but the black tents of the Bedouins; the land mostly desert, with the date-tree shewing itself in occasional clusters.

The whole distance, by the course of the river, from Bir to Bussorah, is calculated by Chesney at 1143 miles; and throughout this distance, he is of opinion that, from the time the Euphrates begins to rise, to that when it has reached almost its lowest point, no insuperable impediments are offered to its navigation by steam. In January, there is usually a temporary and moderate rise, but the great and regular rise begins towards the end of March, when the rains set in, and the river attains its greatest height from the 21st to the 28th of May. Its lowest state is in November, and then Colonel Chesney enumerates no fewer than thirty-nine obstructions, by rocks and shallows, between Diget-us-Laik and Bushloubford, a distance of about five hundred miles, nearly half the length of the navigation between Bir and Bussorah: the greater part of these obstructions, however, may be passed by a steamer, properly constructed. With regard to the supplies of provisions and fuel, Bir contains two thousand houses, and would supply rice, flour, poultry, &c. Deir, the ancient Thapsacus, contains fifteen hundred houses, and would supply plenty of provisions. Anna has eighteen hundred houses; its picturesque islands are covered with date-trees, and the surrounding country is rich. Hit, with its fifteen hundred houses, affords plenty of butcher's meat. Hilla, or Babylon, covers a large tract of ground, with an inadequate population, not exceeding ten thousand souls: the bazaars are good, and well supplied with meat, fish, rice, and even luxuries; the government regular, and well disposed towards strangers. In short, throughout the whole navigation of the river plenty of meal and grain may be had at intervals of fifteen or twenty miles, and the Euphrates throughout abounds in fish, an excellent species of which is taken in such quantities, that Colonel Chesney's boatmen purchased thirty-nine pounds in weight for four-pence. As to fuel, wood, charcoal, bitumen, naphtha are to be had along the whole line of the Euphrates. A little below Bir, at Hit and several other places, are abundant sources of this bitumen, under different states—in some places liquid, in others solid; and from Bir to Bussorah wood and charcoal may be had in any quantity. So abundant is the supply of bitumen, says Colonel Chesney, that one of the ancient

fountains close to Hit gives the necessary quantity for all of the extensive demands along the lower Euphrates and Bagdad. How singular it is, that for ages past this substance has continued to flow, inexhaustible as it would seem. The slime, which the descendants of Noah made use of instead of mortar, is admitted by all the commentators to have been the liquid naphtha; we know from Herodotus that it was used in the stupendous buildings of Babylon, and the historians of Alexander testify to the fact; nay, it is still visible in the ruins of this ancient city. The dry hard flakes are sold at the rate of about three-pence per hundred-weight, and the naphtha, when reduced to a thick liquid, at about eleven-pence per hundred-weight,—in either state much cheaper than coal in England. Small wood for fuel is not more than three half-pence per hundred-weight. When these materials are mixed, they burn with a brilliant flame, and give out a strong heat.

There is another point connected with the navigation of the Euphrates deserving of serious consideration, namely, the danger to which the lives of those employed on it would be exposed. At present there is no dependence to be placed on many of the Arab tribes bordering on the river, and in the territories between it and the Mediterranean. The Pasha of Egypt, however, now quiet possessor of all Syria, and of great part of Arabia through which the Euphrates flows, will probably improve the condition and check the lawlessness of the wandering and marauding tribes. Colonel Chesney was himself several times attacked in the course of his first journey: at present the fear of Ibrahim Pasha, whose wrath is swift to punish, begins to prevail among these Arabs. The marked support of the Pasha, he observes, "insures safety wherever he is obeyed, or even has influence; but by far the greater part of the inhabitants near the river are subject to no control: there is, in reality, no way that I know of to pass these hostile, ill-disposed tribes, without contests, and perhaps bloodshed occasionally." The territory through which must pass the canal of sixty-seven miles in length, to join the Orontes to the Euphrates opposite Bir, is chiefly desert, and exposed to the molestations of the people; but these are now less to be feared: the wild hordes of the Turcoman and the Bedouin will soon begin to feel the benefits of such an intercourse, and to be more habituated to the novel sight of strangers thus traversing their wilds. The expense of the expedition was estimated at twenty thousand pounds; it has already extended to forty thousand, which has indisposed our government to engage in another undertaking of a similar description. Its success is on this account to be intensely desired; as, should it chance, which is hardly probable, to fail, a second attempt must be undertaken by individual liberality.

END OF THE FIRST SERIES.

LONDON: FISHER, SON, & CO., PRINTERS.

THE CONVENT OF ST ANTONIO, NEAR EDEN, IN LEBANON.

FISHER, SON & Cº LONDON & PARIS, 1837.

SYRIA,

THE HOLY LAND, ASIA MINOR,

&c.

ILLUSTRATED.

IN A SERIES OF VIEWS DRAWN FROM NATURE

BY

W. H. BARTLETT, WILLIAM PURSER, &c.

WITH DESCRIPTIONS OF THE PLATES

BY JOHN CARNE, ESQ.

Author of "Letters from the East."

Second.

FISHER, SON, & CO.; LONDON, PARIS, & NEW YORK.

Pacific School of Religion Berkeley, C

ADVERTISEMENT.

On the completion of a new volume, the Publishers refer with pleasure to the expectations they held out, of its increasing interest and beauty; expectations, they flatter themselves, that have been fully realised. Gratified as they have been by its encouraging reception, they are deeply sensible at the same time how much they are indebted to the taste of an enlightened Public, and to the sacred and intensely absorbing nature of the subject. No efforts have been wanting to render the work as perfect as possible—to extend that liberal support, and that enthusiastic interest awakened in the popular mind throughout many lands.

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CONTENTS—AND LIST OF PLATES.

	Page
The Convent of St. Antonio, near Eden	5
Beirout, and Mount Lebanon	9
Court of a Turkish House at Salahyeh, near Damascus	11
Djouni, the Residence of Lady Hester Stanhope	14
Remains of the Port of Seleucia, near Suadeah	17
Seleucia	18
Bazaar at Jaffa	20
Djebel Sheich, and Mount Hermin, from the top of Lebanon	21
Alaya	22
Landing place in a small Harbour at Rhodes	24
Castle near Djouni	27
Mr. Barker's Villa at Suadeah	28
Encampment of Ibrahim Pasha, near Jaffa	30
Approach to Caipha, Bay of Acre	31
Ruins of Soli, or Pompeiopolis	33
Camp of Ibrahim Pasha, near Adana	35
Syra, a Greek island	36
Jaffa	38
Villages of Barouk, Mount Lebanon	40
Damascus, distant view from the mountain side	42
Remains of the Port of Tyre	43
Turkish Burying-ground at Sidon	45
Castle near Pambouk	48
Halt of a Caravan in the Desert	49
Alexandria	51
The Ladder of Tyrus, a Pass on the Coast of Tyre	54
Encampment at Ras-el-Ain, near Balbec	55
Christian Church at Tortosa	57
Castelorizo, near Rhodes	58
Castle near Tripoli, on the river Kadesha	59
General View of Balbec and Anti-Libanus	61
Ferry over the Orontes	62
Convent of Mount Carmel	64
Village of Brumhanna	66
Zarapha, the ancient Sarepta	68
Approach to Antioch, from Aleppo	70
Sepulchre at Seleucia	73

SYRIA, THE HOLY LAND, ASIA MINOR,

&c. &c. &c.

THE CONVENT OF ST. ANTONIO,

NEAR EDEN IN LEBANON.

The white walls of this convent are boldly perched on the rocky side of a very deep ravine, that descends from near the cedars towards the Nahr-el-Kadesha, and are very picturesque from every side. The situation is romantic, the approach rugged and precipittous: waterfalls are heard in the valley below. It is not far from the celebrated convent of Canobin, which much resembles it, and is a yet more enduring edifice. This dreary residence does not tempt the traveller to linger beneath its roof: he passed a day here with some companions, they purchased a lamb in the neighbourhood, which was served in the refectory for their dinner; the convent provided good wine and vegetables, among which was the gourd, stuffed with rice, spice, and small pieces of meat—a favourite and common dish in the East. The cells had a tolerable appearance: but when there are such magnificent retreats offered by other monasteries in Lebanon, so clean a chamber, so soft an atmosphere—why should the guest tarry in St. Antonio? it is the monastery of penance, not of enjoyment: the sun sinks so early behind the awful crags, and the gloom of the depths beneath is chilling: the sound of falling waters comes warningly up; the nervous visitor may almost fancy himself at night in the valley of shadows, where Christian heard the voices of fiends, and the rushings to and fro. The aspects of the fathers do not cheer the spirits, being dull, joyless, and solemn: their ideas at a stand-still for many years; their feelings, at least the kindlier and warmer feelings of our nature, frozen for want of exercise. It is impossible not to pity these men: the figures in the foreground are an exact portraiture of them: they all wear long beards; many live to very old age, from the very untroubled state of their life, the keen purity of the air, the unbroken regularity of every habit. The iron never enters into their soul: the march of intellect can never scale the walls of St. Antonio. It is slumbering, not dreaming away life: they are not imaginative enough for dreamers: were they enthusiasts, they would be blest.

They rise at earliest break of day, to say the morning prayers; but before they dress, a prayer must be said in bed: a few hours are consumed in devotion, or rather in its appearance: the visitor attended the evening service in the chapel; a few fathers

only were present; the priests read the offices in a loud, mechanical, and rapid voice: observing that he was very attentive, they were much amused, and nodded at him and at each other, in derision of his interest in what they were about. But the constant habit of repeating prayers, or any set forms, during several hours of the day, is enough to wear out the spirit of devotion, if indeed it ever existed.

A recent but painful celebrity has been given to St. Antonio, by the arrest and imprisonment of Assad-ish-Shidiak, whose crime was an attempt to introduce a mere pure and simple faith into Lebanon. There is, in the Maronite church, on any attempt at reform or purification, a spirit of bigotry, intolerance, and persecution; it was cruelly evinced in this instance. Assad was a young man of some property and influence in the mountain: he undertook to teach the Syriac to Mr. King, one of the American missionaries in Beirout, a man of considerable talent, and a resident for many years in Syria. Whilst reading the Old Testament together in the ancient Syriac, Assad would often comment on various passages, and point out the errors and defects of Mr. King's belief, and expatiate upon them. In doing this, however, he had not counted the cost: he was often met by his pupil with arguments and comments more clear and powerful than his own: the result was, that in the course of a few months the mind of Assad slowly yielded to conviction: he at last threw off his Maronite errors, and became a sincere Protestant.

The decision of Assad made a great sensation over Lebanon: he was a skilful teacher; he continued to teach and to reside among the Protestants. It was said that he was about to translate parts of the Gospel into Arabic, for circulation among his countrymen; for the services in the Maronite and Greek churches are mostly performed in the ancient Syriac and Greek languages, not one word of which the people can understand: in the schools, the Psalms are allowed to be read in Arabic. The spoken language of Lebanon is Arabic, the literal, not the literary Arabic: by circulating the New Testament in this language, which a portion of the people can read, and the remainder can understand when read to them—an inestimable boon would be conferred. This was afterwards effected, but not by the hand of Assad. His example might be contagious: the priestly authorities resolved to stifle this heresy in the bud, and Assad was seized, and conveyed as a prisoner to the convent of St. Antonio: he was inveigled from Beirout into the mountains, and there arrested. In a narrow cell within these walls he passed several months: a vigilant watch, some austerities, and a close confinement, did not abate his firmness, but made him cling to his new and loved sentiments the more. He contrived to make his escape from the cell and walls of St. Antonio, and gained a neighbouring hamlet. Having tasted of the tender mercies of the priesthood, he should have fled from their retreats to Tripoli or Beirout, where they dared not molest him, and he would have been safe under European protection. But in the integrity of his purpose, he desired to convince them that he was no firebrand or hypocrite, as they proclaimed him, and that his faith could make him fearless: he therefore lingered a few days in the vicinity, and was again arrested, and conveyed, not to St. Antonio, but to the stronger monastery of Canobin.

Here resides the great patriarch of the Maronites, by whose order Assad had been imprisoned in St. Antonio: at his hands little mercy could be expected. The captive was closely confined in a cell, kept from breathing the fresh air, with scarcely enough sustenance to support nature: bread and water twice a day, is said to have often been his fare. It is uncertain how long he thus lived; not many months: his health failed fast under this treatment; and the priests at last gave out that he was dead. The missionaries had strove for his liberation: but the country was at this time in a most disordered state: the Egyptian army was in Syria, and individual grievances were almost unheeded: the situation of the consuls depended on the success of the invader. On the report of Assad's death, Mr. T——, merchant of Damascus, went to Ibrahim Pasha, who instantly gave him an officer to search the convent of Canobin. On arriving there, they were conducted, not to the cell of the living Assad, but to his recent grave.

Canobin, where this unfortunate youth perished, is worthy to be a tribunal of the Inquisition: built on a steep precipice, it appears as if suspended in the air, being supported by a high wall built against the side of the mountain. There is a very deep rupture, or chasm, running many hours' walk directly up the mountain; it is clothed with wild verdure from top to bottom, and many streams fall down the sides. Canobin stands about midway down in the side of this chasm, at the mouth of a large cavern: some small rooms front outwards, and enjoy the light of the sun: the rest are all under ground. In one of the latter the captive was immured; the light was dim that entered his cell, and was scarcely sufficient, even at mid-day, to allow him to read. Taunted by the monks, menaced by the patriarch, he had no companionship, save his own lonely hopes and meditations: it was a bitter trial to be thus forsaken, in the infancy of his career, by those who had called him to it, and who could not now save him. Exclusive of the bolts and bars of Canobin, the power of the patriarch is very great on the mountain—a minute, widely extended, iniquisitorial power, whose ramifications and influences enter into every Maronite convent, hamlet, and home. Assad was destitute of the subtlety and daring with which to meet such a power: yet he will not have suffered in vain; the complaints of the poor Maronite, the appeals from his prison-house, to which no one replied save in scorn and hatred, will come forth from the deep chasm of the mountain, and call others to bear testimony to the truth for which he was a martyr. One or two of the more aged fathers sought to turn Assad back to his lost hopes and superstitious observances, unable to conceive why he was thus changed, to forsake the belief and the church of his ancestors, his relatives and friends. At last they troubled him no more, perceiving that he was neither to be moved nor persuaded: he might well anticipate death with pleasure; his failing health had no pity: his sufferings were watched with pleasure by his keepers; on his cell no cheerful beam ever fell, and in winter its cold and dimness were like those of the grave.

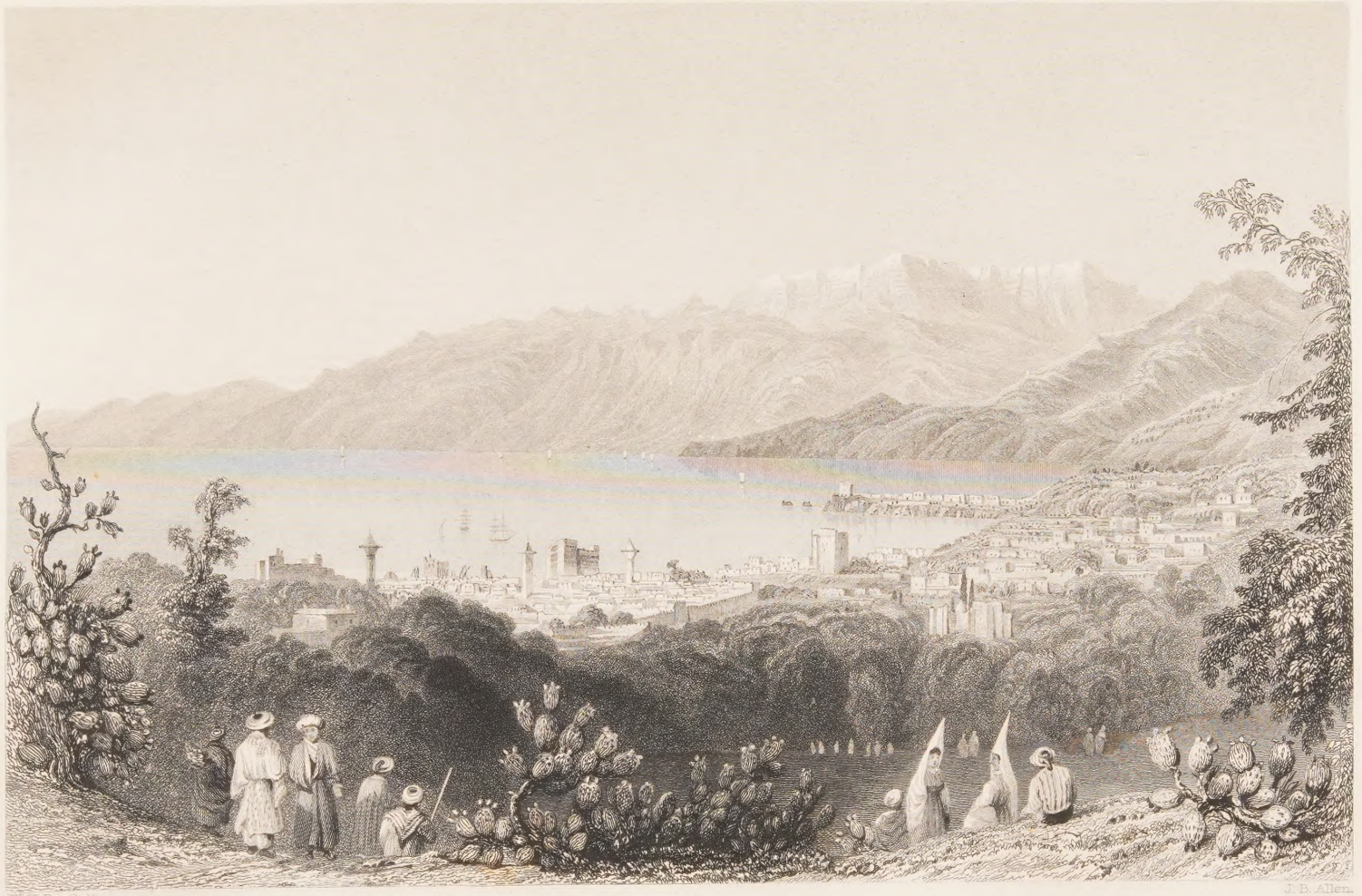
The founder of Canobin was the emperor Theodosius the Great: it has been several times rebuilt, but the church, being hewn out of the rock, remains nearly as when first consecrated. It is dedicated to the Virgin, and a great number of old patriarchs frown from their portraits on the walls. The present patriarch generally resides here; all

around is saintly, if not literary, ground: the once fine library has been gradually dispersed, and not a vestige of it now remains. Canobin is the La Trappe of Lebanon, in situation, in rigour of climate, though not in diet, for the wines are good, and the table well supplied in the refectory: but the Syrian recluses are less interesting and intellectual than many of the Trappists.

The chapel of the convent of St. Antonio is cut out of the rock, and faced with stone; it has no pulpit: service is performed here twice a day, the officiating priest placing himself in a kind of reading-desk, while the others stand: there are no seats, even of the simplest form, in the Maronite chapels; the congregations who assemble on Sabbaths and festival days, stand during the whole service. In the garden of St. Antonio are a great variety of vegetables, and many fruits, as grapes, promegranates, &c.: on these rude rocks no garden ground existed: a wall was built almost against the declivities: the rains washing down the soil from above, it was arrested by the wall, and thus in time formed an embankment, which was gradually spread into terraces or beds.

Mad people continue even at the present time to be sent from the surrounding country, to be cured at St. Antonio: it is much more likely to drive sane people mad than to cure lunatics. The descent into this gloomy vale, as you pass hence, is so sad, the cliffs on each side so grim, that you think you are taking leave of the gay and blessed things of nature, of the sweet grove, of the sun-lit shore, of the shepherd and his pastures, of the beautiful sea and its wild waves. The convent is so overhung by the heights, as to receive slenderly the beams of the sun: in the plate, which is taken at noon, a flood of light is thrown too lavishly on the roof and walls: noon is the only hour in which this could happen: during the greater part of the day they are cold and sunless. Each point, each nook or ledge of rock around, is covered with crosses which do not appear in the plate.

The cemetery of St. Antonio has little Orientalism about it: the gloomy shades, the avenues of cypress and yew, do not invite to contemplative walks, or shadow deeply the tombs beneath. Like the desert graves of the Arabs, placed beneath the precipice, where the tempest cannot come, or the heat destroy, are those of Antonio: many generations sleep here; were their history written, what an awful blank of the mind would it present, and of the soul! Men have long ceased to be interested in the solitary musings of the recluse, in his conflicts, sacrifices of all that is tasteful, graceful, or delightful in life. Yet what an original paper, or rather series, might be written, of those who sleep, as well as those who live within the walls, if one of the fathers had the gift of writing, and, like Father Prout, could indite matter from the manuscripts of his library and from his own thoughts!



W. H. Bartlett. J. B. Allen.

BEIROUT AND MOUNT LEBANON.

FISHER, SON & Co. LONDON & PARIS. 1837.

BEIROUT, AND MOUNT LEBANON.

This is the best view of Beirout, taken from near a villa formerly occupied by Mr. Farren, the consul-general for Syria, now resident at Damascus. The distant range of Lebanon is from hence particularly fine; the square-topped mountains, which nature, however, has made less square than the artist's pencil has made them, are conspicuous from all parts; the villas, just without the walls, are those of the American missionaries. On the declivities of the mountain are seen many monasteries in noble positions, each with its grove and garden, and overlooking the sea, the shore, the plain. On the left are the old Moorish castles, which help to set off, by their feudal and antique aspect, the poor, prison-like looking town; on the right is the tower of the new lazaretto, lately built by Ibrahim Pasha.

The women in the foreground wear on the head the favourite ornament of Lebanon, the silver horn, carved with grotesque figures and characters, and adorned with false jewellery; it is hollow, more than a foot high, placed upright on the head, secured under the chin by a silk cord; the veil is carried over it, and falls down low, in a theatric manner, on one side of the face and shoulder. In the more wealthy families, the ladies, the wives of the sheichs and princes, wear a more splendid horn, brilliant, not with false, but real jewels: on marriage ceremonies, it is often worn by the bride and her many bride-maids; it is not elegant or beautiful, and, if worn in the streets of cities, the effect would be almost ludicrous; but on the mountain sides, and barren and solitary places, it relieves the monotony of the peasant costume, and looks bold and original.

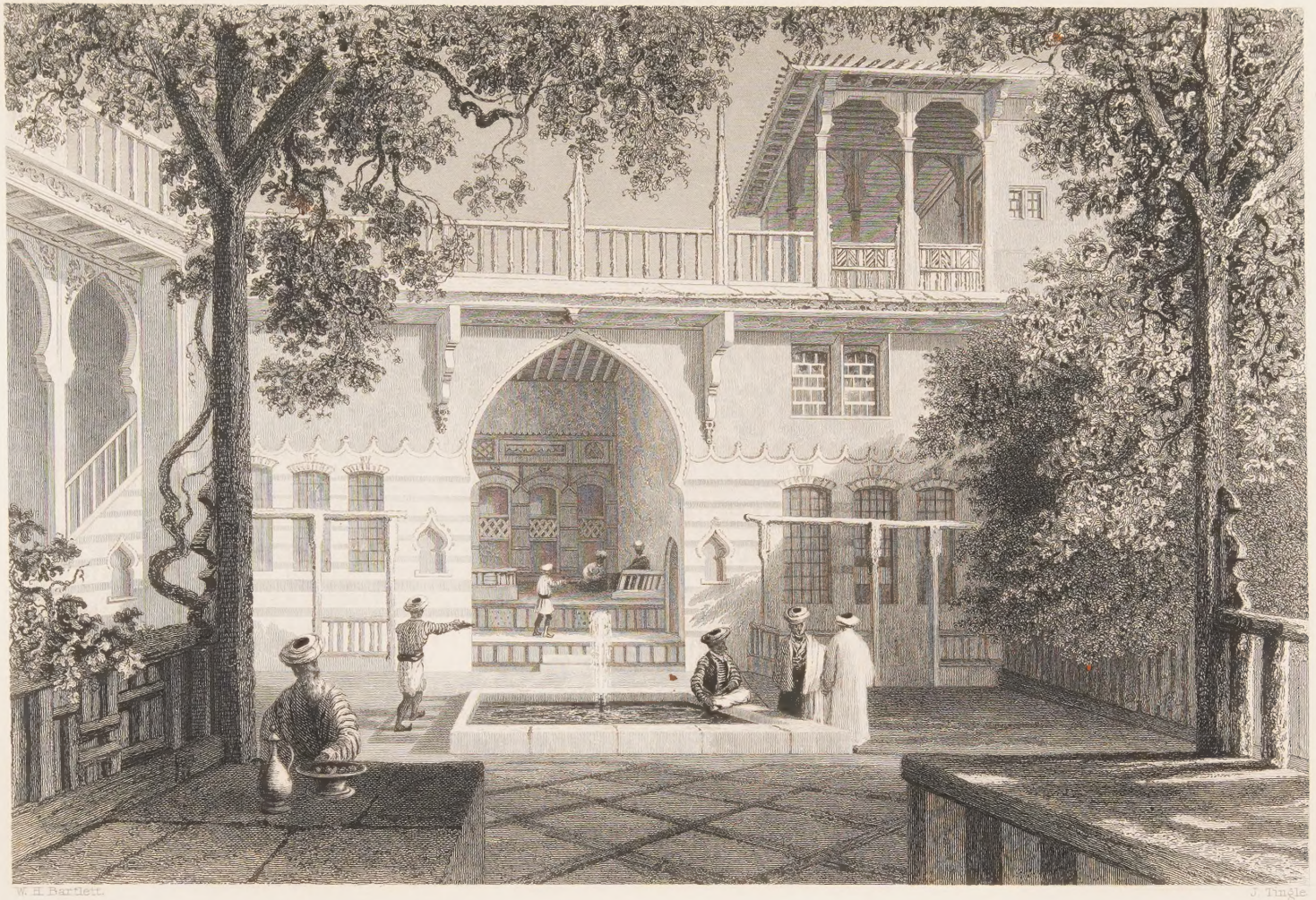
In the foreground is the prickly pear, so abundant in the environs; it grows with wonderful rapidity; if a single leaf is planted, in four years its produce is sufficient to fill a room; indeed, the whole substance, stalk, pulp, and the voluminous covering of the fruit, is little else than leaves folded together and intertwined: when the mass of leaf, &c. is stripped, the fruit within is of the size of a jargonel pear; the flavour is not pleasant at first, being of a sickly sweet; but many persons become fond of it: the flower is small, and of a bright and beautiful yellow. The hedges of the paths and gardens around the town are often composed, in part, of this plant: it is an effectual guard against forbidden feet, which would find it difficult to break through its intricate foldings and prickly masses.

Beirout is the most desirable residence in Syria; the situation is lovely, as also is the scenery on every side; the town is dirty and disagreeable, when compared with the well-built Tripoli and its fine-flowing Kadesha; Lebanon is grand from Beirout, it is also grand, but more distant, from Tripoli. The former, however, is the port of Damascus and central Syria; it is more conveniently situated for receiving intelligence, shipping, &c., from Europe; and has more commercial activity than any other Syrian port. Many merchants reside in Beirout, besides the consuls and agents for the various European powers: to a European it is infinitely more lively and interesting as a residence than Damascus, where, in the midst of many luxuries, and streams, and groves, he will often be induced to say, "I am alone; my companions and my people are far from me;

and no man regardeth me." Beirout is the dearer place of the two; yet a resident can soon gather as many comforts and enjoyments to his home, as if he dwelt in Damascus; the sea and the splendid bay offer a more attractive, a more varied spectacle than the Barrada, the Abana, and their three brother streams; and Lebanon offers excursions and visits to monasteries, glens, and castles, that bring vividly to mind Italy and Scotland in the heart of Syria. The town and neighbourhood are of late greatly improved, and are rapidly improving; many new dwellings and villas have been built, some of them with much taste. The rent of a good house, for a small family, is £30; for a larger, a villa and garden, forty or fifty pounds a year; rent is thus risen, because of the many Frank residents lately settled here: meat is 4d. the pound; wine 4d. the bottle; superior wine of Lebanon, 9d. or 1s.; the latter is white and red; the strong white wine, slightly sweet, is the best; the vin d'oro, the most delicate; it is the champagne of the East, mousseux when bottled, and inspiring. Two or three Frank bakers are settled here, so that the bread is good, a rare luxury in the Levant. The consuls and merchants of different nations live on a friendly and social footing, with dinner and evening parties, and excursions and pic-nics in the beautiful neighbourhood. Syria, at least this portion of it, is not a remarkably cheap country; less so even than the south of France and many parts of Italy. The air of the coast is said to predispose to nervous complaints and fevers; some complain of its often languid influence on the frame and mind; this effect will probably be felt if the resident allows himself to yield to the indolent habits and tastes of the natives; but if he uses an active exercise, keeps his spirit and fancy alive by frequent visits to the mountain and plain, and leads in some measure an English life on this splendid land, he will find its air healthful, its climate delightful, and the fine old age of the Maronite and the mountaineer may at last be his portion.

Beirout has another and eminent advantage over the other towns of Syria, in its religious services and privileges; many ministers of many lands reside here in villas, where are to be met, occasionally, learned men from the monasteries of the mountain, bishops, priests, savans of the Maronites, Greeks, and Catholics. The Sabbath does not here, as throughout most of the East, oblige the stranger to feel himself in a strange land; a home-feeling of calm, of consolation, comes with that morning sun; the church, or chapel where he has worshipped, familiar to his earlier life, endeared to his riper years, rises in fancy before him as he walks through lanes of the pomegranate and prickly pear, and woods of the grey olive, to the Syrian chapel, surrounded by beautiful gardens. A respectable congregation attends here; the service is conducted impressively and simply.

In the vicinity there is a representative of the Church Mission; but the American missionaries are the principal labourers here: great praise is due to these able and earnest men, who have undertaken the slow and arduous task of removing ancient prejudices, enlightening a grossly ignorant people and priesthood with the pure light of truth: a long lethargy has slept on the Syrian churches of all denominations, and among them there is not one spirit, of energy and sincerity enough to shatter the errors and corruptions of Lebanon, which cover it as with "triple walls of brass." Slow



W. H. Bartlett. J. Tingle

COURT OF A TURKISH COUNTRY HOUSE, AT SALAHYEH, NEAR DAMASCUS.

FISHER, SON & Co LONDON & PARIS 1837.

must be the progress towards this consummation, and few the converts: yet it would be vain to deny that a spirit of inquiry, of anxiety, of thoughtfulness, has shown itself in many of the monasteries and retreats; earnest conversations are often held between the priesthood and the missionaries; several recluses, as well as natives, have forsaken the degrading dogmas and comfortless illusions of their creed, and embraced with joy the more pure and consoling hope and faith of the stranger. The education of the rising generation is the surest foundation of success; this the missionaries perceive, and their schools for children and young people are numerous, are well attended, and anxiously taught and watched over.

COURT OF A TURKISH COUNTRY HOUSE AT SALAHYEH NEAR DAMASCUS.

This is a very good specimen of the villas about Damascus: it is situated in the midst of a garden: entering from the street by a garden gate, you pass into the court, which has a fountain in the middle; the recess, which is mostly seen in the courts of Eastern houses, is in front. The private apartments are on the opposite side, and also the offices: the staircase leads to the gallery at top, which looks into the garden, and over the city and hills. The arch in front is Moorish: and the lightness of the architecture of the dwelling, and the coolness of the apartments, well suited to the climate. The recess in the court is the favourite seat and lounge of the inmates during the heat of day: two or three steps ascend to it: the floor is carpeted; it is furnished with a divan, is open to the air and light, and shaded from the sun: the fountain falls directly in front. In this little cool retreat it is delightful to breakfast, when the sun is about two hours high, and the breeze, not yet sinking before the increasing heat, is yet heard in the trees of the garden. There is a rich indolence in the hour: you have risen with the sun, and taken a ride on the plain, through the groves, along the streams; have looked into the desert, that opens far and sublimely away towards Palmyra and the Haouran, and breathed its inspiring air.

This house was a few years since occupied by one of the wealthiest merchants of the East, or rather by his four wives, for whose peculiar use he kept it: here they dwelt together in much comfort and luxury.

An English physician, an acquaintance of the writer, used to visit these ladies here: the husband was one of the strictest Mussulmen as to etiquette about women; yet he allowed him to have interviews with them at first in his presence, or in that of his son, and at last without any witness, save one of the eunuchs. The ladies were extremely unwilling to uncover their faces, and wished to compound with the feeling the pulse, putting out the tongue, &c., till the physician was absolute, that to do them any good, he must consult their looks. Their charms, and those of other female patients, were not powerful enough to rob him of his presence of mind.

They use no stays, and appear, when seated, or when the outer robes are laid aside, to have little grace or symmetry of shape: but they have a good deal of grace of

manner and gesture; and they walk well, holding themselves very erect, and with dignity. Their beauty, when young, is the mere beauty of the rose, red or white, unintellectual, unsentimental, unexpressive of esprit or fancy. Lamartine's indiscriminate rhapsodies about Oriental loveliness have little foundation in truth: it is probable he saw many fine eyes, and heard sweet tones of voice. The accents of Oriental ladies are not generally sweet; the want of energy, excitement, and variety of feeling, is visible in their monotonous and charmless intonations of voice.

The merchant, who was the lord of these four recluses, was a rich merchant of Bagdad, which he had quitted during the troubles and disorders prevailing there, and come to Damascus to establish himself, accompanied by his household. He went into Damascus almost daily, to transact business; he had dealings in most of the products, and with most of the countries, of the East. His favourite and best loved wife was the youngest of the four; she was also the chief invalid, but her complaints were partly fanciful, and partly the complainings of a petted child, so indulged and fostered, that she seemed to fall ill for the sake of exciting a sensation, and giving herself airs. The first intimation to uncover her face to a stranger, was received almost with horror; her foot and even leg, laid naked on the divan, would have given but a feeble shock to her nerves in comparison. Her complexion was pure red and white, the eyes and hair dark, the hands and feet small: a very pretty, companionless, idealess woman, who dressed richly, was attended anxiously, bathed, lodged, and perfumed luxuriously: and she was a suitable mate to the merchant: a Turk's ideas of women go little beyond this. Between these four wives, living together under one roof, often at the same table, whose sole partner in life and affection had been this man—there was tolerable concord and harmony, and but little heart-burnings, rivalries, malice, and bitter envyings: and this comfortable state of things was owing mainly to the disparity of their ages: in the ladder of life, an almost equal number of steps divided each wife from her fellow. The oldest was very old; the second was almost elderly; the third was past her Eastern prime; the youngest was very young, and was to the others even as a young, wayward, and indulged sister, whose vivacity and good nature often enlivened the dulness of the interior. The husband was a man of sixty years: it may be thought that so many wives could take care of each other, that the elder might be trusted to watch over the temptations or levities of the younger; and that their eyes would hardly be closed, or their tongues silent, when any thing suspicious was in the wind. Not thus thought the merchant, who placed two black eunuchs to guard, and two little Circassian boys to attend and observe his little harem: it was ludicrous as well as painful to see the anxious, peering, nervous looks of these sable guardians, who were by no means of the fierce aspect and withering smile of the Kislar Aga, the chief eunuch of the Sultan, who was a dark fiend, an incarnate demon.

These ladies did not enjoy much liberty: at long intervals they went into the country, in a carriage, at a slow pace, or walked in the environs. Surely our frail humanity, whether Turkish or English, is very fond of extremes: it so happened that a sudden spirit of travelling seized upon the whole: the troubled husband believed it to be an

afrit or evil spirit that had entered into his four wives. Was it to Balbec, or Aleppo, or the sea-shore of Beirout or Lebanon: these were extensive journeys for such recluse persons. It was nothing less than to go on a pilgrimage to Mecca, a fearful journey of weeks and months: a hazardous, bold, heroic affair, enough to blanch, even the very thoughts of it, their delicate cheeks, and make their long braided hair creep for fright.

It seems that Mr. Farren, the English consul, had gone with his lady to Jerusalem, passed a week or two there very pleasantly: on their return to Damascus, Mrs. F. who was intimate with the Turkish ladies, had spoken so warmly of the pleasure of the journey, that from that moment the husband had no peace: they pestered him every day, and from morning till night, till he was forced to give his consent to go, and take them all with him. All the preparations, and they were many, being made, all the farewells to friends and relatives paid, the four ladies mounted their camels, on whose backs were placed houdahs, a kind of divan, canopied, curtained closely, so that neither sun or wind could penetrate. Many sorrows and ills, many terrors met with them on the way; but they were like the desert winds, they came and passed quickly, without breaking the courage or endurance of the fair pilgrims: even the youngest, the beauty, forgot to be ill; the English physician was not at hand, neither was the languor, and luxury, and ennui of her home at Salahyéh. They accomplished their pilgrimage, dwelt in Mecca, saw its wonders, wept over their sins, and came back in safety to their quiet home and garden.

This journey was performed two years since: whether, during its progress, any seeds of disease were sown in the merchant's frame, is uncertain; but a few months after its termination he began to droop, and soon Azrael called him: in death he still distinguished his youngest wife above the others, leaving her the larger portion of his wealth, and to each of the other wives a comfortable provision. Little more than a year has elapsed since his death: his nephews sought to dispute some parts of the will, and interfere in the affairs of the four surviving wives: more than one home was open to receive them; the youngest went to dwell with a relative of her husband, and soon got married again, being rich, young, and pretty, and moreover a hadgée, exalted above most of her sex in sanctity and celebrity.

A startling change has come over the interior of this house of Salahyéh: from being the home of the rich man of Bagdad and his many wives, it is now the residence of Mr. T., a merchant, and correspondent of the Bible Society: the traveller sometimes rests his wearied limbs in the chambers, and perhaps on the divan where reclined the four hadgées on their return from Mecca. The consul-general Mr. Farren occupies a similar but larger house at a short distance.

Does a man who leaves four wives behind him, feel more bitterly than he who leaves one? There must be a strange clashing of remembrances, in those last hours, when the memory is so vivid; an odd confusion of kind thoughts, about first love, and second love, and last love, all whose objects are living, looking on, standing around his dying bed. The first wife calls to his mind, perhaps, that she was the love of his youth, the "first green spot on memory's waste:" the last appeals to his latest feelings, to the impressive

evening of his life. To the European, such a scene, such a conflict, would be dreadful; he would be tempted to wish that the grave had covered one or two, or perhaps three of his better halves, or quarters, who seem to stand mockingly, and call up buried love, buried joys, and thoughts to confuse and perplex. The Turk takes it more like a philosopher, and looks at each face, and each gush of tears, tries to balance his regrets and memories between the three first—and turns to the last, the young, the beautiful, untouched by time—in whose arms alone he desires to die.

DJOUNI, THE RESIDENCE OF LADY HESTER STANHOPE.

The view of the residence of this celebrated woman is taken on the approach from Sidon: in its intricate, wild, convulsed appearance, this scene resembles many among the Apennines; the road is seen in front, winding up in a zig-zag course to the building; a kind of break-neck road, as if her ladyship wished to make the pilgrim toil and murmur to her dwelling, and, like Christian going up the hill Difficulty, "endure hardness" ere he reaches her bower of delights. A more capricious choice of a home has never been made, in this world of caprice and eccentricity; the land abounds with sites of beauty and richness, vales and shaded hills, screened by loftier hills, with many waters. Lebanon has a hundred sites of exquisite attraction and scenery; but this woman, ever loving the wild and the fearful more than the soft things of this world, has fixed her eagle's nest on the top of a craggy height that is swept by every wind. The dark foliage that appears above its walls are the gardens, which are remarkably beautiful and verdant, the creation of her own hands. Nowhere in the gardens in the East is so much beauty and variety to be seen—covered alleys, pavilions, grass-plats, plantations, &c. in admirable order. It was in a pavilion in these gardens that the artist had the honour of spending some hours in conversation with her ladyship. In the village on the right, he passed the night in the open air. The precipitous character of the glen between it and Djouni prevented his seeking the latter in the dark. The high central chain of Lebanon, spotted with snow, shuts in the view. This mountain chain is here too monotonous to be either grand or beautiful; the path from Beteddein to Damascus crosses the summit, from which there is a view of vast extent over the sea, and inland as far as the waters of Merom, or lake of Tiberias. The costume of the women in the foreground is that in use in Lebanon.

In winter, in the rainy season, let not the resident of Djouni be envied by the humbler dwellers in the land, or by the recluses of the convents and monasteries which cover the declivities of Lebanon. If a quiet mind and a consoling faith be the chief ingredients of happiness in this world, they mingle but slightly in her ladyship's cup: the dreams and revelations of astrology have for many years past been the favourite excitement; without them the evening of her life would now be wretched, and she would feel like Norna of the Fitful head, when conscious at last that her power over the elements was a delusion. Her views on the Christian revelation are as wild and unortho-

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DJOUNI.

THE RESIDENCE OF LADY HESTER STANHOPE.

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dox as some of her divinations: one of them is, that the Messiah is to come again, and shortly; the beautiful Arab steed, white as the driven snow, attended and served in the stables of Djouni with a care and luxury surpassed only by that of Commodus for his horse, is reserved for his especial use, when he shall enter Jerusalem in triumph; her ladyship is to follow in the train, on a brown mare of great beauty. During the visit of the Rev. L. W. (not Wolff) to Lebanon, the Arab chiefs, lured by the report of his great wealth and influence, came in crowds to offer their flatteries, and their arms and services, if he purposed, as it was said, to set up some new dominion.

His better sense, aided by a protracted illness, declined the temptation. He passed three days at Djouni, to which he was invited in order that his physician might attend a favourite domestic of its mistress. Thus, under the same roof, were two of the wildest enthusiasts of the age, sternly opposed to each other in sentiment and purpose; the one devoting his wealth, and time, and talent, with undying zeal and sincerity, to the conversion of the Jews—traversing every land and city, entering the palaces of kings, that he might reclaim the lost race of Israel. A thousand pounds was not too much to expend for the conversion of a single Jew, nor a thousand miles too far to traverse to receive a Hebrew family into the fold. On all such doings Lady H. looked with unutterable scorn and contempt. Unaware, however, of the career of her guest, she treated him with much civility. The denouement took place towards the close of his visit; it was highly characteristic. The guest had desired to find a suitable moment to lead her thoughts more earnestly to religion—such moments were rare at Djouni; however, as the hour of departure drew near, they were conversing, and she was indulging in some wild sallies, when he assumed a serious tone: he was listened to calmly, and with what he conceived at last to be a growing emotion; then there was a pause of a few moments. Was that proud heart touched? Only with surprise and indignation: there was a derisive smile, that was bitter to be borne. "I thought," she said, "that I was entertaining a gentleman under my roof; but I see that I have harboured a fanatic missionary."

It is said that those only are great actors, who, whether the part be a prince or peasant, act it with like intensity: this praise belongs to her ladyship, who has acted her character and played her part intensely, however changing and diversified it may have been. During the first years of her abode in Syria, she often traversed the desarts, and was the very queen of Bedouins, à l'amazon, on a superb Arabian, spear in hand. When visiting the princes and pachas, admiration from the great, wonder and homage from those of lower rank, seldom failed to attend her: there was a cool daring and dignity in her bearing, a vigour and versatility in her conversation, to which in woman they were utterly unaccustomed. The first act of the play was over; the buoyant strength of the spirit and frame began to give way; then came part the second, astrology: her beautiful steeds were idle in the stalls: the desert journeys and dangers were braved no more: the queen of Palmyra now sank into a nervous, home-keeping, retired woman: the sheichs and princes no longer saw the cavalcade of the "great lady" galloping to their gates. Yet a like enthusiasm, a like restless fervour, were now given to the dreams of superstition: she lives intensely on the future: the present has few charms, few

joys: a failing health, declining age, no taste for active exertion, or even to leave for a day or an hour the walls and gardens of Djouni. The third act of the drama is yet to be played: its close will scarcely be tragic; assuredly it will not be happy, or fortunate; but no woman could thus bear to see the "sere and yellow leaf" falling fast around her, could meet firmly the king of terrors in the halls of Djouni, friendless, faithless, desolate—save lady H. Stanhope.

In the character of her mind there is an entire want of simplicity: she has ever the air of a dramatic being, of acting a part, whether it be to astonish the natives, or her visiters. In her interview with Lamartine, the mystifying of the astrologer is beautifully contrasted with the vanity of the poet. The following scene with the gentleman who drew this view of Djouni is interesting: no traveller hitherto has so lauded her personal charms.

"Around its portal were groups of wild-looking Albanians and Janissaries, and a most polite major-domo conducted us to our apartment, that was half English and half Oriental. In a few moments her ladyship sent for us, to conduct us round her gardens. I, who had expected a crabbed imperious old woman, was most agreeably surprised by the noble but gentle aspect of our strange hostess. In youth she must have been most beautiful: her features are remarkably fine, blending dignity and sweetness in a fascinating degree. Her dress was fantastic, but impressive: her turban of pale muslin shadowing her high pale forehead. There is certainly a slight vein of fitful insanity in her expression, but its general and ordinary cast is that of one calmly persuaded of the truth of principles reposed on with deep satisfaction. She conducted us to an arbour in the gardens, quite English in appearance. I made this observation, when she replied! "Oh, don't say so; I hate every thing English." Then nodding to my companion, who was an American, "he has a good star—very good:" then addressing herself to me, "You are of a cheerful disposition, see every thing *en couleur de rose*; one of those beings who pass well through life. You will rise about the middle of your life. You are apt to be violently angry on occasion, and I *could* let out more." We then walked round the gardens, all of her own formation, and were surprised at their verdure and beautiful arrangement. We then retired to dinner: her ladyship's nonentity of a meal had been previously taken. The dinner was most inspiriting, and my last lingering bitterness for the freak of last night was buried in an inimitable apricot tart. In the evening we were again sent for, and found her in a pavilion in the garden, reclining on an ottoman, with a long embroidered pipe: placed in a recess, her hand across her brow, she mutely scrutinized our features, as if to complete or confirm her fancied knowledge of our characters. Coffee was served by a little Nubian girl. In the course of conversation, she said that the good genius would shortly appear; that the evil one was now on earth, busily employed in canvassing—that she knew of his whereabouts: that at the advent of the good genius, men would flock to his standard, leaving wives and children, and that a grand and decisive struggle would take place, to end in the establishment of the former. Our poor wild world will thus be called to order. I ventured to ask, whence originated so profound an acquaintance with futurity. Her ladyship with some

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REMAINS OF THE FORT OF SELEUCIA, NEAR SUADEAH.

MOUNT CASIUS IN THE DISTANCE.

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hesitation replied, "Chiefly from reading." I noticed the similarity of these views to those entertained by Irving, founded on certain passages of scripture: "Irving," she said, "must then be right:" she sometimes looked into the scripture for confirmation. But when she descended from the clouds to ordinary topics, she displayed great wit and penetration, which, with a fund of anecdote, and great fascination of manner, rendered our long familiar interview perfectly delightful. Her personal kindness too must not be forgotten: she advised me not to peril my life by visiting the disturbed districts, and offered me her hospitality, should I be willing to protract my stay in the mountains."

REMAINS OF THE PORT OF SELEUCIA, NEAR SUADEAH.

MOUNT CASIUS IN THE DISTANCE.

This ancient city, the ruins of which now cover part of the shore, was built by Seleucus Nicator soon after he had vanquished Antigonus, and derived its name from the founder. It was at Seleucia that Paul and Barnabas, when sent forth from the church at Antioch, embarked for Cyprus. It is also referred to in Maccabees.

About the port there was once a well-fortified suburb, where, for convenience, they held their markets. Its interest is derived from the early history of the gospel, rather than from still existing remains. The scene at present is wild and impressive: a desolate and rocky beach—Mount Casius on the left—a few country barks crossing the bay of Suadeah, to enter the mouth of the Orontes. The two piers of the ancient port are seen projecting into the sea: the ruined tower on the rock was built for its protection; and near this, one of the piers runs into the sea, constructed of very large stones, "some of them twenty feet long by six feet in width, and five in depth: they have been fastened together by iron cramps, the marks of which are still to be seen." Mount Casius, that towers on the left far above the other heights, is the finest mountain, and of the most striking appearance, of any in Syria: its summit is a pyramid of rock, its sides are broken into deep and precipitous glens. Pliny, with the exaggeration to which the ancients were so prone when describing cataracts, rivers, or mountains, makes it four miles in perpendicular height: it is seven thousand feet high; its larger portion is bare and naked; yet it is more sublime in its barrenness, than if sheltered entirely, like many of its neighbours, by luxuriant forests: the setting sun, resting long on its aërial deserts of rock, on its wild and waste crest, is glorious to behold.

In how picturesque a region were situated the birth-place and first wanderings of St. Paul: the range of Taurus, the valleys and plains of a country superior in beauty to any other land; the ruins of famous temples and cities gave a sad interest to the scene, and often perhaps aided the Apostle's warnings against pagan seductions. Persecutions awaited and met him; and he felt that his lone footsteps in city, and hamlet, and wilderness, were to herald countless other steps to follow, till the earth should be peopled

with the ashes of saints and martyrs, and be drunk with their blood. The foresight possessed by the Apostle must often have been a source of keen anxiety, and responsibility, and perhaps of sorrow: conscious that his own faith was equal to the assault, and his own strength to the awful burthen—but on how many weak and delicate and untried spirits was that burden soon to be laid! How many bruised reeds were to be broken, hopes and loves rent asunder like flax—when the eyes of the rich and noble, of the youth, the maiden, the mother, streaming with tears, should be turned to the example set by the great Apostle, for encouragement, for imitation: they would recall his words, every expression of fortitude, joy, and victory. Justly might he say, that he lived not for himself, but for others: and "that he died daily," with mental anxieties, thoughts, and concerns, in which few could sympathize, and no one could lighten or relieve.

On this solitary beach, covered here and there with ruinous heaps, is the very spot where St. Paul embarked, where he first sailed for a foreign land, and left his native shore: "sent forth by the church of Antioch, after they had fasted, and prayed, and laid their hands on him." The face of nature was impressive, even as now: Mount Casius alone in his naked splendour, the rich Orontes rushing at his feet, and Seleucia covering the declivities with its temples, and columns, and palaces; and now the solitary shepherd, reclining on one of the fragments, is watching his scanty flock, that seek a miserable herbage on the sea-beat shore: the dilapidated tower, on its rocky pile, can scarcely afford shelter from the rain and wind: the sea breaking on the poor memorials of pagan greatness, advances with a louder murmur on the broad beach, several miles in width, to the opposite barrier of mountains. In such a scene, the traveller blesses the purity of the Eastern atmosphere, that throws a brilliancy and excitement even on melancholy and dreary objects, and saves him from many a desponding thought; were the desolate and ruinous places, and wilds of the East, covered by the dull sky and humid air of our own land, he would be tempted half the time to goad on his weary camel or mule, and exclaim, From Dan to Beersheba, all is barren!

SELEUCIA.

The ruins are so much overgrown as to be almost unapproachable; and it was exceedingly difficult to obtain this view: on the side of the hill were hollowed a great number of sepulchral caves; some of which are spacious and handsome, and approached by broken steps: others are supported by pillars of the solid rock, and have the remains of inscriptions. The rocky mountain on whose face are these remains, is about a mile from the sea, and boldly overlooks the plain, Suadeah, and the Orontes. This view embraces a gate of entrance in ruin, obstructed by fallen masses: the trees and shrubs shooting from the broken wall, the verdure on the sides of the cliffs and at the mouth of the caves, soften the ruggedness of the scene. These sepulchres, hollowed out with patient industry and skill, extend along the mountain to a great distance, and attest the ancient impor-

SELEUCIA.

tance of the place. There are the remains of pavements here and there, overgrown with bushes. More than one of these grots would serve as a tasteful hermitage for a recluse who desired here to retire from the world, in a dry and salubrious climate, where the air both from sea and land bears balm on its wings: the mouth of his retreat looks on a world once famous, and still most beautiful. It is said that in old times there were two hermitages in these cliffs: much regarded for the sanctity of the inmates, who were more comfortably lodged and roofed than Simon Stylites, whose mountain, on the summit of which he lived fifty years on the top of a pillar, is full in view, at no great distance from this place. At present, the only people who come here are the shepherds, whose sheep and goats browse on the wild pastures, and are admirably in keeping with the desolate character of the place.

The great ravine or excavation, also situated on the site of ancient Seleucia, is of as singular an aspect as the sepulchres: it has now the appearance of a vast drain or quarry, or whatever the fancy chooses to make of it: it is partly natural, and partly artificial: formerly there were steps to descend into the abyss, some of which are still to be seen. The city of Selucia occupied the slope of the mountain and part of the plain at the base; the vast number of its excavated tombs, of which this plate gives a partial view, extends for about two miles along the face of the rocks. This ravine or excavation, perplexing to the brains that are not of antiquarian mould, is probably the artificial channel cut out of the rock, by which the ancient city communicated with the sea, and which Pococke thus describes:—

"It is a passage from fourteen to eighteen feet wide: the first part is about 260 paces in length, and forty in height, and is cut under the foot of the mountain; the rest, which is about 820 paces in length, is sunk down from fifteen to twenty feet, in the solid rock; it ends at the sea. The last part is cut down lower, and great pieces of rock are left across the passage, to make the entrance difficult. This extraordinary channel ends a little way to the north of the northern pier: the water formerly ran that way, but now it does not go through it, unless after great floods."

The ride from Mr. Barker's villa to the ruins of Seleucia was through lanes, and the scattered houses of Suadeah; the hedges were odoriferous with clematis, bay, myrtle, and arbutus; the pomegranate in profusion: the transition from this luxuriance of foliage and fruit to the sepulchral mountain and its dark and silent caves, was striking. This plain of Suadeah might be a paradise, if it was the seat of civilization: there is a happiness in the site—open to the sea, and sheltered by mountains, with a delicious climate.

Curiosity was at last satisfied at this mountain of tombs; and we returned before noon, with joy, to the cool and hospitable retreat of our host who accompained us: no monastery, or khan, or okkal, was ever half so welcome: the heartless monks of the one, the bare floor and walls of the other, whose only refreshment was its fountain, the dirtiness of every thing like an inn in the towns—yet it is almost a pity to be thus luxuriously lodged at starting, at the very threshold of the way: it spoils the wayfaring man for several weeks, he looks fastidiously on his floor, his dinner, his suspicious home for the night, which myriads are to share with him, who are waiting for a fresh victim.

It is easy, after a time, to "endure hardnesses" of this kind: they can be borne with a smile or a sigh: but the loss of intellectual society and converse enters into the soul. In this Syrian villa, hour after hour passed in the interchange of thoughts and feelings, on subjects of which we could never hope to hear in the cities and homes of the land: they were a sealed book to its people; they were vain imaginings, unprofitable sayings, to the dull Turk or mercurial Arab and Syrian; whose oracular sentences, solemn common-places, or childish sallies, were a miserable exchange for the lively and varied talk, the poetry, the music, the tale, that made the evening a very happy one.

BAZAAR AT JAFFA.

This building is less Oriental and more Gothic in its character than the generality of bazaars; the richest sort of merchants sell carpets and clothing here; and some of the poorer sort have also their place in more humble guise: two janizaries are in front, with their long staffs of office, and haughty air and heavy weapons; a seller of water-melons, of garb and air strongly contrasted; two women in long white cloaks, that wrap their figures so closely as to allow the eyes, lips, and nose to be but dimly and sadly seen, like the features of a spectre in some vision of the night. One of the women carries a pitcher of water on her head, in the manner of the East; the other, who appears more like a lady of the land, is come to look at the wares, and perhaps to purchase. There is no gracefulness in the figure, no attraction in the countenance of the Eastern ladies, thus cloaked, and swathed, and veiled: their appearance is clumsy, and altogether a burlesque on female elegance; the hair, hands, complexion, are all shrouded; the feet are put into shoes or slippers, that to a Chinese beauty would be the size of canoes: shuffling along, the "light of the harem" leave all their light and beauty behind: the watchful and keen glance of the dark eye, that is sometimes shot through the folds of drapery, has more of a duenna than a Leila look. Were the women of the East always thus shrouded in ancient times? Certainly not among the Hebrews, either in the patriarchal or after ages. The custom is chiefly of Mahometan observance: the Prophet found it to exist among the Arab tribes, and perhaps rendered it still more strict. Even among the Bedouins in the interior of the deserts, an exceeding caution is observed among the women, who pass from tent to tent, and across the sand of the encampment, carefully veiled, even from their neighbours and friends. We dwelt many days in one of these camps in the wilderness; and during that time many daughters of the tribe passed to and fro before our tent, or the adjoining tents; but the shroud that covers the head, and gently keeps the fading features from the living, could not more effectually do its work than did the long white cotton veil of the Arab girls: their gait was graceful, their figure light and slender; the small foot was set off by the sandal, that only partly covered it; but the face was impenetrably closed.

These bazaars are a favourite lounge to the idler inhabitants: at an early hour people begin to gather here, for the partial shade and coolness is a refreshing contrast

W. H. Bartlett. E. Smith.

BAZAAR AT JAFFA.

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W. H. Bartlett. R. Dawson.

DJEBEL SHEICH AND MOUNT HERMIN.

FROM THE TOP OF LEBANON.

FISHER, SON & Co LONDON & PARIS, 1838.

to the sultry and wretched streets of Jaffa. Handsomely-dressed Turks, graver attired Armenians, and Bedouin Arabs in their ample blankets, mingle here together: a few of the more aristocratic are seated under the trees, in all the fulness of dignified idleness; musing, not thinking, wire-drawing their few ideas. The long and solemn silence of a Turk has nothing impressive in it; if you look in his face, you see no working of the intellect, no busy or playful movement of the imagination, no thoughts sublime, or deep, or absorbing; the face, even in very handsome men, is one from which you quickly turn away—"the soul is wanting there." One of these solemn triflers, of patriarchal beard, was seated on a stone bench to the left; his pipe was for a time suffered to recline unoccupied, his legs crossed, his face bent in earnest observation on the group at a short distance, as if he would read their very souls: this man has probably sat on the same bench, about the same hours, each day, during many years: this bazaar has been the area, the boundary of his observation on men and manners, on time, foreknowledge, and eternity—for the latter very often is an ingredient, strangely coloured, in the chalice of Turkish meditations. Whether many days or years shall roll by ere he shall be summoned from that stone bench—whether death shall to-morrow take the favourite pipe from his hand, which he shall smoke no more for ever—it matters not; he is perfectly submissive and resigned: not a single sigh shall accompany a single whiff of his pipe, though the sunset of life is close at hand. The usual sedative words will be uttered, "Alla is great: he is merciful." The intense love of life, so often observable in old men among ourselves, even in those who do not shrink from a hereafter, is felt less vividly by the Orientals. Yet it is not fortitude or faith that saves the latter from the fond clinging, the anxious lingering on the brink of the grave;—it is fatalism in some, and in others the long habitude, in all sorrows and bereavements, of a calm and apathetic resignedness to the Divine will. Yet the picture of a fine and aged Turk, who waits for the coming of Azrael, waits at his threshold as for the coming of a friend who has been often in his thoughts, is beautiful: if a false faith can arm with this submission and stillness, the Christian, pausing to admire the Turk, may take a lesson from his subdued and unmurmuring temper, give his own fears to the winds, and, with his lamp of hope burning, rush from the portal as the night is closing, and the voice of the Bridegroom, not of fate, is heard afar off.

DJEBEL SHEICH AND MOUNT HERMIN, FROM THE TOP OF LEBANON.

This splendid view is from the top, or nearly so, of the pass from the large village of Barouk to that of Djob Djennein, on the road from Der-el-Kamar to Damascus. The spot commands all the length of the great plains of Bekaa and Balbec, and from that place into Palestine, in the distance. This is quite an Eastern scene, melancholy in aspect, wild, uncultivated or nearly so—but glorious in association. Djebel Sheich in front, its summits covered with snow, is the highest mountain in Syria, and it sinks into

the long range of Mount Hermin, which runs into Palestine. Lebanon is here nearly uncovered; its declivities spotted with crags. Melancholy is the feeling that grows on the traveller, in this pass, as he slowly traces his way by the vivid moonlight: the solemnity and the stillness of night add to the awfulness of the scene: all seems to be desolate: the eye looks wistfully into the plains of Asia, and asks for its towns, and hamlets, and populous places, and sees only mountains like brass, bare and terrible; plains over which the flight of the destroying angel seems to have passed: distant Balbec is but a green spot against the calcined hills. Yet the passenger, though the way is rude and difficult, looks again and again, and can hardly tear himself away from the scene, whose sublimity, whose sadness is fast communicating itself to his own thoughts and imaginings. A lake was gleaming afar off among the mountains: it was probably the waters of Merom: the guide said it was the sea of Tiberias, but this was not possible.

This mountain pass, always rugged and savage, is crossed in winter only by small caravans, when, to prevent the hoofs of the mules from sinking deep into the snow, the muleteers are accustomed in the difficult places, to spread carpets before them as they pass. "I crossed it," says Burckhardt, in March: the summit was at that time covered with snow, and a thick fog rested upon it; we were an hour and a half ascending from the village of Barouk, seated on the wild banks of the torrent of that name. Had it not been for the footsteps of a man who had passed a few hours before, we should not have been able to find our way. We several times sank up to our waists in the snow; and on reaching the top, we lost the footsteps. Discovering a small rivulet running beneath the snow, I took it as our guide; and although the Druse was in despair, and insisted on returning, I pushed on, and, after many falls, reached the plain of the Bekaa, at the end of two hours from the summit." The summit of the Djebel Sheich is always covered with snow: it is finely visible from Tyre, and forms a noble and refreshing point of view from the plain and city of Damascus, during the summer and autumn. On its white wastes of snow, the eye, satiated with groves, and bowers, and gardens, delights to linger. Often, when wandering through the defiles and sultry places, we have loved to look on its cold and dazzling summits, as if the very sight of them soothed the restless fancy, and made the heat and thirst more gentle.

ALAYA.

This is quite the "Pirate Town;" and the inhabitants, as far as their opportunities allow, do not fail to merit, in disposition and often in action, their ancient designation. We had got quite under its melancholy walls before we observed them, and the place appeared like a dream, so wild its old towers encircled it, and its immense mass of gloomy Greek houses hung in strange confusion on the slope. They are mostly built with galleries, and of the most picturesque appearance. The whole scenery around Alaya is awfully sublime. A very few trees are sprinkled among the houses, in whose gallery it is wildly pleasant to sit or walk at evening, with the pipe and one's own thoughts for companions.

An open boat was hired, to coast Asia Minor as far as Adalia, intending thence to go overland to Smyrna, not above six days' journey, passing Ephesus in the way. We got out to sea early in the morning with a slight breeze, and were becalmed the greater part of the day: it was the month of August, sultry in the extreme, in an open boat, whose only shade was a blanket, which served also to keep off the dews by night. We had two Turkish sailors and a boy; they behaved with the greatest attention. Next morning we got to Soli, and crept along the shore. Here the artist fell ill. At evening what a sublimity in the mountain ranges of Taurus, near the island of Provencal; and how glorious was the sunset which was reflected upon the sea of Cilicia, the sea of St. Paul's wanderings! It was beautiful, though melancholy, to track this sea alone, to fall asleep under the canopy of heaven, and awake to see the sun rise over its lonely waste of waters. Sometimes we caught a distant sail; and now and then a suspicious-looking felucca, skulking under the rocks, led us to fear pirates; perhaps our insignificance preserved us: sometimes we ran into some little cove, where the clear blue water played among the rocks, and washed the pendent foliage: one sweet and solitary spot we remember, where we went to seek water; the men waded on shore, and, discovering a delicious fountain, brought off a most welcome supply. How sweet was that cold water, clear as crystal, sweet as the Nile waters, thus drank on a desert shore beneath the burning cliffs!

One evening we landed, and reposed an hour beneath the shade of pomegranates, in a lonely plain hemmed in by mountains: it was a romance, this coasting voyage; and many a sublime, many a delicious spot, many an impressive ruin, was passed, all solitary and forsaken. The fever that had seized the artist was now alarming; he grew delirious: at last the boat reached the fine bay of Kalendria; and there his recollection, as if called back by the exquisite scene, came again; but of all that he saw on this coast, he was most struck by the romantic and unparalleled situation of Alaya, and its fortified cliffs: here he landed, but was utterly incapable of ascending the hill. And here he lingered during fifteen days of suffering: is it any wonder, if its rocks, and waves, and fantastic aspects were indelibly remembered? The whole place is like a wild and beautiful pantomime, something that one sees in a troubled dream; so suddenly it rises, or rather starts from the waves, so defying is the look of house, and rock, and tower. Few were the comforts to a helpless invalid, who was obliged to recline on his mattress all day, and whose greatest effort was to creep, or be carried into the gallery, to look on the shipping, and the sea that seemed to dash on the very chamber walls.

At length he left Alaya, and soon saw the hill of Adalia, its old castle, and its picturesque Turkish houses. He was carried out of the boat on shore, and reposed a moment under the gate, where is a beautiful spring, from which he drank copiously: this spring is the very life of Adalia and its population; a large cup, according to Turkish usage throughout the East, is suspended by a chain; and many are the draughts that are taken daily and hourly of its cold and limpid water. A room in an empty khan was appropriated for a lodging, and he repaired thither; it was quite

empty, and as quiet as the grave. Here he suffered exquisitely from weakness and depression; no one to speak to but a servant—no one to render the smallest kindness required by his reduced condition; unable to sleep all night for the mosquitoes, or to go out for more than a hundred yards all day from weakness. He begged his servant to find some garden where he could go in the day, to break the horrible solitude of the empty khan. When *en route* in good health and spirits, even to be the sole tenant of the caravanserai is a small misery; with the morrow we leave it for ever, for fresh excitements: and when its floor is peopled with many a group, and fire, and costume—it is a romantic and welcome home. But when even the voice is faint, and there is no other voice; when the wearied limbs can hardly drag themselves from one desolate pillow to another—this is real loneliness, real agony. The servant came to say he had found a garden. Oh, it was a most delicious spot, as if it was made on purpose for the repose of an invalid; it was enclosed by the old walls of the castle, which rose above with their mouldering Moorish battlements, that were pierced for large cannon on the side next the sea, which dashed against the rocks below.

The garden was a citron grove, with palms and vines; it was one continued shade, with the sea-breeze and the perfume of blossoms: nor was it all lonely, there was a poor woman, evidently fast sinking, to whom a friend was trying to administer consolation: she came here also to breathe the fresh air in the cool of the garden. On the following day some of the officers of an Egyptian corvette in the roads also came to enjoy the shade, and to sing and play the melancholy music of the East. Here, every day, the hours were lounged away till sun-set. Thus passed eight days, when a cutter parted for Rhodes; he gladly took passage in her, and, descending the steep hill, left for ever Adalia, its castle, and its mournful khan.

LANDING-PLACE IN A SMALL HARBOUR AT RHODES.

These old towers on the walls of Rhodes were built by the knights of St. John: they are very beautiful, and the palm-tree trembling near, combines Eastern with Gothic associations. The fine remnants of their great hall, and decaying towers, the massive and triple walls and battlements which they nobly defended against the Turks, add the interest of chivalrous history and antiquities to that of the exquisite scenery of nature: and in the latter, Rhodes has scarcely a rival in the Archipelago. Let not the traveller forget to linger here a few days, or rather weeks, it will not be time wasted; even if it be only to verify the proverb, "that the sun shines every day in Rhodes," not on purple crags and wastes, but on forests, gardens, and lovely dells.

This landing-place is very bustling; it is a comfortable and sheltered place for shipping: small vessels are always arriving and departing; and fruit is landed in vast quantities: the coffee houses under the trees are continually resorted to: one sees here all sorts of people—mongrel Europeans, friars, dervishes with their wild gestures, but the predominant characters are Greeks and Jews. There is a dervise in the foreground,

W. H. Bartlett.

J. H. Le Keux.

LANDING PLACE IN A SMALL HARBOUR AT RHODES.

beside the pillar, grasping his long pipe, his long beard on his breast, the conical hat on his head: his mouth open and his eyes lifted as if on the look-out for revelations, to gull the populace, and increase his own reputation for sanctity. A woman, closely muffled, is seated on the steps, either waiting for merchandise, or for some relative returned from sea. The gestures and attitudes of the traders and sailors, while engaged in their avocations, manifest an indolence and calmness peculiar to the Turks, who hate bustle and noise; the coffee houses on the right are open in the sides, for coolness: composed of wooden pillars and roofs, with wooden seats within: it is pleasant to sit here, at the water's edge, and sip mocha, and smoke slowly, and gaze on the busy scene on the wave, and listen to the seamen's cries, that come feebly, not like the hearty cheer of an English sailor. To enter into the spirit of the place and of the characters, some of them rich and original, who fill the cafés, it is necessary to understand two or three of the Levant tongues: the dervish is perhaps fresh from his wanderings in wilderness and city, and has marvels and adventures to dilate upon, with an air of sanctity and wild grimace very amusing: the cautious Jew, sipping coffee with a host of unbelievers, with an eye and ear bent on the main chance, (bargains, prices, sales,) is just the reverse of the fanatic Santon. The house in front is a private dwelling: its five windows, or wooden casements, are exactly of the form and appearance in use in the East: without glass, without any external beauty or relief to the dull exterior of the houses, they admit the air freely and the light dimly, no small luxury in hot weather: and the women can sit behind them, and look at their ease on the scene and people without, and cannot themselves be seen.

Such a scene as this landing-place, or similar ones, is perhaps more exciting to the female eye than the calm interior of the garden, or the walls and pavement of the street: in an island-life like that of Rhodes, there must be a dull monotony, to the inmate of the harem, or the wife of the merchant and country gentleman. The traveller can bring with him a living world of his own imaginings, and people fountains, palaces, gardens, and serais with glowing images and forms: but this beau-ideal of existence, these genii of the brain—that go with us by the way, sit with us in the divan, and rest with us beneath the shadow of the rock—are as unknown to the luxurious dwellers of the land that awakes them, as Labrador or Cape Horn.

Minute and every-day realities, thoughts that never breathe, and words that seldom burn any thing but the temper, are the routine of a Rhodian lady's life. In the villas embosomed in trees, without the town, to dress richly, perfume themselves, sit in indolent state in their heavy ornaments, is almost its chief excitement. They love music, and very often it is played to them, but not in a concord of sweet sounds; the clash of the cymbal, the shrill note of the pipe, the rude twang of the guitar: "at their sharp sounds, love faints, and fancy bleeds;" yet custom is every thing: these concerts are melody to the Oriental ear. In the society of the friends and intimates of her own sex, as numerous as she pleases, and in the very little circle of gentlemen, relatives of her husband or herself, she is contented: the excitements of general society, admiration, and display, she has never known. And when she looks from her windows, or garden

terraces that overhang the sea, on the vessels of every clime sailing slowly by, it is without a sigh for scenes and lands that are for ever sealed to her. In the society of her children she finds her chief excitement and joy: the Turkish children are generally beautiful creatures, set off by their Eastern dress, the little despotic turban, the graceful robe. The equanimity of her temper can rarely withstand the dwelling of another wife beneath the roof: let not the Turk who values his peace and comfort, who loves when at home to "take his ease in his inn," venture on this experiment: poverty entering the door like an armed man, is not a more disturbing inmate than the second wife, who demands a second establishment, servants, suite of apartments, affection, attention, presents, &c. &c. "From what I know," writes a learned Turk, "it is easier to live with two tigresses than with two wives: it is a rule never to be dispensed with, that the husband shall allow each of his better halves plenty of cash, that she may enjoy feasts, and excursions, and the bath, and every other kind of recreation. If he stint her in these matters, he will assuredly be punished for all his sins and omissions on the day of resurrection. The second wife must invariably assume that her husband's mother, his first wife, and her relations, are at heart her enemies: she must make, as it is said, his shoe too tight for him, and his pillow a pillow of stone; so that at last he becomes weary of life, and is glad to acknowledge her authority. Why should he deprive her of the full enjoyment of this world's comforts? Days and years roll on and are renewed, whilst a woman continues the same secluded inmate, in the same dull house of her husband. She has no renewal of happiness—none. So will talk and reason the women of that man who takes two spouses." There is little doubt but that he often repents of his folly, and would not wail loudly if one of them were put by mistake into a sack, and canted into the Bosphorus: but this easy way of getting rid of ladies who are growing wearisome, is the privilege of the Sultan and the Pashas. There is a warning in the Eastern lines—

Be that man's life immersed in gloom,
  Who weds more wives than one;
With one his cheeks retain their bloom,
  His voice its cheerful tone;
These speak his honest heart at rest,
  And he and she are always blest;
But when with two he seeks for joy,
  Together they his soul annoy,
With two no sunbeam of delight
  Can make his day of misery bright.

W. H. Bartlett. M. J. Starling.

CASTLE NEAR DJOUNI, MOUNT LEBANON.

FISHER, SON & Co. LONDON & PARIS. 1837.

CASTLE NEAR DJOUNI.

In the immediate vicinity of Lady H. Stanhope, this scene is finely expressive of the character of the territory she has chosen for her home: a scene which Mrs. Radcliffe would have selected for a romance, but that it wants the gloom of the dark forests, the exquisite solitudes that stir the soul. The shepherd and his flock, the bearded priest toiling up the steep, the waterfall, the deep glen, the beetling crags, the misty summits —all are here: yet it is not a land of inspiration, a land of song or feudalism. Who would not feel as an exile on these heights, in these prison-like vales?

We had left Sidon, its gardens and groves, behind us: the last bright green had passed from the soil: a few convents here and there on the cliffs, soothed the loneliness which the surrounding region pressed on the heart: even their walls and little windows were cheerful. Villages, as we went on our way, began to peep over their precipitous sites; and gardens, little beautiful gardens, were beside them. The ancient castle, to attain a good view of which it is necessary to scramble through pathless dells, is supposed to have been built by the Druses: nothing could be more drearily magnificent than the scene. From the sharp summit of a profound ravine, winding darkly on either hand among rocky hills of the wildest aspect, you look down on the remains of this castle, tenanted only by the beasts of chace, who seek shelter there. The situation is so intricate, that the wayfaring man or the Bedouin never seeks its chambers, even for a night; it is a place, not of the forgotten knight or of the harp's wild tones, but of the goule and the afrit: a fit hold for the old soothsayer or magician, who has so long been the intimate and counsellor of the mistress of Djouni. The ruin, overhung on all sides by high mountains, is upon a rock surrounded by a rapid torrent, glancing through the wild woods that fringe its banks.

The fidelity and skill are admirable with which the artist has sketched this and the other views around Lebanon. He left this spot in order to reach a convent, a terrible ascent up the mountain, without path or track: it was inhabited by Maronites, who were hard at work preparing silk, with several women, in a detached building. Entering the convent, coffee and sherbet was served, the chapel was shewn, but not the fair recluses, who were seen peeping through the lattices: for many nuns live adjacent to the convent. Neither the aspect or life of these Maronite monks appeared to be dull and cheerless: they were a set of merry anti-ascetic-looking fellows. The bishop of the next convent was a being of higher and purer calibre: his monks were more quiet and subdued, but more apathetic than those just visited: they conducted the visitor into the apartment of their bishop. Nothing could be more impressive than this venerable old man, eighty years and upwards; his face, pale as marble, expressive of extreme benevolence, and sympathy with human sorrow and infirmity: there was a melancholy also in it, so rarely

seen in the features of very old men, that added to its interest. At times there was a momentary lustre in his eye, that seemed to tell of the world to which he was fast drawing near. He brought to mind the dying St. Jerome of Domenichino. "You are aged, venerable father," said the guest. "Yes, I shall soon depart, replied the old man, I am ready." It was delightful to see the affection with which he was regarded by the younger brethren. On taking leave, the former was conducted through the church and vast range of apartments by the monks, who seemed much to pride themselves on the tawdry trumpery which decorated the sacred structure. A skull was placed above the long table in the refectory. In a detached building, some monks were engaged in superintending a school: indeed, they are not idle, as their ordinary employment is the cultivation of the vine, olive, and mulberry, and especially silk. The hospitality of this convent would have been most welcome on the preceding evening, when with great difficulty, after wandering through ravines in the darkness, he came to the top of a deep hollow, and proceeded along the moon-lit path, for the straggling lights of a village were not far off: breaking at last through a hedge, he lighted on a group of Maronite Christians, seated by the light of a lamp, on a raised dais of plaster in front of their house, who gave their guest a courteous reception. A handsome dark-eyed girl brought a bowl of hot milk; her costume was graceful, one of its peculiarities being a number of gold coins and ornaments, braided into the hair, and hanging down on each side the face: a family heirloom. The hosts, though ordinary peasants, had much natural dignity of manner: spreading his cloak on the dais, of which he was soon left in undisturbed possession, and the wind sweeping freshly from the summits around, he sought a little sleep: but it was too wild and unkind a couch on which to seek it.

MR. BARKER'S VILLA AT SUADEAH.

The traveller left Ruad with the land-breeze at twilight, and next morning was off Latakia: the scenery soon after became very fine: Mount Casius rose out of the sea with stupendous grandeur, rearing its craggy sides and lofty peak of naked rock into the sky: the woody precipices along the coast seemed to drop into the sea; their forms were cast in the most magnificent mould, much finer than the heights of Lebanon. The little boat with its swan-like sail shot along the dark blue sea, before a strong breeze; as it ran nearer to the land, the boatmen appeared very attentive and anxious: suddenly they came on the bar, where the water was rough; it is rather a critical spot, on which the boat seemed for a few moments to be striking, but soon entered in safety the calm water of the Orontes. It is not a large river; the banks at this spot are rushy: he landed at a small hut, of which the inhabitants seemed to carry on a large trade in pottery: from hence a messenger was despatched to Mr. Barker, who immediately sent horses and a servant with a polite invitation. The path skirted the Orontes; how delightful after the night-voyage in a boat, was this ride in a splendid country, till now unseen and untrodden: the air was full of the freshness of morning, and the perfume of

Mr BARKER'S VILLA AT SUADEAH.

many odoriferous shrubs and plants. A voyage in the Levant, whether short or long, is sure to prepare both the frame and fancy for a vivid relish of Eastern groves and hills, especially when they terminate in a kind and comfortable home. What a talisman in the East, is there in that word *home:* the wanderer hardly dreams it can ever be realized: often he thinks of the lost circle, where every look and voice told of welcome, and every hand sought to minister to his wants or his caprices. And when a roof of similar mercies seems to open, is it any wonder if his heart is delighted within him? Mr. Barker was an admirable host; receiving his guest with a frank and affectionate courtesy, that sought every novelty that could amuse, and every comfort that could gratify. Part of the first day was passed in looking over the house and gardens: the former, built by himself, is commodious and picturesque: a gallery in front is covered with the choicest vines of Europe: a handsome music-room with an organ is detached from the house; and from a tower above, the view is truly charming. The eye rests upon the immediate environs of the house, as upon a singular spectacle, for here Mr. Barker has succeeded in cultivating almost every species of European fruit, introducing fresh ones every year: the vines, apple-trees, and apricots are in fine order: and the guest had the pleasure of tasting the finest fruit he had met with, for many months, either in Europe or the Levant. The consul is certainly conferring a great benefit on the country by this introduction; for the state of neglect into which cultivation has fallen, has suffered every thing to go to decay, and the fertile soil to become comparatively useless: although the Turks are very fond of his fruit, they are as yet too rootedly idle to cultivate the cuttings he gives them.

Beyond the gardens the eye ranges over an amphitheatre of mountains inclosing the plain of Suadeah, from the promontory of Seleucia to Mount Casius: the latter is from every point a sublime feature: but the most beautiful point is the gorge in the mountains, through which the Orontes finds its way to the plain and sea: there is a loveliness in the folding forms of the mountains, a solitude, a wildness, which makes one long to track the romantic course of this river. To the left is seen the mountain of Simon Stylites; in this part of the country there is a rich verdure, and usually a fresh and healthy air all the year round. If the traveller were to judge by the invigorating influence of the air on his own spirits and frame, he would pronounce the climate to be a most inspiring one. To the lover of the East, whom fate has not suffered yet to behold it, who dreams of its scenery by his own fireside—a more exquisite pleasure could not befall, than to be transported by some peri to the veranda of this villa: how splendid are the forms of the Asian mountains, on which the sun is setting with an almost unearthly glory! the hamlets in the plain, and by the river side, and the little groves, have all a foreign aspect; so has the fountain beneath the veranda; the camel bell comes faintly from the plain, with the chant of its driver. And now twilight is falling far and near, the vivid twilight of the East: the lights are in the Turcoman hamlets, the fires around the tents on the hills. Bring the pipe and coffee to the veranda; the night-breeze is like balm, and let us yield to the delicious thoughts which the first scenes of a first journey inspire. O freshness of the feelings and the

fancy, when all is new; when each impression is wild and irresistible; when the Oriental world is to the wanderer the world of his aspirations, his dreams, his prayers, his tears: can any joy be greater than *his* joy? But this cannot be realized a second time: he must not believe that he can go again, and reap the same exquisite harvest: it is better that he should live on the past, and let memory be to him what hope was before—a blessed memory, that shall be a constant companion through life, full of indelible things that will come back by the way-side, when he sits in his house, or wanders along the shores, and listens to the storms of his own land.

Mr. Barker, however, like all who reside long in the land, is glad to make the substantial go hand in hand with the romantic: and to blend the *couleur de rose* of Orientalism with what a German calls "the grey monotonies of life." He has changed his Syrian into an almost English home: apples, apricots, &c, and various vegetables and flowers, put one in mind of the land that is far away. The villa is a little oasis of comfort in the wilderness; its owner can wander amidst the plantations and the walks and gardens which he has laid out with his own hand: if it be beautiful on our native soil to say, "these are the favourite trees, and shrubs, and fruits of my own planting;" it is far more so on a foreign soil, where, but for this watchfulness and care, each stalk, each leaf, each shadow would have been alien to our memory, our love, our pride.

The evening at the villa was in keeping with the day—the society of Mr. Barker, his lady, and family—several airs of Rossini and Mozart were given in beautiful style on the piano, the first and last time that we heard them during the journey: and when listening to the din of Turkish pipes and flagiolets, or rude Arab guitars, we often thought of the melodies of that night in the Syrian villa.

ENCAMPMENT OF IBRAHIM PASHA, NEAR JAFFA.

This animated scene of the camp of Ibrahim in the environs of Jaffa, was visited on a lovely day in May, the heat tempered by a fresh sea-breeze: the foliage and fruits on every side were out in their fullest glory. The usual stillness without the walls had given place to the sounds of a busy but not tumultuous camp: order and discipline were every where visible; the Arab, the Nubian, the Turk, the Frank, all met under the same banner; the knolls, the sands as well as shades, the dells, were white with the tents, and peopled with flashing piles of arms, and beautiful coursers feeding, and officers smoking at their ease. The tents of the Pasha were on a lofty mound fronting the sea, on whose bosom he waited to see afar off the coming of his succours, ere he advanced into the interior. Since the hour when Napoleon encamped beside Jaffa, with the similar design and ambition of conquering Syria, no army had till now been here; yet who would venture, from the aspect of this motley force, to predict that the Egyptian would have better fortune than the French arms. Time, the great enemy of the general as well as of the traveller, did not war with Ibrahim as with his mighty predecessor: it allowed him to consume six months before Acre, which was worn out rather than conquered.

W. H. Bartlett. S. Fisher

ENCAMPMENT OF IBRAHIM PASHA, NEAR JAFFA.

FISHER, SON & Co. LONDON & PARIS, 1837.

W. H. Bartlett. T. Jeavons.

APPROACH TO CAIPHA, BAY OF ACRE.

FISHER, SON & Co. LONDON & PARIS. 1837.

Whoever goes to the East, should have nothing to do with Time; should renounce his dominion and influence, the moment his foot touches the shore—otherwise he will become a very taskmaster, an Eastern despot; and in a land where crosses, changes, disappointments track the route continually, the day of departure comes, and the traveller laments bitterly how much is yet unseen, how much unenjoyed. O voice of Time, that summons the pilgrim for ever away: the knell heard at midnight or at cock-crowing, that comes over the desart, the city, the valley of beauty; his days are accomplished, and he must go hence. If it be possible, let no man go on this journey who has not time at command, if he would save himself from bitter anguish of spirit; for let him remember, that once in his life only is it given him. Chateaubriand says that men visit the East but once: yet the Viscount was a week at Cairo, and could not spare an extra day to visit the Pyramids, because, as he said, *he had not time:* he begged a friend to write his name on that of Gizeh, that it might hereafter be believed that he was there. Lamartine spent a year in Syria and Palestine, and at last would fain have visited Palmyra, which would have required an extra fortnight: will it be believed that he never saw it, and never shall see it, because he had not time? Many a wanderer the writer has known, who left many an exquisite cup untasted, and even turned from the ruin, the walls, whose arches and minarets they almost saw afar off, because a fancied or an imperious duty at home arrested their steps, and, like Lot's wife, they stood hesitating, and intensely desiring, in the desart; mourning for the lost city, yet obeying the mandate to depart.

Had the march of Ibrahim, after the battle of Konia, not been arrested by Russia, he would have, in all probability, entered Constantinople: rapid in movement, decisive in plan, his night and noon-day marches, even in hottest weather, brought him to the very walls and tents of the Syrian pashas, when they thought him afar off. The time cannot be distant, when Mahmoud Ali, now seventy years of age, must yield the dominion to his son; more the warrior than the legislator, he will not pursue with like intenseness the European improvements, manufactures, and arts; having tasted richly of conquest, he will perhaps discard the nominal subjection and heavy tribute to the Sultan.

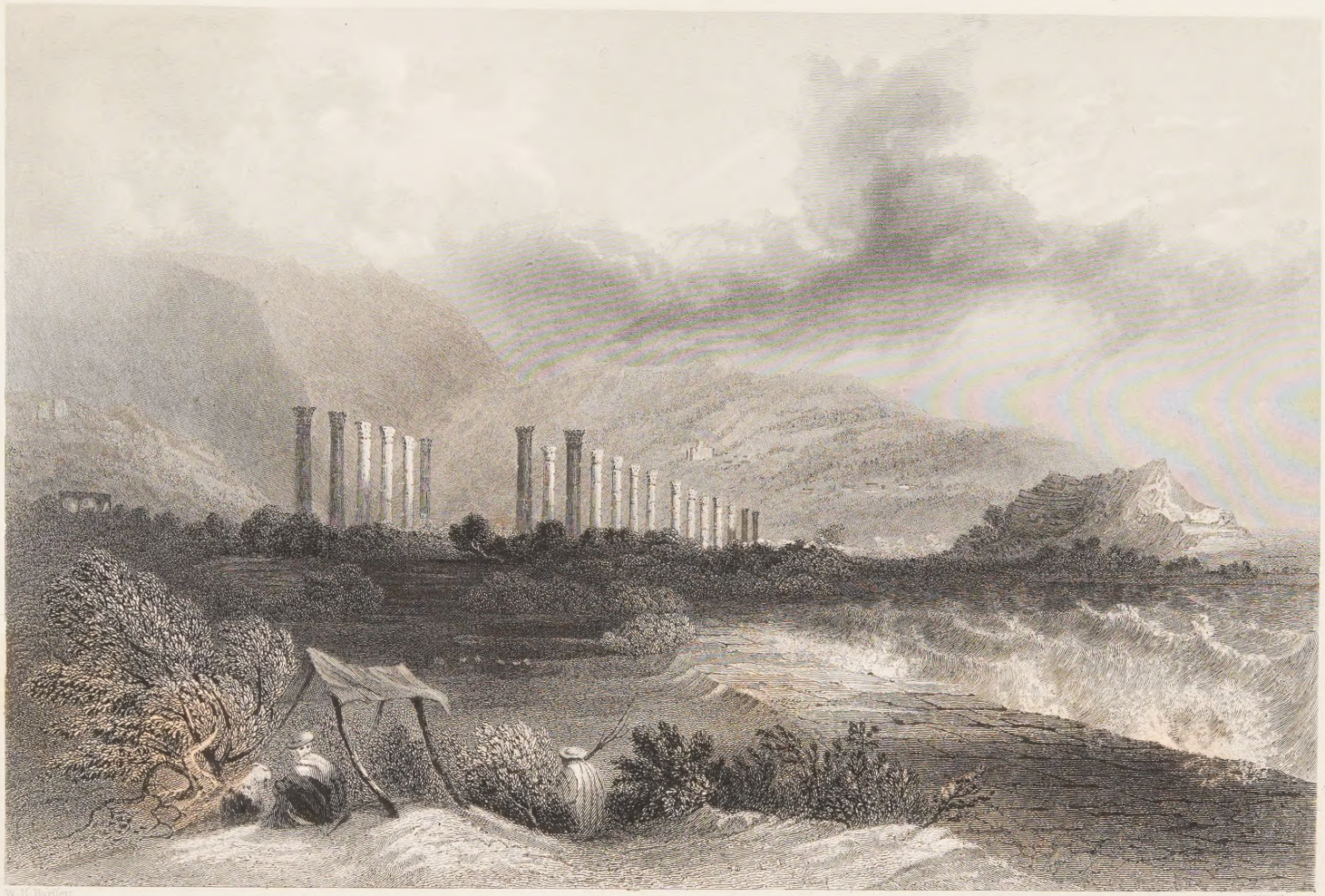
APPROACH TO CAIPHA, BAY OF ACRE.

The afternoon on which we landed at Caipha was gloomy, and the sky overcast with clouds; no sun on the brow of the sacred hill; a sad and sombre light was on its pastures, rocks, and groves: where, we were tempted to ask, is the pastoral beauty, the unfading excellency of Carmel? The few dull walls and towers of the ancient town of Caipha, the dirty narrow streets, slippery from the late showers, were welcome after a tedious voyage: even the adjacent burial-ground, peopled with its little Turkish tombs, screened by its cypresses, had an almost comfortable look, after the waste of waters, and the misery of ten long days and nights. Yet our first evening in Palestine was an

inauspicious one; the wind rose, and howled through the poor dwellings of Caipha, and the rain beat without intermission. But the morrow was calm and clear; the air balmy and inspiring: the waves of the Mediterranean broke in long glittering lines with a gentle sound upon the beach: on its scarcely ruffled surface were the white sails of the small boats: the morning sun was on the crest and higher acclivities of Carmel: the wood of venerable olives that sweeps partly down its side, and over the plain at its base, was still wrapped in shade, and heavy with the dews and rains of the night. The environs of Caipha are fertile and pleasing: we took a solitary walk through some fields, that were tolerably cultivated: in the thickets on the left were wild goats and much game; few passengers were met with. The convent was a fine object, on the height of Carmel, above the town. Caipha was anciently a bishopric, and, on account of its proximity to the sacred scenes of Scripture, was much resorted to: it affords a more secure anchorage than Acre, and vessels come to its roadstead in preference to the more unsheltered coasts and shallow waters around the latter town. Nearly the whole beach of many miles between Caipha and Acre is flat and monotonous: about two-thirds of the way from the latter town is the river Kishon, that here enters the sea after flowing through the great plain of Esdraelon: narrow, deep, and impetuous, its passage on horseback was attended with some difficulty, as it was swollen by the rains: the ford is a short distance from its mouth, where the water is usually above the horses' knees; on this occasion it reached nearly to the saddle. The river issues forth through thickets of palm, pomegranate, and odoriferous shrubs, that beautifully skirt the beach.

How often and strangely, through how many ages, have the echoes of this river heard the sounds of war, of fear and sorrow; the wail of Sisera, the cry of the mighty who fell in the battle of the Lord; the armies in the plain of Esdraelon, often fought near its waters, and purpled them with their blood: the Crusaders lighted the watch-fire on its banks, and their fainting hosts drank of its stream. Even in the heats of summer it is not even partially dry, nor creeps lazily, like the Jordan, through its bed: when flowing through the great plain, where the banks are covered only with wild grass, it has a pastoral character. The spectator is tempted to deck it in fancy with some sweet cottage, just by the waters, shaded by a few palms and scented shrubs, and a garden of the flowers of the East by its side: how dear a retreat, how indelible a resting-place! the hallowed calm of the scenery would surely enter into the soul, when the moonlight was on the ancient river, and its every rock, ruin, and lonely hill seemed to have a voice, an appealing voice, not unto man, but unto the heavens, that once looked on them in love, and shall bid them rejoice yet again.

The ascent of Carmel, where it fronts the sea, is just behind the town, and is steep and rugged; the path was still wet with the previous rains. No trees or flowers here soften the desolation of the summit: it is covered with rocks and brushwood, among which browse the wild goats. The views seaward, and along the coast on each side, are bold and splendid: the height of Carmel is about two thousand feet; and there is scarcely a mountain in Palestine more lofty: most of its eminences, in character and loftiness, may be termed hills rather than mountains.



W. H. Bartlett. J. H. Kernot.

RUINS OF SOLI, OR POMPEIOPOLIS,—ASIA MINOR.

FISHER, SON, & CO. LONDON, & PARIS, 1837.

The situation of the monastery is very fine; the breezes both from land and sea bear health on their wings: and can the recluse forget that this very spot was visited, so says tradition, by the wanderings of the prophet Elijah? The recluse *does* forget it; at least, the remembrance adds no unction to his prayers, no spell to his memory. There are no privations within the walls on this wild summit; their inmates do not "endure hardness:" the traveller was conducted to a suite of apartments, whose air of comfort, cleanliness, and even elegance, was very rare in this part of the world; and the Padre Julio soon entered, a venerable figure, in the long brown robe of his order. Eighty winters had silvered his beard, which shaded his bosom; but his cheek had still the bright ruddy hue of health, and the fire of youth was in his piercing eye.

The vaulted refectory at evening presented a cheerful scene, where the guests and the brotherhood assembled to as excellent a supper as the former could desire: the wine, which was very good, went round generously; the friars were all, seemingly, good-natured and obliging, and a few were sensible men. Compared to the monasteries of La Trappe, Sinai, and the Chain in Upper Egypt, this of Carmel was the beau-ideal of conventual life: but for its hospitable gates, the wanderer might make his bed among the rocks and caves, drenched with the dews and chilled by the sea winds. The chamber was prepared for the guest, clean linen, sweet smells—luxuries which those only can appreciate, whose slumbers have been for a long time at the mercy of Oriental vermin; and they have no mercy.

Ere the night closed in, it was delightful to walk forth for a short time: far beneath, at the foot of the cliff, the waves fell faintly upon the beach: above, the silence was alone broken by the shrill sweep of the wind through the brushwood, and the howl of the convent watch-dog: very soon, the scene was dimmed with vapours, the air grew chill, and the rain fell fast.

RUINS OF SOLI, OR POMPEIOPOLIS—ASIA MINOR.

That "all the world's an inn," is especially true in the East, whose caravanserais in town and wilderness are the only homes that receive the traveller: he takes his coffee and his pipe with the prince, the merchant, and the peasant; but, as night draws on, the door must open for his exit; the divan, whether of silken cushions or the bare earth, must be emptied of his presence; and he seeks, with a friendless feeling, that indiscriminate home of all wanderers, the prison-like chambers of the khan, that have been tenanted by every people and tribe almost of Asia. Here, if he is sick, he must lie sad and solitary, his servant his only trust: no woman ever enters, to nurse or attend the patient: and here, looking forth, not on sweet gardens or groves, not on gentle or merciful things, but on the dim and dirty walls, the paved and dry area, he must breathe his last. This is the thought which the wanderer must never suffer to dwell on his mind, —of death without medical aid, perhaps without any aid or pity, in some obscure place in the interior of the country, where his end is "without honour, and he is buried with

the burial of a dog." While health lasts, Orientalism is still fresh and glorious; its rainbow hues do not grow dim, though famine, danger, and misery are nigh: but when the strength departs, and we cannot go on our way, but must remain in some monotonous hamlet or resting-place, then the spirits sink, the future comes upon us like "an armed man." How bitter is the contrast! but a few hours, a few days since, all modes of living were alike, all modes of enduring: we passed the night in the damp cave, and kindled our fire with a wild joy: we slept under a tree, on the shingle, or in open boats, and sometimes, wearied to extremity, snatched a hurried slumber on horseback, in an unsafe and desert tract; and now! O death, this is thy victory—O grave, this is thy sting! arrested in the heart of our loved career, the prey of fever, of pain, helpless as a child, farewell for ever all that we have seen, and all that the soul pants, even in its anguish, yet to see! not wife, not child weeping beside the bed, are beheld with more fond emotions than the mountains, the plains, the ruins, which he can see perhaps even from his tent, from his terraced roof where he seeks the faint breeze—the sun is upon them, painting them in every lovely colour of gold and purple—the setting sun. More than one instance of a similar fate and feelings has occurred within the knowledge of the writer.

On approaching these remains from the sea, part of the pier, a theatre, and an immense number of columns, apparently forming an arcade, as well as scattered fragments—present themselves to the view: Mount Taurus is beyond; in the foreground, sand and wild stunted shrubs. Capt. Beaufort gives a minute account of the ruins of Soli, or Pompeiopolis, which he calls magnificent: he rather overrates their character and their grandeur. They are distant eight or ten leagues from Tarsus: the French consul at that place said that it was almost impossible to get near them by land, the thickets were so impervious. Indeed, the whole of this naturally magnificent coast is in most admired disorder: once the seat of high civilization, it is now almost deserted; its plains choked with underwood, or stagnant with pestilential morasses: to carry on researches in the interior, without a large cortege, means, and appliances, is almost impossible. In the foreground of the plate to the right, is part of the ancient pier, which is fifty feet in thickness, and seven in height; being united by a strong cement, and faced and covered with blocks of yellowish limestone. On the extreme left of the columns is the gateway, dim and solitary, outside of which there is a paved road to a short distance. Of the theatre the remains are inconsiderable, and the antiquary turns unsatisfied from them to the noble colonnade, the only impressive vestige of ancient splendour: the almost impenetrable thickets which surround it, tantalize the spectator for some time; he is obliged to approach at the pace of the sloth; his hands, feet, and face scratched and wounded in his progress. Since Capt. B.'s visit, the thickets and underwood have thrived marvellously: the facility and comfort with which he walked about the place, was truly enviable. And when standing at the base of the columns, it is mortifying to be aware that the rather distant view was finer than the close one: the architecture of the pillar being poor and capricious, the material coarse. About forty are standing of the two hundred columns of which the arcade consisted: the remainder

W. H. Bartlett. W. Taylor

CAMP OF IBRAHIM PASHA, NEAR ADANA.

FISHER, SON & Cº LONDON & PARIS, 1837

still lie where they fell; partly overgrown with the thickets and rank foliage: their appearance in so lone a situation is desolate and mournful: there are no dwellers near them, either shepherds or peasants.

A numerous people once lived here, whose tombs, sarcophagi, and fragments of dwellings are scattered around. Soli was at one time the chief city on the coast of Cilicia: it was founded by a Rhodian colony: Strabo speaks of it as an important city. It had fallen into decay, chiefly through the ill treatment of Tigranes, when Pompey, having reduced Cilicia, rebuilt it, and named it Pompeiopolis: the public edifices were most probably erected by him. The two or three peasants, gathered beneath a rude open tent, supported by four poles, are in keeping with the surrounding desolation: they are the owners of the scanty flocks which they conduct here for the sake of the wild pasture, and erected their tent as a shelter from the sun. Between the shore and the mountains there is a considerable space of low ground, on which numbers of horned cattle, horses, and some camels, were feeding: some miles in-land, there are two large villages. On the hill to the right of the columns is a ruined castle, with a round tower, and space sufficient within its walls to accommodate a small caravan. A few hours were passed amid the ruins, near which there was no pleasant places of the times of old; no shadow from the heat, save thickets, where the beasts of prey could scarcely have made their lair: an unwholesome shore, whose neglected plains and rank morasses warned the traveller, of delicate health or failing strength, to depart.

CAMP OF IBRAHIM PASHA, NEAR ADANA.

The cavalry of Ibrahim were encamped on the shores of the river Sihoon: their white tents almost at the water's edge, and military groups scattered up and down, smoking and conversing. The scene was finely characteristic: over the very ancient bridge of Justinian, the soldiers and camels were passing; the river flowing with a broad current beneath the arches, a glorious sight in a thirsty land: beyond the shores, and the plain, is the grand range of Taurus, craggy, snow-crowned, finer than Lebanon, more striking than any thing except the Alps. We approached Adana through a long burying ground, and over the long bridge; the dirty gloomy town was crowded with soldiers, and there was a great activity in the bazaars. When night drew on, we traversed the place in a pitiable condition for two hours in search of a lodging, and were in utter despair, when the apparition of a nankeen jacket was discerned: hastening after its owner, he turned out to be a young Italian doctor to one of the regiments. He insisted on our going to his home, which was wretched enough, and relinquishing his own couch to the stranger. Poor fellow! he was one of those ardent but misguided youths who have made vain attempts to revolutionize Italy, and who were forced to fly. He complained bitterly of the misery of his position among a horde of barbarians, and declared that he would cut his throat if he had to remain at Adana six months longer. Yet even here, in his wretched lodging, books inculcating the most melancholy principles

were scattered about, which he had brought from Paris: he was a specimen of a large class of youths in France and Italy, who would die with enthusiasm to-morrow, to effect they know not what.

There is a great deal of cultivation round Adana; the vast plains would almost support millions, if well cultivated: they were burning brushwood, to clear the surface; the storks, which were in great numbers, did not seem to like it. The situation of Adana is one of great importance; it is the key of this portion of Asia Minor: a strong body of soldiers is kept here. In the present rage for emigration, what fertile and extensive territories would the emigrant find in this country, which it is to be hoped will soon be accessible to his industry! a climate and a soil peculiarly blest by nature, almost forsaken and uncultivated. When shall the harvests wave on the wide plains, around many a hamlet and village of enterprising and thriving people: the spire or grey tower rise above the groves, and the white sails of England come up the ancient streams a few weeks only after parting from their native port?

In this sad lodging in the gloomy Adana, ours was only the fleeting misery of a night: it was impossible not to pity our host, whose ill-regulated and unsettled mind was perfectly unfitted for a situation sufficiently trying even to the happiest temper. With more self-command and firmness, he might have reconciled himself, for a time at least, to the duties and society every day forced upon him—a disciplined but motley soldiery; officers of many nations, ignorant, often brutal and bigoted; and he who only breathed freely in the atmosphere of revolutions, and thought and imagined freely in the region of scepticism and impiety—how could he ever rejoice under a despot, under often severe requirements, where he was, or believed himself to be, watched and sometimes suspected. It was a melancholy spectacle of mental energy and endurance, utterly shaken by difficulties and disagreeables,which a hopeful, confiding spirit would have overcome, or borne well: but to this poor surgeon the past was full of disappointment, the present of bitterness, the future of hopelessness: even in Adana he clung to the belief that his soul was not immortal.

SYRA,

A GREEK ISLAND.

After leaving Rhodes, and wandering three days among the islands, near Patmos, Delos, &c., it came on to blow at dusk, and the night set in with a high wind and sea, when Syra came in sight: its bright lights, dispersed as it were in the sky, were delicious to our longing eyes; we neared them fast, and still they seemed not of this world,—from the foot to the crest of each peopled cliff they streamed; and when at length we entered the still water among the shipping in the harbour, the magic of the scene did not disappear. The white buildings looked like masses of snow on the mountain-side in the dimness of night; we only saw distinctly the windows, whose lights were like spectre-gleams over the silent town. Morning disclosed this immense hive of buildings,

SYRA.

A GREEK ISLAND.

glaring in the face of the sun; without trees or gardens, without comfort or cleanliness; narrow, very dirty, and precipitous streets, houses climbing on each other—a splendid panorama to the eye, a hateful residence to the feelings.

On the extreme right is the house of Mr. Wilkinson, the English consul and merchant, of handsome and comfortable interior, a very palace to the traveller, after he has threaded his way through the squalid, white-washed, and confused homes of the Greeks. Here he will find a hospitable reception, with the tastes, and manners, and usages of his own land; and that land's female beauty is there also, worth all the Sciote and Samian faces, and all the "maids of Athens" put together. Grecian, as well as Turkish beauty, is a great illusion, a beau-ideal of the poet, who loves, as he goes along, like Lamartine, to people every shore and every home with exquisite eyes, and voices, and forms. A greater number of fine and splendid women may be met with every day in the walks of London, than in Damascus, Greece, or Syria during a whole year. At the back of the consul's house is the principal church of the town, with its lofty tower: the long building in the middle of the plate, near the sea, is the Greek school, conducted chiefly by native masters: the edifice on the summit of the hill, above all the others, is that of the primate, a mixture of convent and palace. The most wretched of the homes of Syra would have been comfort compared to the interior of the lazaretto, which is a disgrace to Syra, and a disgrace to England in permitting it to exist even a day longer. The walls rested on the naked rock: the floors were of rock, only a boarding was raised in one part, four feet above the floor, and on this the beds were laid: the rats ran in and out by dozens; the whole place swarmed with them; and every thing, provisions, clothes, sketches, were slung up to the roof for safety from their inroads. When it rained, (for Lord Byron's praises of "benignant clime," &c. do not apply to all the Archipelago,) it poured without mercy: the inmates were half drowned; the rain formed a large puddle just inside the door, and it was necessary to wade through it in order to get out, or to make a bound over it. The company within was in keeping with the accommodations; certainly such a horde of dirty ruffians, with an exception or two, never before was seen: next door was a Russian officer and his wife, vulgar but well informed; he made grievous complaints of the rain running in at the roof, and spoiling a splendid copy of Humboldt.

The island of Syra is very barren: it only produces some wine, barley, dried figs, and vegetables: it is obliged, therefore, to receive provisions for its inhabitants from the neighbouring isles and from Turkey. Living is here very dear: owing to the great influx of strangers, house and warehouse rent is dearer than in England: a good house does not let for less than 350 to 400 Spanish dollars a year. The present trade of Syra is very considerable, and is rapidly increasing: the great convenience of its position, &c. as a depôt, is the chief cause of its rising commercial importance. No less than a hundred vessels of various nations are sometimes seen in its port, some laden with grain from Odessa and Alexandria, others with iron and other exports from England. The Greek government receives, from the customs, the harbour, quarantine, and transit dues, about eighteen to twenty thousand Spanish dollars a month. The steam-packet from Trieste

to Constantinople and other parts of the East touches at the island once a fortnight. About one hundred and fifty thousand tons of shipping come annually to this port, from five tons and upwards. Syra owns about three hundred vessels under Greek colours, from ten tons and upwards, but very few above eighty tons. The governor of the island extends his jurisdiction over all the Cyclades; he was styled the monarch, but this title, sweet to Greek as well as Turkish ears, must now be mute under the authority of Otho. A tribunal of commerce is established at Syra.

This isle cannot boast of any renown in ancient times. It was subject to the Venetians when they had the Morea, and passed with the latter to the Turks. Under the latter it was governed by a few leading or popular men, chosen amongst its inhabitants, who were Catholics of the church of Rome, and lived in the upper town on the conical hill: the population was then calculated at about five thousand, and on the Marina there were only a few store-houses. Since the beginning of the Greek revolution, numbers of the Greek refugees from Turkey, and merchants and traders, especially from Scio and Ispara, came to Syra, and began building the lower town, which contains now a population of about eighteen thousand souls, independent of the population of the upper town.

JAFFA.

Not the faintest memorial at present exists of the ancient Joppa; its site being occupied by the modern town of Jaffa, a place of commerce rather than of strength. The streets are steep; the hill on which they stand rises abruptly from the sea, on which they look down, and are swept by its keen winds in winter, and tempered by its cool breezes during the hot season. The gloomy town is inclosed by a strong wall: great is the change from its depressing interior to the pleasant environs, shaded by the palm, the large fig-tree, and the cypress, beautified by the prickly pear with its yellow flowers, by the pomegranate, and the vine: there is a freshness of verdure on every side, and you quit the sandy beach, on which the wild surge was beating, and the prison-like streets, to walk in the way to Ramla, through lanes bordered by luxuriant hedges. The scriptural interest of Joppa is but feeble, and is confined to the remains of the house of Simon Peter the tanner—the dull and miserable fragment of some old dwelling of a few centuries back, at which many a pilgrim's eye has gazed in tears, and many a knee knelt fervently. The ruin is in possession of the English consul, Signor Damiani, and he is anxious that no traveller should depart from his roof, destitute of the unction that a visit to it is sure to impart. This dignitary's religion is something like his garb, of a mixed and confused character; the English three-cocked hat giving an official dignity to his head, while his large person is enveloped in the full Turkish dress. He is a worthy, hospitable, talking person: he had given shelter to Napoleon beneath his roof; and related part of his conversation with the general, as he sat in the same salon in which his guests were now seated: his father had been ruined by the invasion

E. H. Cordon. W. Wallis.

JAFFA.

FISHER, SON, & Co. LONDON, & PARIS. 1837.

of the French, losing the greater part of his property. Napoleon asked him if he could recommend him a guide to accompany the army along the shore to St. Jean d'Acre. Damiani described the route so minutely, that the former told him he should himself be the guide—to the dismay and sorrow of the Signor, who thus saw himself compromised as the pioneer of the French army into his native territory, and perceived, from Napoleon's decided manner, that all excuse or remonstrance was useless. Sadly and reluctantly he marched—fulfilling his charge, however, with fidelity, and rewarded with the barren applause of the conqueror. It was Lent season with the consul, who drank only water himself, and prejudiced his character for hospitality, by giving us, after a hot and fatiguing journey, water only: no wine sparkled on the board.

The cemetery in the plate, in the declivity without the walls, was destitute of the shade of trees, that shrouds so calmly and appropriately most of the Eastern burial-grounds: the sea-winds swept wildly over these shelterless graves, the sun beat upon them; even the long and oval tombs had little that was Oriental in their character; they were most probably Armenian.

At this time Ibrahim Pasha was encamped without the walls; the travellers visited him, with the consul at their head, who marched with a dignity of gait and freedom of soul that he did not feel when the guide of Napoleon's army. Beyond was the valley of Sharon, its near openings displaying the glittering tents of the soldiery; and in the distance, the purple-hued hills of Judea, blending with a fierce and cloudless sky. The quarters of the Pasha were on a bold mound, commanding both sea and shore, and crowned by a small mosque or tomb, around which were irregularly grouped the tents which contained his suite: and in the valley below were those of the officers, some of whom were reclining in the shade, their coursers tied up, or freely pasturing where a spot of verdure could be found. No ceremony was required to obtain an interview with Ibrahim: the travellers, introduced by the consul, were ushered into the mosque, and had full time to scrutinize him. His person is corpulent, and his long white beard heightens the effect of his striking features. He was seated smoking, and received their respects with a frank and cheerful courtesy, sending for his dragoman, who shortly entered. Omar Effendi, the dragoman, had been educated at Cambridge, and spoke English well, and there was about him an openness very engaging; he explained their object to the Pasha, who received it with marked attention. It was evident he was playing the courteous Frank, smiling at one thing, gravely admitting another, and breaking forth very often into boisterous merriment; for it is quite a point with him to create a good impression in his favour, among Europeans. From time to time, during the interview, his eye glanced anxiously towards the western horizon, upon which the sails of his expected succours, impelled by a favourable breeze, were just discerned: and he explained to us, that as soon as they entered the port, he should march against the rebels of the mountains, and restore peace in a very brief period. The guests then took their leave, after he had made them the proposal to accompany him, if they pleased, in his march upon Jerusalem: they strolled among the Arab soldiery of the camp, and were struck with their lively passionate gestures, their activity, and delight in the simple music of their

tribes: one day famishing with hunger, and almost naked, in the mud cabins of the Nile—the next, seized, enrolled, clothed with what to them must be splendour, and well fed: inflated with their new positions and success, these poor victims of a debasing oppression are now become its readiest instruments.

VILLAGES OF BAROUK—MOUNT LEBANON.

These villages, inhabited by Druse mountaineers, are situated on one of the wildest positions of Lebanon: the torrent Barouk rushes through the glen beneath: loftier summits rise beyond, at one and two hours' distance. In winter, a cold and storm-beat, in summer a welcome residence on account of its pure and bracing air. To the monk and the shepherd, Lebanon is the most picturesque region in the world: the former, amidst solitudes of awful beauty, wildernesses, gardens, and groves, can look down from his terraces on the sea, covered with a thousand sail: the latter daily leads forth his flock to the rich slopes, the deep glens, the mountain shores, whose shadow is flung o'er the deep. Even these villages of Barouk, that seem hung in the clouds, or on the verge of precipices, have their little belt of cypress, pine, and other trees, covering the crags, and relieving the desolation of the site. The path by which they are approached is a nervous one; and seems to be cut out of the masses of limestone of which the heights are composed. The dwellings are built of limestone, the roofs flat, the windows always small; the door in the middle; the fronts are not whitewashed, so that the Lebanon homes have generally an earthy aspect. In stormy weather, the traveller is confined within doors, which, as there are no glass windows, is very uncomfortable: he is obliged to shut up the lattices with the wooden shutters, and sit almost in the dark. On asking the family how they managed in the long dreary weather of winter, they replied, that they entirely shut up the rooms, and use lamps in the day-time. In the evening, the family, and a few of the neighbours, who perhaps drop in, meet to smoke, talk, and lounge away the hours till bed-time.

When, at the close of autumn, the storms of thunder, lightning, and rain break over this pass, its homes must be dreary and cheerless: thick mists also set in, and cover for hours, and even days, the mountains. Poverty, however, is a stranger to the dwellings, many of whose owners are men of considerable possessions, for these villages are the principal settlements of the Yezdeky tribe, and the traveller will find a hospitable reception from the sheichs: a portion only of the dwellings is seen in this view. Some of the young women are handsome, and, on occasions of ceremony or festival, dress themselves richly, in the ancient fashion of their tribe, and often in the very dresses and ornaments of their ancestresses. There is a wild excitement in passing a few days in this isolated scene; in sharing the plentiful repast of the families, listening to the mountain song at evening, and smoking and conversing with the grey-headed old men. After toiling good part of the day through burning defiles, and up weary ascents, it is sweet to rest on these friendly heights, and pause a little ere we assail

VILLAGES OF BAROUK,—MOUNT LEBANON.

yet more rugged ones. Even here, the ancient fashion—and when does fashion change in these mountain solitudes?—of wearing the high silver horn on the head, is used by the young women: while walking on the precipices, their long veil drooping low from this ornament, they have a very graceful and theatric appearance. The love of dress is as rife in Barouk as in Paris or London: was it not so also in the solitudes of Padan-aram, in more simple and primeval days? when Rebekah, though she drew water for the camels, and saw men only as dwellers in tents or in the wilderness, had her store of ornaments, and was delighted with the jewels of Eliezer. "I had a full specimen of it this evening," says a traveller on the heights of Lebanon, "in the lady of the house. She produced from her wardrobe at least ten heavy outer garments, coats of many colours, embroidered and spangled with gold and silver flowers. They are some of them as old as the date of her marriage, some still older. They are only worn on great festivals, when she sits in state to receive her friends, and hands coffee and pipes to them. It is whimsical, however, to see how her splendid dresses are contrasted with her humble daily occupations: for in the ordinary duties of the house, she is to be found sweeping out the kitchen, boiling the pot, &c.; and she eats her meals when her husband and his friends have finished, sitting on the ground with her children and servants at the parlour door: and such is often the condition of females in these countries. She wears an infinity of braids, which hang down all the length of her back, and terminate in gold sequins, which, together with those that she wears on her head, may be worth from five to ten pounds sterling. But none can go to greater excess in this particular than the bishops and clergy themselves, who, on all high festivals, are decked in gorgeous and almost effeminate robes. The ornament of a meek and quiet spirit is very little known in this land, but the adorning of plaiting the hair, and wearing of gold, and putting on of apparel, is most studiously retained. I was weary with her shewing me her dresses; at which she seemed surprised."

This censure was scarcely necessary on the ancient and loved usage of rich dresses, which were only worn on rare and set occasions; and which included no thirst of fashion, of expense, or change. In the priesthood, it was an inconsistent and injurious penchant: but in the case of the solitary lady, whose life of few excitements, of much humiliation, would have lost a chief charm, if bereaved of gala days, the only days in which she sat as a lady in the land—it was hardly generous or merciful to blame it. On leaving the villages of Barouk, the traveller passed on to the loftier and adjacent summits; on descending from whose desolate elevation, the night overtook him ere it was possible to reach any inhabited house: he halted by the roofless ruins of a deserted cottage; no shelter was to be had there, and he was obliged to seek that of a small cave, overhung by a fearful pile of rock. The loose stones were cleared out of the cave, the carpet spread on its floor; where his wearied limbs were glad to rest: a scanty supper on the remaining provisions, was succeeded by as profound a sleep in this desert home, as if the luxurious beds of his chambers beyond the Atlantic were there.

DAMASCUS—DISTANT VIEW FROM THE MOUNTAIN SIDE.

This point of view is from a small mosque above the road from Zibdané; hence the city first appears in sight: the artist has adhered to the local character at the expense of effect, being anxious to give a correct idea of the scene: in doing this, he has too much massed the city and groves, and rather shorn them of their beauty. In truth, it is very difficult, in a view or an engraving, however finely done, to give a faithful impression of this celebrated scene: so much of its beauty is derived from the glow of the Oriental sky, the charms of the Oriental clime, and from the illusions of the atmosphere: even the faint purple haze is like a thin transparent shroud, and when this floats away before the mild or the fierce glory of the sunset—the city and its groves look enchanting. But neither Damascus or its vast gardens have any peculiar beauties of their own: in a northern climate, left nakedly and coldly to their own effect on the eye and imagination, they would lose more than half their fame.

The foreground and mid-distance, as far as the gardens, is dreadfully sterile and arid: not an opening appears in the mass of the latter; the field of Damascus, in which is the encampment of pilgrims, fills up the centre: the only stream visible is the Barrada or Pharpar. The spot whence this view is taken is bleak and solitary, as is the whole mountain range by which the plain is on two of its sides invested: no group of trees, not a single tree, no flowers, no shadow save that of the passing cloud, is on its grey and craggy bosom.

Damascus is now a more agreeable residence to the European than formerly, when he could not, without being insulted and assailed, walk the streets in his English dress. The bigotry and intolerance of the people is perhaps undiminished: but all outward manifestations of these feelings, save in sullen looks and stifled words, are avoided, out of fear of Ibrahim. Even English ladies now walk about the city as freely as if they were in London or Paris, to the great scandal and annoyance of the faithful, who hold the sight of them, with faces exposed and eyes confronting those of men, as an abomination. The entry and reception of Mr. Farren, the consul-general, into Damascus, were brilliant: an immense cortege accompanied him. He is on good terms with many families of distinction, whom he visits: a noble Turk one day invited Mr. F. and the artist to see his chief lady, wishing the latter to sketch her; they went: after waiting a short time, the lady came in veiled, and the fancy of the sketcher pictured many a rich charm and delicate feature, in one to whose portrait so much importance was attached: like the veiled prophet of Khorassan, the mystery should have been undisturbed, and the dimness still covered her face, from which she at last removed the veil, and disclosed a very ordinary countenance. "The clouds of disappointment were on the visiter's thoughts, the film of despair in his eye;" the other women of the harem peeped in at the door; he saw some fine eyes among them, but this was all he saw: the other parts of the face were covered. Was it easy for the hand to draw a faithful sketch, or for the temper to be perfectly calm, under such a disappointment?

W. H. Bartlett. J. Appleton.

DAMASCUS.—DISTANT VIEW FROM THE MOUNTAIN SIDE.

FISHER, SON & Co. LONDON & PARIS 1838.

W. H. Bartlett. H. Adlard.

REMAINS OF THE PORT OF TYRE.

FISHER, SON, & Co. LONDON, & PARIS, 1837.

Things are greatly changed in Damascus; for Ibrahim is the Liberal of the East: he has established a good daily market for meat and other provisions; the traveller can now partake of roast beef and mutton, and excellent sherry, at the house of the hospitable consul. He may, if he chooses, take a house and garden, which he can rent, very good, for twenty-five, and very superior for thirty pounds a year, unfurnished: but it is easy, at a small expense, to provide the scanty furniture, divans, cushions, and table of an Eastern house. A single man may live here very well, exclusive of rent and servants' wages, &c. for thirty to fifty pounds a year: meat is three pence a pound, fruits and vegetables very cheap and plentiful: a cook's wages, twelve and even eighteen pounds a year, besides his board and lodging—rather high for the East, where the cuisine is so confined and simple. Wine is less scarce in the city than formerly, though it is difficult to procure it of superior quality: the best kind is kept in the Spanish convent. Two or three European merchants have settled here within a few years, but they found that their business could be more conveniently transacted at Beirout: and they now keep only their clerks and offices at Damascus. Although the traveller may wander through the streets, the cafés, the bazaars, in his Frank costume, yet he dares not attempt to approach the great church, or mosque, which is held so sacred by the people, that a few years must yet elapse ere the foot of the Giaour is allowed to sully its pavement. There is still a fanatical spirit very rife among the lower and middle classes of Damascenes, and quick to embrace any cause of tumult: the strong arm of Ibrahim can alone keep it down.

It is beautiful to come up these barren mountain sides a little after sunrise; all is silent and solitary around: all is sternly contrasted with the fairy gardens and streams and minarets beneath: the air is cool and inspiring: by degrees little caravans begin to wind down the mountain side, making towards the city, their bells tinkling clearly on the morning air. The larger caravans are seen leaving the city, and journeying through the plain towards the desart: and that desart! how boundless, and hushed, and faint it seems! nature is feeble there, yet in its feebleness how sublime! like old age, cold, drear, yet awfully impressive, in whose voice and features we seem to read the past and the future: As the sun ascends, the dim purple haze comes slowly on: the caravan is entering into it: at noon the merchant will give gold for "the cold-flowing water of the field."

REMAINS OF THE PORT OF TYRE.

All that now remains of ancient Tyre is the old wall of the port, of which this is a view, looking towards the main land. The causeway of Alexander is now covered with a vast accumulation of sand: it is situated on the right, and beyond it are the remains of the aqueduct, of considerable extent, but poor character; and still farther, a hill crowned with a mosque. Fishermen were dragging their nets on the ancient walls; a visible fulfilment of the prophetic words, "they shall break down the towers of Tyrus, and make her like the top of a rock; it shall be a place for the spreading of nets in the midst of the sea: they shall lay thy pleasant houses, thy stones, and thy timber in the midst of the water; and the sound of thy harps shall be no more heard."

It was a scene and hour that in after days it will be delightful to remember: the noon-day heat was tempered by the light sea-breeze: the atmosphere was free from the thin purple haze that often dims the horizon at this hour: Lebanon filled the whole scene on the right, its every crest and peak seemed, in the exquisite clearness, to be near at hand: a few Tyrian boats were moored near the ruins: the voices of the fishermen, at intervals, came on the solitude like the voices of the past, for thus it had been predicted of "the renowned city, which was strong in the sea; though thou be sought for, yet shalt thou never he found again, saith the Lord."

The modern town of Tyre, that contains several good stone dwellings, and a population of two thousand people, is situated at the extremity of a sandy peninsula, extending for about a mile from the line of the main coast. The breadth of the isthmus is about one third of its length; and at its outer point, the land on which the town itself stands, becomes wider. This sandy peninsula has the appearance of having been once an island; from its north-eastern end extends a range of fragments of former buildings, beaten down and now broken over by the waves of the sea. There are considerable remains of walls around the town, and of fragments of towers: there is a tower without the town about fifty feet square, and about the same height, turreted on the top; a flight of steps leads up to it: these remains, however, have no claim to the era of old Tyre, though far more ancient than the town, which has an almost modern aspect. It has a mosque, a bazaar, and three poor Christian churches. The traveller finds little cause, in the accommodations of modern Tyre, for thoughts or images of desolation: there is comfort to be found in her homes, friendliness and kindness in her people: he has not to lodge in the abodes of dragons or of owls, or listen to the satyr crying to his fellow: there are pleasant chambers still left, pleasant faces and voices within. The air is peculiarly dry and healthy; and many a more comfortless residence await the stranger, when he passes out of the gate of Tyre. Time need not hang intolerably heavy on his hands, even should he linger a few days within the walls: travellers in general take a hasty glance, and pass on to Sidon. The evening was soft and splendid; and the twilight, rarely so very short in the East as it is said to be, slept on the sea, and on the mountains to the left—when the writer came a second time to Tyre, whose barrenness he preferred to the gardens and fertility of Sidon; it was like coming to an aged caravanserai, whose lonely people loved the "shadow of their rocks in a weary land;" and many people slept beneath their feet, though they knew it not. The day's journey had been long, and the gate of the Interpreter was scarcely more welcome to Christian in his progress, than that of Tyre was to us as we slowly approached it over the loose sands. The sea fell with a faint sound on the beach; the streets were as noiseless as if the people had once more perished; the bazaar was closed: a few Tyrian women and an Armenian priest passed by; and one little group of tradesmen and fishermen were idly enjoying the balmly evening. Tyre has no Eastern luxuries or amusements; one bath only of the plainest kind; no story-teller to enhance the joys of the pipe and coffee, no fountains: no caravanserai for the stranger: he must trust to the hospitality of some private family, and he will not be deceived.

W. H. Bartlett. J. Bedlaway

TURKISH BURYING GROUND AT SIDON.

VIRTUE, SON & Co LONDON & PARIS.

The gate of Tyre, which you enter, is overgrown by a glorious spreading vine: it is like the gourd for which the prophet prayed, when the sun beat on his head: its vivid shroud contrasts beautifully with the long peninsula of sand, on which there is no foliage, or green thing. This noble vine covers the wall and portal, as if there still was brightness within, and the island city said again, "Look at my palaces and vineyards: I am perfect in beauty."

TURKISH BURYING-GROUND AT SIDON.

This town, the modern Saide, has a fine appearance at a distance. In the approach from Tyre, its venerable walls, and the mass of trees and gardens that surround them, are welcome to the eye, after the many hours' travel over the flat plain, with the sea on the left, and the line of low mountains on the right. The coasts of Tyre and Sidon, to which the gospel was carried, and the steps of the Redeemer wandered, were anciently very populous, as the many fragments of ruins, razed almost even with the soil, between Tyre and Sidon, broken cisterns, &c., evince. In flourishing times, there must have been many smaller towns for pleasure, business, and agriculture, delightfully situated on this shore. The view of this town and bay is richly picturesque and minute, from the heights which lead to Lady H. Stanhope's; looking down on them, we feel as if we were taking leave of the world of beauty and fruitfulness, as we pass into the savage region behind. Sidon is the nearest town to her residence; her servants often visit it to procure supplies for the household, and the most recent news of the neighbourhood for their mistress, who, like most recluses, is fond of hearing the little events, and doings and sayings of the neighbourhood. Her messengers seldom go empty-handed of relief to the poor, medicines to the sick, or promises to the unfortunate.

In the cool of the morning, it is delightful to go forth from the gloomy streets into the gardens without the walls: at this hour the coffee-houses and bazaar begin to fill, but the gardens are solitary. These gardens extend to some distance around the town, and produce quantities of fruit, of which great exports are made: pomegranates, apricots, figs, almonds, oranges, lemons, and plums: mulberry trees, which feed a vast number of silk-worms, are very abundant; the ilex, the weeping-willow, the ash and poplar, as well as the palm and sycamore, are also here, with a variety of flowering shrubs, and more useful vegetables. The land wind, which, on the coast of Syria, mostly prevails in the night, has now given place to the sea-breeze that sets in with the day. Early in the morning this is fresh and delicious, as is the fragrance of the flowers and fruits after the city odours, for the old towns of the East are not sweet-smelling places. The cottages of the peasants stand in the midst of these gardens: they are not the exquisitely neat cottages so often seen in England, the rose or honeysuckle trellised on the walls, the

clean floor and hearth inviting the wanderer's foot. Comfort is a thing unknown in the East, with the exception of some of the Maronite villages in Lebanon. The sun was now hot, and we returned to our poor apartment, with naked walls and floor, to breakfast on excellent coffee; but the traveller cares little for his squalid homes and discomforts, when each day brings new excitements, and scenes of inexpressible interest.

Sidon is no place of luxury or taste: its antiquities are of little account. There are the old castle of the celebrated Fakr-el-din, and its causeway, and the remains of the castle of Louis IX. Of the original splendour of the city, not a vestige remains. The castle of the Emir Fakr-el-din, a Saracenic structure, projecting into the sea, is the finest object in the modern town. He began his career in the seventeenth century; he was appointed governor of the Druses. By a politic and vigorous conduct, he so successfully enlarged the Druse territory at the expense of the Turks, that in 1613 he was master of the whole coast from Beirout as far as Ajalon. The Porte at last took the alarm, and began to fit out an expedition to crush him. It was at this period that he resolved to go in person to Italy, to form alliances and solicit succours, for he had already powerful friends among the Venetians. His arrival excited great interest in Italy, for he had elegant manners and an inquiring mind: in the court of Florence he spent nine years, and acquired a love for its civilization and refinements, and a knowledge of painting, sculpture, and architecture. During his absence, his son Ali had repulsed the Turks, and kept his dominions in tolerable order: nothing remained for the Emir to do, but to employ the knowledge he had gained to the real welfare of his people: but instead of turning his mind to the serious duties of government, he gave himself up to the expensive arts which were his delight in Italy, and for which the minds of his people were not yet ripe. He built, in every direction, country-houses: he constructed baths and gardens, and ventured, in open disregard of national prejudices, to adorn them with paintings and sculptures, which are forbidden by the Koran. The Druses, who continued to furnish the same tribute as in time of war, became dissatisfied: the Yemeny, a hostile faction, began to stir; the expensive proceedings of the prince were loudly complained of; while the pomp which he displayed rekindled the jealousy of the pashas. Hostilities recommenced, but Fakr-el-din repulsed his enemies; they then strove to render him an object of jealousy and suspicion to the sultan, who at last determined on his destruction. The pasha of Damascus received orders to march against Beirout, the emir's ordinary residence, which was invested both by sea and land. Relying on his former good fortune and his Italian allies, the prince met the storm with firmness: in two battles he had the advantage; in a third, his son Ali was slain, and his troops defeated. On this sad reverse, he lost his presence of mind; and, after ineffectual efforts for peace, took to flight, and, pursued by the Turks, shut himself up in the rocky fortress of Niha. Here they besieged him in vain for a year, and then retired. Soon after, he was betrayed by some of his companions to the Turks, and conducted to Constantinople. Amurath was flattered at seeing a prince so celebrated prostrate at his feet, and for some time treated him with clemency; but soon after ordered him to be strangled, in the year 1631.

The ancient harbour of Sidon was greatly injured, and partly filled up by this prince, to keep his enemies, the Turks, at a greater distance. The air of Sidon, like that of most of the Syrian towns on the coast, is very healthy: the necessaries, as well as some of the luxuries of life, are cheap: butcher's meat, of which there is no regular market, is very cheap; the fruits are various and excellent; the wines of Lebanon, as well as those of Samos and Cyprus, some of them of fine quality and flavour, are here sold at a moderate price. Sidon is much cheaper than Beirout, but it is utterly destitute of what the latter possesses—society. The tobacco-shops present a pretty and varied appearance, the handsome and often gold-flowered glass vases being filled with tobacco of various colours, from the strong weed of Bagdad, which, like brandy, intoxicates the stranger with a few puffs, to the mild and delicate produce of Latikea, of which he may smoke innocently several pipes a day. The population of Sidon is supposed to amount to eight or nine thousand: the narrow and winding bazaars, of considerable length, exhibit a tolerable supply of commodities, and respectably dressed passengers. The exports of Sidon consist of spun cotton, silks, corn, ashes, oil, &c.: the imports are cloths, spices, iron, and drugs for dyeing.

The burial-ground in the plate, with the old ruin, supposed to be the castle of Louis IX., is without the town: the tall trees cast their shadow on the sepulchres, some fallen and ruined, others newly whited and gilt, and covered with sentences in the Turkish character, the head-stones usually presenting a turban on a pedestal. Several women had come to mourn over the graves of their relatives, in white cloaks and veils that enveloped them from head to foot: they mostly mourned in silence, and knelt on the steps of the tomb, or among the wild flowers which grew rank on the soil. The morning light fell partially on the sepulchres, and on the broken towers of the ancient castle; but the greater part of the thickly-peopled cemetery was still in gloom—the gloom which the Orientals love. They do not like to come to the tombs in the glare of day: early morn and evening are the favourite seasons, especially the latter. This burial-ground of Sidon is one of the most picturesque on the coast of Syria. The ruin of Louis tells, like the sepulchres, that this life's hope and pride is like "a tale that is told." When the moon is on its towers, on the trees, and tombs beneath, and on the white figures that slowly move to and fro, the scene is solemn, and cannot be forgotten.

CASTLE NEAR PAMBOUK.

The two fortresses in the plate, uninhabited and partly decayed, are on the coast of Cilicia, and not very distant from the ruins of Pompeopolis; they are called Kirghos, or Pambouk; the one standing on the main land, and connected with the ruins of an ancient town, and the other covering the whole of a small island adjacent to the shore. The former has been a place of considerable strength, being enclosed by double walls, each of which is flanked by towers, and again surrounded by a moat, communicating with the sea by an excavation through the rock of thirty feet in depth. The castle on the island appears to be of a similar age, but owing to its insular situation it has been much better preserved: the wall, which is about eight feet thick and twenty-five feet high, is so perfect, that at a small expense it might still be rendered a strong post. At each of the angles are towers sixty feet high, besides five others of lesser dimensions. An arcade along the inside of the wall, afforded cover to the garrison from missile weapons, as well as from the weather; and two spacious reservoirs in the centre, hollowed out of the rock, contained sufficient water for a long siege. In 1471 these fortresses were captured by the Venetians. They might be converted into a dangerous hold for lawless men. During all the long disorders and wild deeds resulting from the Greek revolution, and of which the Levant has been the scene, the Greek pirates from the isles or the main would have found this fortress an almost impregnable refuge.

The castle on the main land is more interesting and extensive. Its inside area contains a church; and the walls of the city, of which it was the defence, may still be traced; and numerous tombs, catacombs, baths, churches, and dwelling-houses, invite to a patient examination. Of the dwellings, several stood on the margin of the sea, and flights of steps are cut in the rock leading up to their doors.

From these castles to Ayash, and for several miles beyond it, towards Pompeopolis, the shore presents a continued scene of ruins, all of which being white, and relieved by the dark, wooded hills behind them, give to the country an appearance of splendour and populousness, that serves only, on a nearer approach, to heighten the contrast with its real poverty and degradation. On this coast of Caramania, rarely visited by the female foot, lately perished a lady, whose enterprise deserved a better fate. Her Asian journey was the first of her life; she had never previously quitted her native land, but been content to dwell in a country town, whose quiet habits and excitements were suddenly changed, when youth was past, for the wild vicissitude and adventure of the East. There was nothing of the heroine in her temper, which was sedate and calm, resigned and thoughtful,—yet enduring all privations, and meeting all perils, without a murmur, and with few words. She went to Palmyra and Djerash as coolly and collectedly as to Epsom or Ascot, often speaking words of encouragement to her husband, and pacifying his disputes with the guides. The tent, the cavern, the sand for a resting-place, were alike to her equanimity: such a companion in such a journey, is, as the Persian saith,

CASTLE NEAR PAMBOUK.

W. H. Bartlett. W. Hill

HALT OF A CARAVAN IN THE DESERT PLAINS OF GIRGOLA.

FISHER, SON & Co. LONDON, & PARIS 1837.

"like apples of silver on a plate of gold." Attacked by the Bedouins in the desert, put in peril of life, dismounted, and plundered of all their effects, she set out on foot to return to the place whence they came. Fortunate in reaching all the most celebrated ruins of the East, and beholding more than any European woman had before beheld, she might perhaps look back from the great Temple of the Sun, or the sad splendours of Djerash, on the little events and waveless moments of her country home in England, where life had passed, till forty, like a dream—compared to which this one year was an eternity. A few neighbourly visits, a dinner party at long intervals, the joys and sorrows of a few mindless families, who had reasoned against her journey, the care of her own health and her husband's, had filled up the great drama of life—to which a wild, a lofty, an inspiring life had succeeded. Yet it was to be a brief one. They crossed the Jordan, and advanced several days' journey east of the river—a perilous route: the love of adventure grew by what it fed on: from Palestine they travelled to the foot of Mount Taurus; and at last, on the coast of Caramania, little dreaming of destruction, death overtook the unfortunate lady. It was a desolate region in which to die! and it was mournful that the mild and collected spirit, that had thus far triumphed over all ills, should here be doomed to take its departure. Did not the thoughts of home, the home of her youth, her love, her faith, come sadly to the tent on the dreary shore? was the king of terrors welcome here?

HALT OF A CARAVAN IN THE DESERT.

Between the frontier of Cilicia and Adana extend vast uncultivated plains and plateaux, across which lies the dreary caravan-route from Mount Taurus to Aleppo. The traveller fell in with this caravan on the brow of a hill overlooking a broad plain bounded by mountains; a tall tree cast its shadow along the arid slope: there was a well overhung by a fig-tree beside it. The people of the caravan, weary and glad of repose, had turned their horses aside to graze on what herbage they could find: many persons were stretched out on their carpets, and among their goods, smoking or reposing; two were at prayers, in front; others were quarrelling at the well, as in the patriarch's time, who should first draw water for themselves and their cattle. The plain beyond was utterly desolate, and the wind swept clouds of dust from the track across its surface, along which the rear of the caravan was slowly advancing, a few on camels, many on foot: a diminutive scene of life and enterprise in so vast and silent a space: so shrunken did they seem while afar off, and their pace slow and feeble, like that of a funeral train. Yet the caravan was a little world of its own; the distinctions of rank and wealth were kept up; the poor trader sat and took his meal apart from the wealthier merchant: the latter sat beside his bales with as much consequence and dignity as if in his own divan, and almost seemed, by the complacency of his air and look, to say, "Soul, take thine ease, for thou hast much goods laid up." The thirst and the hope of gain, as well by little sales and bargains as by great, was the dominant feeling that carried each indivi-

dual across the desert. In our own busy marts and manufacturing cities at home, money is not grasped at with a keener hand and heart than in these desolate places: riches, or the reputation of them, are all-paramount here, even by the lonely palm and the scanty well. The two devotees continued at their prayers nearly half an hour; their mutterings heard, and their genuflexions and prostrations beheld, by most of the troop, not another of whom was zealous enough to imitate them. Arms and baggage, bottles and dishes, were scattered on the ground: some spread their soft carpets, others kindled a fire. No tent was pitched, as it was not to be a night's repose, but a bivouac of a few hours.

The traveller had left Issus early in the morning to proceed to Adana, with a guide. It was a solitary journey. He traced the celebrated shore where the battle of Darius and Alexander was fought, for several hours, sometimes along the sand, sometimes through the morasses caused by the stoppage of the mouth of the streams, under Mount Amanus. In the distance appeared some villages, but not a hovel gladdened the desert path. On reaching the end of the gulf, he entered a wild valley, and came to a ruin, apparently of Roman construction, and forming a very picturesque object: then passed over open downs, bleak and uncultivated, till evening, without a single habitation, and scarcely a human being in the way: "the land is utterly desolate." At length, a ruinous-looking place appeared on the sterile slope of a hill, which the guide said was Girgola, and that it was the resting-place for the night: a miserable spot, from which even the wearied frame instinctively shrank. On approaching its ruinous wall, it appeared to be a fortified station, for this country was formerly very dangerous, being scoured by robbers. At the portal, no beings were visible, save some beggars; and within, only a single cottage was inhabited. On lying down on the squalid floor to rest, despair of getting safely through this district crept over the thoughts, which the utter desolation of the spot had completely saddened. The wind swept in fitful gusts over the ruinous places of Girgola: there was no voice of kindness or welcome; even the mercenary welcome, so freely given to the Frank traveller, in the certainty of being well paid, was wanting: the beggars hovered about the cottage, and besought relief with clamorous voices. It was in vain to think of rest or refreshment here: night was drawing on, and no other place was within reach: but relief was at hand, from a source that even fancy could hardly have anticipated. The guide came running up, with the intelligence that a caravan was at half an hour's distance: this was joyful news: here was security and human society at once. The cottage was left, the horses mounted, and the caravan soon reached. It was truly cheering: with what joy was the carpet spread in the midst of the group represented in the plate! Never did the company of one's fellow-creatures seem more delightful. It mattered little that we were of various climes, complexions, and faiths: after the utter solitude and anxiety from which we had just escaped, there was a home, a glad, a social feeling about the group, even in their looks and voices, in the very fire that burned brightly beside.

The sun sank sublimely beneath the distant mountains; unbroken by a cloud, its glory fell on the dreary plain, from which it passed slowly and magnificently away,

W. H. Bartlett F. Young

ALEXANDRIA.

FISHER, SON, & Co. LONDON, & PARIS, 1837

leaving a sadness behind, so cheerless seemed the desert after its departure. Very soon, the whole caravan slept around. Stretched on the ground, with the sky for a canopy, each one forgot his fatigues and cares: the rich man on his carpet, the poor man on the bare ground or beneath the tree: the deep silence was broken by the gusts of wind that swept the hill from the vast plain beneath, on which there was a faint star-light. The traveller fell asleep the last of the party, and at midnight was awoke by his guide. He was again all alone: the caravan had all started, while he slept, for Payass. The moon was rising feebly over the wild and now deserted ground. Again he pursued his solitary way, which for the first hour he could scarcely distinguish. The caravan had pursued an opposite direction. The plains were lone and dreary; the rank grass rustled in the night wind: on the distant side of Mount Taurus glared the fires of the charcoal-burners. The guide was seized with a panic, and master and man sometimes started at the sounds of their own horses' feet, fearing they knew not what. How welcome was the dawn, although it lit up the same unvaried desolation! This vast plain appeared wholly uninhabited. Passing the mountains, on which was not even a single hut, and starting gazelles and partridges at every step, he descended to the banks of the river Syhoon or Pyramus.

ALEXANDRIA.

The sad town, and dreary vicinity, are seen to advantage in the lovely moonlight of Egypt. On the left, in the distance, is the large harbour, the men-of-war, and the palace of the pasha at the extremity, and the fort: to the right is the city, the dwellings of the consuls and merchants, the old harbour and its castle. The large building in front is a handsome mosque, erected by the pasha, and a tomb to receive hereafter his remains. The interest of this town is soon exhausted by the traveller, who in a few days becomes weary of its dulness and desolation: not a single pleasant walk or ride without the gates, into the flat, sandy, stripe of country, without trees or gardens. Its climate is not always the pure and brilliant one pictured by the fancy: even in June, the air on the banks of the canals is, in the morning, damp and foggy; in winter the rains are often heavy, the narrow and wretched streets full of pools, and unpaved. A rainy day in Alexandria in December or January is one of the most disconsolate things in the world: the inmate of the inn looks out of his casement window, scarce knowing what to do with himself: shivering in the comfortless rooms and the sharp sea-winds, he sighs for his native fire-side, or for the sultriness of Egypt, which he will soon feel after leaving this town. After a Christmas dinner at the consul's, the whole party, Spaniards, English, and Italians, were delighted to adjourn to another and smaller room, where a capital fire was blazing.

There is much commercial activity here, in striking contrast to the indolence and want of enterprise so apparent throughout Egypt: ranges of storehouses, bales of goods, and piles of timber, often cover the beach: the numerous shipping give life to the scene,

vessels of various forms and dimensions, belonging to different nations; the pasha's sloops of war and sail of the line, the large European merchantmen: the Oriental small craft, with their curiously-shaped rigging; the trim-built Greek vessels of admirable construction; and the clumsy Syrian germs which regularly navigate this dangerous coast, and in one of which, embarking for Acre, we had a tedious and comfortless voyage. The custom-house and arsenal, which is never without a ship of war on the stocks, are not far from the principal landing-place of the new port. The best, indeed the only good houses in the place, are those of the European consuls and merchants; the apartments are often spacious and even comfortable, and looking on the sea, which is the only pleasant and cheerful object. The quays of the two ports are in a great measure formed of the materials of old Alexandria. The mosques, the public warehouses, and even the private dwellings, contain fragments of granite, marble, and other stones, which clearly indicate that they once belonged to ancient edifices. In dry weather, full of dust, and of mud when it rains, the unpaved streets offer a wretched promenade; the houses of the native inhabitants present an entrance-door and a blank wall to the street, with now and then a huge projecting window above, so closely latticed, and its apertures so small, that the inmates seem to be immured in a gloomy prison.

Alexandria is a place of considerable trade, being the chief port by which the products of Egypt are exchanged for those of the various countries of Europe, most of whom have a consul resident here. In 1827, 605 ships entered the port, and rather more than that number cleared out. In the following year, there were about 900 arrivals, and rather less departures. The particular arrivals of the latter year will give a better idea of the trade of Alexandria: 293 Austrian, 136 English, 139 French, 102 Ionian islands, 23 Russian, 110 Sardinian, 34 Tuscan, 15 Spanish, 13 Swedish, 14 Sicilian; and the departures of vessels of these various countries were nearly equal in number.

The markets are tolerable in this place; ordinary provisions are excellent in quality, and of moderate price; figs, apricots, mulberries, and bananas, very plentiful; also, ices every evening in the Italian coffee-houses, to which large cargoes of snow are annually imported from Candia. Wine is very dear, being all imported: even the Sicilian Marcella wine, that sells in Italy at a shilling a bottle, brings treble here and in Cairo. The town has no fresh water; the inhabitants have recourse to the cisterns, which are filled partly by the winter rains, and partly by water brought from the canal. This canal, called the new canal, the ancient one of Cleopatra, was restored and completed by the present pasha, at a great expense, and still greater loss of life: out of the 150,000 Arabs, by whose incessant labours it was finished, 20,000 died of fatigue. These poor men, taken from their homes in Upper Egypt, from their hamlets and villages, were cheerful and unrepining in the midst of their severe and protracted toils. The writer often saw them toiling in the bed of the canal, in a most sultry day, and allowed no cessation of labour, save during their meal at noon. They were a very great multitude; instead of plaints and murmurs, they beguiled their tasks by a kind of wild and plaintive chant. Their meals, while at work, consisted only of bread and water, and each man received the amount of a penny a day; but money, even this small sum, is valuable on the Nile.

This canal unites Alexandria with the Nile, and joins the Rosetta branch of the river at Foua: its length is about forty miles: it is navigable by boats of considerable size, but is already much injured by deposits of mud. It has totally ruined the trade of Rosetta, but has, in a measure, converted Alexandria into the metropolis of Egypt, and made it the seat of government, and the centre of commerce.

Donkeys are the only conveyance: they are the hackney-coaches of this town and of Cairo; for no native or stranger thinks of walking in Egypt: they are, more especially in the latter city, a handsome race of little animals, very superior in agility, as well as beauty, to their brethren of Europe. The population of Alexandria amounts to 35,000: of these, 3000 are English; Maltese and Ionians under English protection: about 500 French, Germans, Swiss, and other natives of the Levant, are under French protection; about 1,500 Greeks, Italians, Austrians, and Spaniards: making a total of nearly 5000 foreigners.

Divine service is regularly performed on Sundays in a suitable apartment under the consular roof, which is neatly fitted up; but out of the numerous body of English residents, not more than a dozen generally attend: the place is termed "The Protestant English chapel;" the service is performed by a resident missionary, who was a Wesleyan. There are three inns; the two largest kept by Italians. English travellers will find at the establishment of Mrs. Hume, on the plan of a boarding-house, a comfort and cleanliness which are strangers at the inns. There is every effort to please, with excellent accommodations: hours of eating are fixed early, as they are in most of the European houses. The guest of the consul here and at Cairo must consent to dine, at first much against his will, soon after noon: at the most sultry hour of the day, the table is covered with a hospitable and substantial meal, for breakfast in Egypt is taken early and sparingly—a cup of coffee and a little bread. The evening meal is taken, as throughout the East, after sunset.

THE LADDER OF TYRUS,

A PASS ON THE COAST NEAR TYRE.

The route from Acre to Tyre is very wild and varied: a three-hours' progress over the fine plain of Acre, in which a lonely khan on the shore receives the benighted traveller, ends at the foot of bold cliffs, of toilsome ascent. The path overhangs the sea, which it commands beautifully yet fearfully, to a great extent, behind and in front. All is not barren; the naked masses of rock are often relieved by more fertile places, covered with lavender and rosemary, with a sprinkling of lofty trees: here the shepherd leads his flock for pasturage. It is a silent, sublime, and sea-beat scene, recalling vividly many portions of our native coast, where the Atlantic rolls its strength on the granite precipices; so like in feature, in sound, in association, that at times the fancy can scarcely believe this to be part of the ruined Land of Promise. Thickets of myrtle and bay at intervals border the path. The "Ladder of Tyre" is placed by some travellers on the mountain Nakhora, the first ascent from the plain of Acre; but this designation seems rather to belong to the white promontory represented in the plate. The path, cut through the calcareous rock, is narrow and rugged; in one part it is really perilous, vast perpendicular precipices, the sea below, and a horrible path above. The traveller will find it safest here to dismount, if he wishes to enjoy the wild sublimity of the scene, and listen calmly to the fierce music of the waves which beat against the rocky base. From the jutting point, on which is the ruined watch-tower, Tyre is first beheld. The noon-day light was full on its rocks, its peninsula of sand, ruinous places, and modern homes: no cry of the mariner, no voices from the crowded mart, or from the chambers of luxury, came over the waters.

"In thought I saw the palace domes of Tyre,
The gorgeous treasures of her merchandise;
I saw the precious stones and spiceries,
The singing-girl with flower-wreathed instrument,
And slaves whose beauty asked a monarch's price.
Forth from all lands all nations to her went,
And kings to her on embassy were sent.

THE LADDER OF TYRUS.—A PASS ON THE SEA COAST, NEAR TYRE.

W. H. Bartlett. S. Bradshaw

ENCAMPMENT AT RAS-EL-AIN NEAR BALBEC.

I looked again,—I saw a lonely shore,
A rock amidst the waters, and a waste
Of dreary sand;—I heard the black seas roar,
And winds that rose and fell with fearful haste.
There was one scattered tree, by storm defaced,
Round which the sea-birds wheeled with screaming cry.
Ere long came on a traveller, slowly paced;
Now east, then west, he turned with curious eye,
Like one perplexed with an uncertainty.
And this was Tyre, said he, how has decay
Within her palaces a despot been!
She stood upon her isles, and in her pride
Of strength and beauty, waste and woe defied;
Her ships, of gilded prow and silken sail,
Oh gallant ships! 'gainst you what might prevail!
Ruin and silence in her courts are met,
And on her city-rock the fisher spreads his net."

HOWITT.

ENCAMPMENT AT RAS-EL-AIN,

NEAR BALBEC.

This wild scene is on the plain of Balbec, about two miles from its ruined temples; the range of the Anti-Libanus mountains in front. The decayed walls and arches on which the watch-fire is glancing, are those of a Christian church. The bivouac was that of an English party, so Orientalized by their robes, turbans, and beards, as to look like true believers in the Koran, and impose even on their own countrymen. A night and scene such as this, and they do not come rarely in a Syrian journey, is delightfully exciting: no pleasant chambers, gardens, or fountains are half so luxurious to the fancy as this brilliant night on the plain of Balbec—the great temples dimly yet awfully rising at a distance—the shepherd and his flock on the opposite bank, that was faintly covered, like the stream that bathed it, with the moonlight.

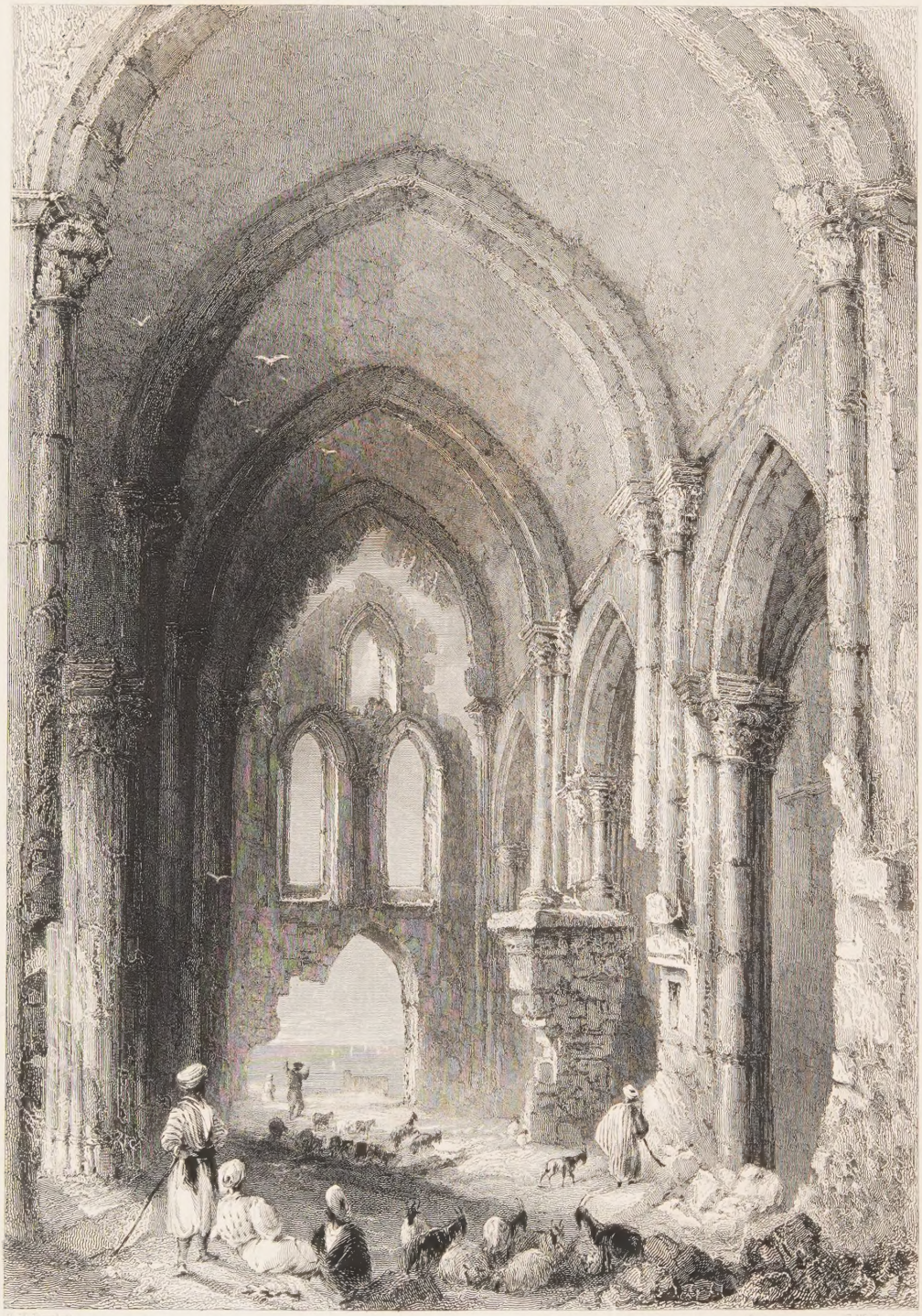
The traveller, previously furnished by the consul with letters to the party at Ras-el-Ain, proceeded to their encampment, and left gladly the straggling and ruined homes of the town of Balbec, great part of which, with the two mosques, is abandoned to decay; even in the principal streets, few houses seem to be inhabited. It was soon left behind, and he entered the open plain, bounded at a short distance by Anti-Lebanon. The night was fresh and inspiring: the wind swept down from the mountain, the stream of the Liettani looked cold and refreshing as the streams of his dear native hills; the air was

filled with the odour from the wild herbage and gardens: lights, from some cottages at a short distance, glittered in the river: on making for them, he came upon the scene represented in the plate. It was a glad transition: the squalid house of the Greek priest was a fit home for the satyr: in the town just quitted, all was dreary and desolate; nothing to be seen but encumbered streets, dilapidated houses, forsaken hearths—for this ill-fated place, in a district richly gifted by nature, and once so decorated by art, has so often suffered in the conflicts produced by the rival interests of neighbouring chiefs, that the habits of domestic life have been broken up, all stimulus to industry destroyed, and the population have gradually departed to other homes. The priest expected the return of his guest to his cell; but Ras-el-Ain was far too tempting a spot to be forsaken. Consigning his horse to the care of a servant, and entering the tents, the party were reclining, in great comfort, in the Turkish style, and received him with an earnest welcome. How quickly men become intimate, and feel at ease and at home, with each other in a lonely spot like this! even the restraint and reserve of the English, so anxiously maintained in cities and salons, melt away here like snow from the mountain; and he who at home would be stiff, and cold, and cautious in his advances, is, in the desert, at first a frank and confiding, and soon a sincere and attached, companion.

A young English lady, Mrs. ——, was reclining on an ottoman, and, like her husband, who was chief of the party, was dressed à la Turque, in which she appeared to advantage: a celebrated artist, long resident in Egypt and other parts of the East, accompanied them. Refreshments were served, of a nature and variety that brought the tables of England to memory, and were very unusual in this wilderness. The hosts being accomplished and well-informed people, having also travelled much, the conversation was animated and interesting; the evening passed delightfully. To the mind, to the fancy, and the frame, this spot was an oasis in the desert. From the wilderness, dimly lit up by the rising moon, and through the rapid stream, the traveller had entered suddenly the encampment. The uncouth presence of the monk and the rude Turks of the town, was succeeded by the rare one of female gentleness and refinement: it was a long time since he had met with a countrywoman, and in this wild place, when least expected, her conversation, her English tones, were like music.

Quitting the tents for the side of the large fire which the servants had kindled, the scene without was remarkable: the domestics, well armed, were stretched round the pile, whose glare flashed on the white drapery of the tents, and on the dim walls of the ruined church. At a short distance, the fountains of the river, called the "sweet springs," formed a large glassy pool, the shepherds' haunt; and the delicious stream, rushing transparently over the green sedges, was of itself, to one who had crossed the sultry plain of Balbec, quite an engrossing object. How true to nature and to feeling are the scripture images of joy and prosperity compared to "a fountain of waters in a dry place, to the cold flowing water in a thirsty land."

The little grassy enclosure of the camp was sheltered by the walls of the ancient church, and shadowed by a noble old tree, through whose branches the moonlight fell.



The English consul from Beirout arrived a few days after: another tent was pitched, the British flag put up, and the encampment assumed a very animated appearance. The repasts were gay and social; the supplies were got, not without difficulty, from the neighbourhood. Bread and fresh butter, with water-cresses from the brook, were a luxury. The emir of Balbec used to come in the afternoon, sitting with his retinue and friends in the shade of the tree on the other side the stream, take coffee, and enjoy himself. His people were quite obstreperous: even the old white-bearded men were as playful as schoolboys, racing with each other, flinging their slippers, &c. He invited the whole party to coffee; but they declined, the consul deeming his excellency no better than a thief whom Ibrahim Pasha had put down for a while. Every one felt sorrow when the party broke up, and the tents were taken down, and the baggage packed up: the traveller watched their departure till he lost sight of them—poor Ras-el-Ain then looked lovely as ever, though all its life was gone. It was a spot of melancholy sweetness, and melancholy to his mind are some of its remembrances, for his friend and previous companion, the consul, died a few days after at Eden: he first felt unwell at Ras-el-Ain, and the traveller was taken ill the next day, and removed to the ruins of the old church, the only shelter. Perhaps some mischief, some noxious influence, lurked beneath the happiness and beauty of Ras-el-Ain.

CHRISTIAN CHURCH AT TORTOSA.

The ruins of Tortosa, backed by the long range of the Anzayra hills, present a picturesque appearance from the island of Ruad. Landing from this isle at the mouth of a small river, a walk of half an hour along the sand brought the traveller to the ruin. It is not, as Pococke remarks, of the Corinthian order, but a bastard Gothic, probably built by the crusaders; the capitals of the pillars are a kind of Composite: the *tout ensemble* of the place is gothic. This church stands alone on the shore, at a short distance from the poor town of Tortosa: desecrated by vile uses, defaced by time and the tempest, it is surprising that it is still a strong and massive ruin. Maundrell observes in his time, "It is 130 feet in length, in breadth 93, and in height 61. Its walls, and arches, and pillars are of a coarse marble, and all still so entire, that a small expense would suffice to recover it into the state of a beautiful church again. But to the grief of any Christian beholder, it is now made a stall for cattle, and we were, when we went to see it, almost up to our knees in dirt and mire." Since this visit, it has fallen into further decay: the view of the sea and the brilliant sky, seen through the broken arches of its doors and windows, is very fine. In the island of Ruad, to which the boat returned in the evening, there is little to interest; it was anciently populous, and defended by two strong castles, which were necessary against the corsairs: at present one only of these exists, a Moorish

sort of castle. The population of the place are all Turks, and from time immemorial have been boat-builders and sailors. There was here a kind of gentleman who called himself consul, appointed by the consul of Syria: he kept a tobacco-shop, and was very civil. The shipping that come here take in tobacco, of which a great quantity is grown on the continent.

CASTELORIZO,

NEAR RHODES.

There is perhaps no navigation in the world so beautiful, varied, and ever-changing, as that of the Grecian archipelago. In his own hired bark, the traveller departs at sunrise from some favourite isle, where he has lingered a few days, and sees afar off in the horizon the hills and cliffs where he is to halt at the close of day; and on the right and left, as he cruises along with a fine breeze and brilliant atmosphere, are other isles, of wild or fantastic form, which tempt him sometimes to tarry, and try the hospitality of their homes, the flavour of their wines, the beauty of their scenery. The sea is sometimes peopled with the isles, and you pass slowly among them; and at sunset such a passage is delightful: the boats of the fishermen on the wave—their hamlets on the beach—the convent on the cliff.

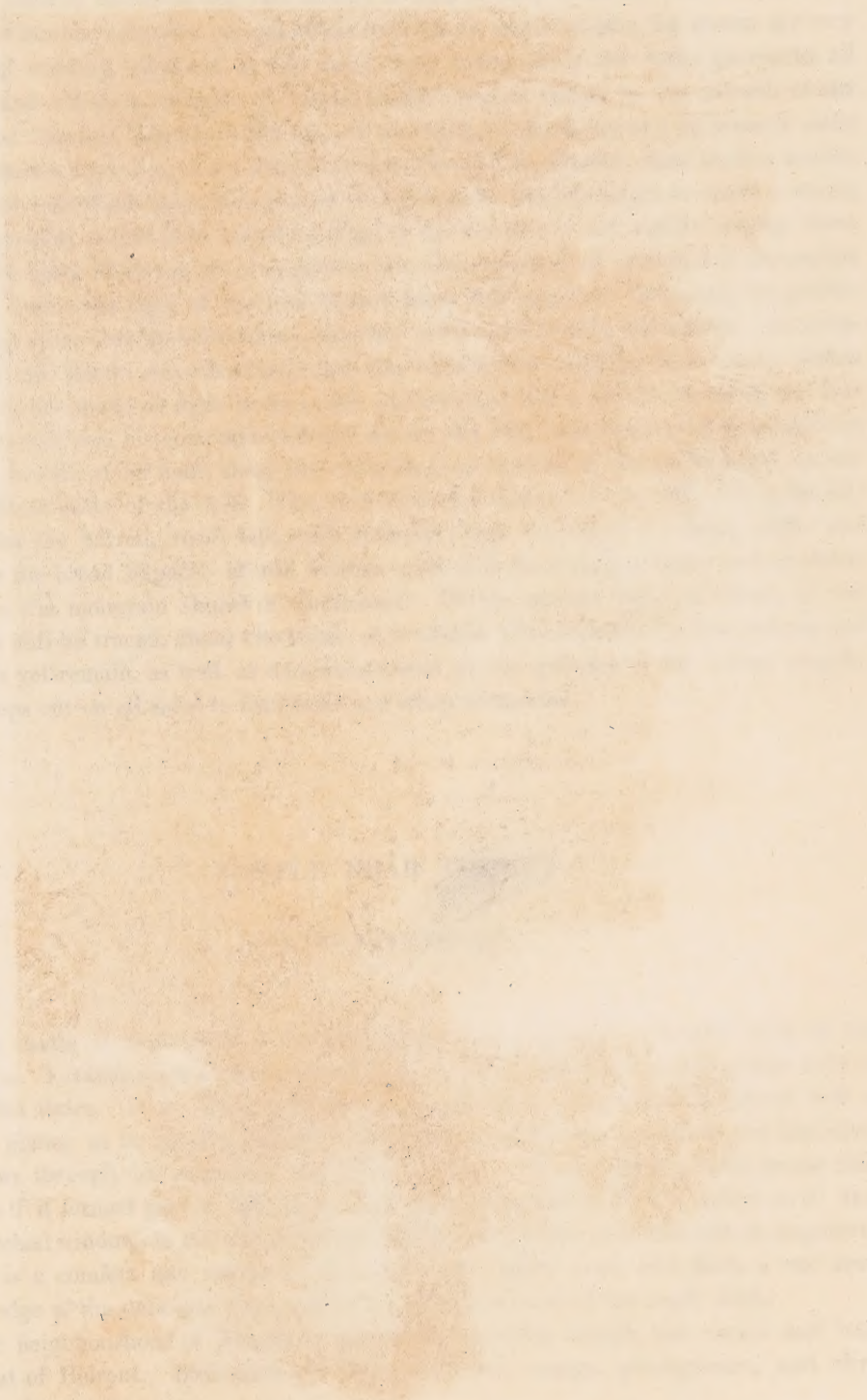
The singular island and town of Castelorizo are situated not far from Macri, on the coast of Asia Minor: their appearance from the sea is wild and witch-like. The island is very arid and barren; an immense rock of a dull red hue, relieved by the blanched tints of some lighter cliffs, by a few olive gardens, and a little stunted vegetation: the latter generally surround a villa, of which even the red isle is not wholly destitute. Most of the provisions are brought from the continent of Asia Minor, and it is rather puzzling to divine whence, for it appears nearly as barren as the island itself. Several vessels were on the stocks in the port. The servant landed, but could not contrive to bring off a loaf of bread. In stormy weather, when the wind is full on the opposite shore for a long time together, the inhabitants must suffer from scarcity. The vintage song, the shepherd's pipe, the sound of the wind in the grove, is not heard here, only the breakers' dash on the rocky beach. All around the island is what may be called a sponge-diving, which is the occupation of a great number of divers, who may be seen plunging from the rocks into the sea in quest of sponges, in which there is a considerable trade: they are sent to Rhodes and Smyrna. The aspect of the town is poor; it is thinly peopled; the local attachment must be strong that can bind the islanders to their rock. Castelorizo would be a sea-beat dungeon to the traveller, who should be compelled by adverse weather to spend a few weeks there. Coffee may be had; but fruit, wine, bread, such as may enter civilized lips, fresh meat—all these are apocryphal luxuries: in an auspicious moment

CASTELORIZO, NEAR RHODES.

W. H. Bartlett. W. F. Starling.

CASTLE NEAR TRIPOLI, ON THE RIVER KADESHA.

FISHER, SON & Cº LONDON & PARIS. 1837.



these may possibly be found, but rare indeed is their sojourn in the red isle. In some of the steepest streets, steps are cut out of the rock for an easier ascent; the streets are very narrow and winding, cleansed by the rains, that sweep down the rocky pavement all uncleanly and offensive things. A castle, partly ruinous, stands on the summit of the cliff, several hundred feet above the sea: it was built by the Genoese; its massive walls and battlements have long been almost useless, though the Greeks, once more a nation, will probably put them again into a state of defence, for the isle might be made a strong fortified position. The bold island-bearing of the Greeks is not visible among these people, who have more the air of captives; the consciousness of poverty and discomfort is in their look: the faces of the women look hard and sea-beat; there may be gentler and lovelier faces even in Castelorizo, but they were not visible in the streets. At noon-day, when the latter were deserted, and the inhabitants enjoying their siesta within doors, or in the shade of their houses, the place looked like a city of the dead, the feet of the traveller and his companions being almost the only ones heard on the precipitous streets. A walk of an hour along the cliffs leads to the site of the ancient city, on one of the loftiest parts of the isle. The view from the summit of the hill was splendid; beneath lay the barren, rocky isle, with scarcely a tree to relieve its fierce cliffs, and beyond it the broad expanse of the Adalian gulf with its countless isles; and on either side were the mountain shores of Caramania. Of the ancient city, the circuit of the walls can still be traced, about two-thirds of a mile in circumference: a few cisterns and reservoirs yet remain, as well as numerous traces of the industry of the former people, in the steps cut on all sides to lead from one steep to another.

CASTLE NEAR TRIPOLI.

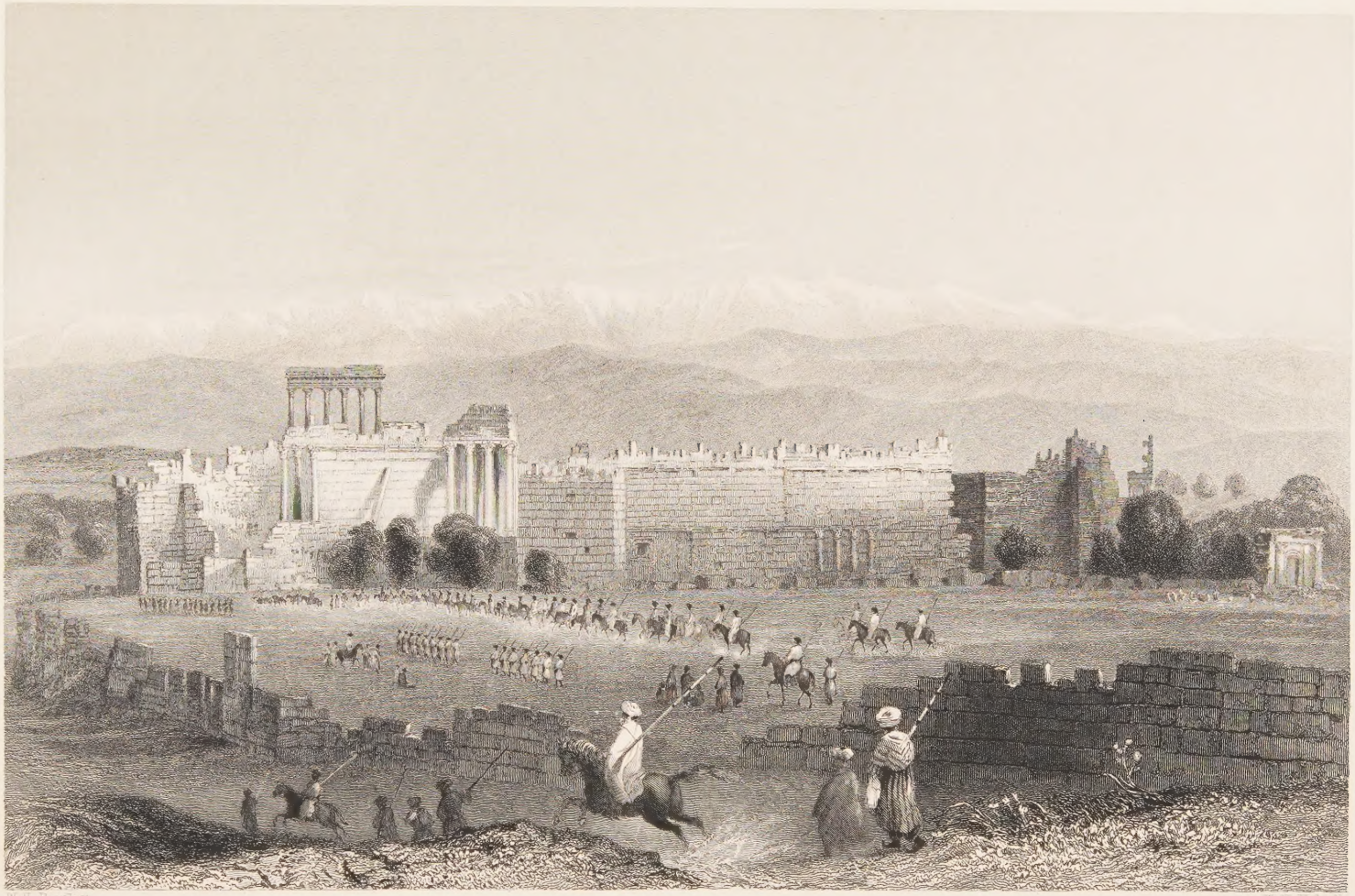
ON THE RIVER KADESHA.

This castle is said to be a Saracen edifice, but was more probably built by the crusaders: it stands on a declivity above Tripoli, and looks like an old baronial hold of the feudal times. It is rarely entered by the traveller, who contents himself with a passing glance at its gloomy exterior: beneath its walls is the stream of the Kadesha, as it flows through its exquisite vale into the town. On the left is a coffee-house that looks as if it formed part of the bridge over the stream, and is, in fact, united to it: two small arched windows in the wall give light to the rude interior; yet this café, so singularly placed, is a comfort and refuge to the weary and thirsty man, who finds a rest here on the edge of the delicious river, and in the shadow almost of the castle walls.

The neighbourhood of Tripoli is peculiarly beautiful, though less varied and bold than that of Beirout. Inclosures of vines, mulberry, orange, pomegranate, and olive

trees, every where surround the town. From the hill there is a brilliant landscape, of great part of the town, of the broad current of the Kadesha through its streets, of their many minarets, and the adjacent country, covered with groves and gardens. A few of the streets are wide, (that is, for the East,) with stone houses of two stories; but the town has not a flourishing and prosperous appearance; something like decay and decline is manifest: and the traveller can hardly avoid the persuasion that its best days are passed. Yet Eastern towns not unfrequently wear this dull and spiritless aspect, with a ruined fountain and piles of rubbish here and there, and grass growing in the streets; while the hand of ruin may not be at work within. Bazaars, narrow, gloomy, and of great length, are well stocked with ordinary goods; small trades are industriously carried on in the streets; and, as the neighbouring district produces much silk of an excellent quality, most of the inhabitants are employed in weaving the long striped sashes so generally worn in Mohammedan countries. The commerce of the place is said to be almost exclusively in the hands of Christians, chiefly of the Greek communion. Sixteen thousand is the estimated population of Tripoli, and nearly a third are Christians.

Several French families settled here are engaged in various branches of the silk manufacture; "and it is their opinion," observes a late traveller, "that if an export market could be obtained, an active and profitable commerce in the raw material might easily be established. Sponges are abundant on the coast, of which the English consul received a cargo during the time of our stay. They are procured on the sea-shore, but the best are found at a little depth in the sea. Hitherto, in this misgoverned country, industry and production have never been encouraged, although the fertility of the adjacent valleys would supply not only silk, but other valuable produce in great abundance; and their copious streams might easily be applied to every kind of useful machinery. Should Tripoli remain in the possession of Ibrahim Pasha, its present ruler, which the Christian inhabitants heartily desire, his sagacity and enterprise will soon lead to a judicious examination of these valuable districts, and to the promotion, ere long, of commercial and manufacturing establishments."



W. H. Bartlett. W. H. Kelsall.

GENERAL VIEW OF BALBEC AND ANTI-LIBANUS.

FISHER, SON & Cº LONDON & PARIS, 1837.

GENERAL VIEW OF BALBEC AND ANTI-LIBANUS.

A part of the cavalry of Ibrahim Pasha had halted for a few days near the ruins, and occupied several hours every day in their military exercises. They were active, well-looking men, and well mounted on Arab horses. Among them were many of the horsemen of Lebanon, furnished to his ally by the Emir Busheer: each was armed with a long lance, a sabre, some with muskets slung behind the shoulder. They went through their evolutions on the plain, at the foot of the great wall of the temple. Their appearance, in their light-coloured cloaks, amidst the ruins, was very picturesque: their movements were rapid, and they sometimes scoured, like the wind, past pillar and wall, breaking, with loud cries, the stillness of the place. Their white tents beyond gave life to the plain; the piled arms, the coursers fastened beside, the barbarian forms moving beneath the trees, or reclining on the fallen masses of the temple, were in wild contrast to its gloomy magnificence.

This is a general view of Balbec. The great outer wall, much shattered, is chiefly visible, with a part of the portico of the great temple, the half only of whose columns are on this side standing: one of them has fallen, and still reclines with its capital against its parent wall, its foot resting in the transparent pool beneath. Beyond, rising darkly above all the remains, are the six lone and mournful pillars, so remarkable for their beauty. The small stream of the Liettani encircles the great temple, and reflects its noble columns, and murmurs and chafes around its fallen fragments. Fortunately for Balbec, Ibrahim Pasha has not the destroying taste of the former conquerors who came here: what with the ravages of the Turks, of Fakr-el-den, the celebrated Druse prince, and of earthquakes—it is a wonder that so much yet remains of this majestic pile. More than once converted into a fortress, with the ancient materials towers and fortifications were raised. Although the frequent march and halt of portions of Ibrahim's forces, and the nearness of the seat of war to Balbec, endangered the safety of these precious remains, they have been uninjured. Homs, where the first great battle was fought, is only a journey of a day and a half distant.

On the extreme right is the small circular temple, detached about sixty yards from the other ruins: its simple beauty, its monumental aspect, are refreshing after the grandeur and vastness of the great temples. Like them, it is built of a compact limestone, capable of taking a fine polish, and resembling coarse-grained marble. It is found at a short distance, and is white when recently fractured, though exposure to the atmosphere gives it a yellow or reddish tinge. This edifice was at one time consecrated to Christian worship: its form, unusual and picturesque, is less suited to a heathen temple than to a calmer and purer faith. It is ascended by "a noble flight of steps

leading up to a spacious doorway, richly ornamented with mouldings, and surmounted by a finely-wrought architrave. About forty feet may be estimated as the dimensions of the interior: its exterior exhibits the singular arrangement of six Corinthian columns, disengaged from the wall, each, when perfect, supporting a projecting portion of rich entablature, which gives it, at a distance, an hexagonal appearance: there are niches between these columns for statues." These slender columns, of which four only are in tolerable preservation, are very beautiful; the roof has fallen in; the material of the edifice looks at first to be marble, for which it has often been mistaken.

The accommodations for the traveller are wretched at Balbec: the Greek convent, if it deserves the term, is mean and dirty: in the small court are a few dreary cells, the refuge of Europeans, and one of which was our lodging. The spacious and dim vaults beneath the temples would have been a more clean and impressive asylum. A few Christian families reside in the town, to whom one poor priest ministers: the rest of the inhabitants are Mahometans.

FERRY OVER THE ORONTES.

This ferry is several hours distant from Antioch: the breadth of the river is here about sixty yards; the banks are high and picturesque, and are sprinkled with olive and other trees. The river here flows with a smooth and slow current, and is about six feet deep. This ferry is much used by the inhabitants of the villages and hamlets to some distance around, for the conveyance of their cattle and produce. A rude cottage on the right bank is the home of the ferryman, whose office is not a very laborious one, as the boat is towed or pulled over chiefly by means of a rope fastened to posts on each bank. The traveller in this region should be provided with a good tent, as the cottages and hamlets offer a disagreeable shelter by day, and a squalid one at night. The weather is sometimes so sultry as to render a progress on this route exhausting; many hours, and even a whole day, must then be passed in one spot in indolence and inaction: the shade of one's own tent, pitched beside the tree or the stream, wherever the fancy dictates, is the best asylum, where we can read the few volumes that are the companions of the way, and think at ease; and take the pipe and coffee, the only real physical luxuries of the East, as the sun is going down over the splendid landscape; and nurse the watch-fire when night is darkening, and the cry of the jackal comes from the hills. In such scenes, let not the wanderer complain of being solitary, or wish for a circle of his fellow-men, or even for one of the familiar faces of past days: he will soon learn, as he proceeds, that perfect independence is delightful, and is even essential to the full success and enjoyment of an Oriental journey, in which diverse opinions and tastes must not mingle: one will, one hope, one settled purpose, ought to be the sole companion. There

FERRY OVER THE ORONTES.

are few instances of fellow-travellers journeying long together in harmony in these countries; the frequent perils and troubles of the way, the uncertainties, and hopes destroyed, try the temper and patience: the route must be changed, and a favourite scene or ruin be given up; the choice of one is, perhaps, not that of his companion; each is unwilling to resign what he feels he can see but once in his life. The examples are not few, of men who have left home, associates for weal and woe in this enterprise, and have differed and separated during the first few weeks or months of the journey; others have agreed kindly till deeply tried by some bitter disappointment, or the crossing of some loved plan by another and more obstinate will; and they parted gladly, each to pursue his own career. A traveller of some eminence did not cease long afterwards to reproach his companion with the loss of a journey to Palmyra, an injury never to be repaired. The latter refused to go on account of the dangers of the way, from a quarrel between the Arab sheichs: the expense was too great for a single man; had both been resolved, the journey would have succeeded. Another explorer differed with his companion on the point of an iron bedstead about two feet high, which he insisted on carrying through Syria, to preserve him from the damps of the soil. An additional mule was necessary for this singular luxury, which gave more trouble than comfort. Several have felt their good agreement and union of purpose pass away in Egypt, as if the fierce sun had wasted them: a visit to the second cataract earnestly desired by one, while the other is satisfied not to proceed beyond the first. Damascus detained an Orientalist many weeks, who resolutely refused to leave its beautiful scenes, while his associate mourned daily the loss of time, opportunities wasted, and indelible things lost. Two friends, as far at least as six months' companionship can make men so, differed in opinion so seriously about the wine of a town where they were dining, that they parted, to see each other no more. One perished mournfully a few weeks afterwards: had his friend been with him, his life would have been saved; but the bottle of wine, the "fruitful cause of so much woe," cost ten thousand a year; for he was an only son, and the hope and love of his family. If the traveller can find an intelligent and faithful servant, used to the country, in whom he can confide, and can make a companion of in some of his desolate hours, let him seek no other; he will not then be shackled or thwarted in any of his movements, however wild or perilous: for success in these journeys often depends on the decision of a moment; and he will the less risk the bringing away with him unavailing sorrow for the loss of "what his eyes desired to behold, and shall see no more for ever."

The course of the Orontes is in this spot less attractive than a few hours below, nearer to Antioch. "We now began to follow," observes a traveller, "the banks of the river, and were astonished at the beauty of the scenery, far surpassing any thing we had expected to see in Syria, and even what we had witnessed in Switzerland, though we walked nine hundred miles in the latter country, and saw most of its beauty. The Orontes, from the time we began to trace its banks, ran continually between two high hills, winding and turning incessantly; at times the road led along precipices, looking down perpendicularly on the river. The luxuriant variety of foliage was prodigious; and the rich green myrtle, which was very plentiful, contrasted with the colour of the

road, the soil of which was a dark red gravel, made us imagine we were riding through pleasure-grounds. The laurel, laurustinus, bay-tree, fig-tree, wild vine, plane-tree English sycamore, arbutus, dwarf oak, &c. were scattered in all directions. At times the road was overhung with rocks covered with ivy; the mouths of caverns also presented themselves, and gave a wildness to the scene; and the perpendicular cliffs jutted into the river upwards of three hundred feet high. We descended at times into plains cultivated with mulberry plantations and vines, and prettily studded with picturesque cottages. The occasional shallows of the river, keeping up a perpetual roaring, completed the beauty of this scene, which lasted about two hours, when we entered the plain of Seleucia, where the river becomes of a greater breadth, and runs in as straight a line as a canal."

CONVENT OF MOUNT CARMEL.

The Carmelite convent recently built on the brink of the mountain, is a spacious and handsome building, solidly built of stone, two stories high. Its gates are ever open to the traveller and pilgrim: the reception is most kind and hospitable, not abounding in hollow phrases and flattering compliments, which are current specie in some Eastern convents, but in cheerfulness, frankness, and good nature. This house is a "lodge in the wilderness:" the wretched town of Caipha beneath offers a comfortless asylum; and gladly do the weary feet tread the steep ascent to the convent walls, in whose chambers there is repose, and a rare cleanliness, while their windows look forth on magnificent prospects. After weeks of dirty lodgings and foul associations, is it not delightful to be roused by the convent bells pealing over the wilds of Carmel, to find yourself reposing in linen white as snow, while the morning sun is on the bay of Ptolemais beneath, and on the crests of the mountains of Galilee?

The order of the Carmelites took its origin from the early resort of pious recluses to a place frequented of old by the prophets Elijah and Elisha. Some of the fraternity accompanied St. Louis on his return from Syria to France, and others had previously formed an establishment in Italy. The monks are cheerful and social beings, and trouble themselves but little about the affairs of the world, devoting much of their attention to the duties of their religion, to benevolence, and hospitality, which latter virtues they consider as specially belonging to their order. The necessary funds for the building the convent, which occupied six years, have been in a great measure raised by the personal exertions of one of the brotherhood, an able architect appointed by the papal government to plan and superintend the edifice. In the centre is the church, the dome of which is seen above the flat roof. It is a fine and spacious building, handsomely decorated: the principal altar is placed over the cave so long held sacred as the retreat of the prophet

CONVENT OF MOUNT CARMEL.

Elijah. The town of Acre is seen on the extreme left; the road to it leads along the shore, close to the sea: two of the fathers, in their conventual garb, are in the foreground. There is no hamlet or habitation near the monastery: the few villages of Carmel are at some distance, in its more fertile portions. In the back of the mountain, facing the sea, there is a cavern much venerated by both people and priests: it is more than half-way down the descent; a path cut out of the rock conducts to it. It is of great antiquity, even of the earliest times of Christianity; tradition, which in this case may not err, carries its hallowed use back to many ages previous. It is called the "School of the Prophets." To its shelter and privacy Elijah is said to have fled from the pursuit of his enemies, and the retreat is worthy to be a prophet's refuge. Its solitude is deep; each aspect of nature around is wild and lone, and, at times, beautiful: beneath is the sea. The entrance is partly screened by fig-trees and vines; within is a lofty excavation, of beautiful proportions, at least fifty feet long, with a recess on one side: here the prophet is believed to have taught his disciples and the sons of the prophets. His memory is equally venerated by Christians and Turks. The latter visit this cave, which is entered by a massive gate, in great numbers, and appear to be much edified by the sight, for they preserve a deep seriousness of demeanour. "As I stood," writes the gentleman by whom this and the other sketches were taken, "at the farthest extremity, the light glancing through the half-closed gate, the contrasted features of the Dervise keeper, of the Catholic monks and their European guests, the picturesque Arabs and Armenians, formed a strange sight: all were gathered with reverence on the spot sacred to the recollection of Elijah. From its portal we saw, at the foot of the promontory, the narrow path which Paul must have traversed in his journey from Ptolemais to Cesarea. This is not the only spot on Carmel connected with the prophet. At some distance inland, on the banks of the Kishon, which flows at the northern foot of the mountain, the spot where the guilty priests were destroyed is pointed out. On our ascent to the convent, we observed the distinct traces of terraces and vineyards, built up in the same manner as on the Italian coast. In the night, the howling of the winds, and the driving of the rain against the casement, only heightened our blissful consciousness of internal comfort and enjoyment. We arose late next morning, and found that the friars had been up some hours, and had prepared us such a breakfast as certainly never greeted us in this land before or afterwards. Excellent cakes, just baked, the rich cream of their flocks, Smyrna figs, Candiote cheese, olives, almonds, &c. were spread on the liberal board; and our good hosts seemed to enjoy themselves in waiting on us."

THE VILLAGE OF BRUMHANNA.

IN MOUNT LEBANON.

The difficulties in traversing Mount Lebanon try the patience of the traveller; a distance, in a direct line, of a few miles, to a village or monastery, is often so increased by the sinuosities of the way, as to occupy seven or eight hours: the paths wind round the base of the mountains, and go through the length of valleys, so as to cross them at their extremities, and then ascend hills by difficult traverses, or by steps cut out of the rocks, only passable to mules. But when the point is gained, magnificent is the prospect which it commands, and deliciously pure the air; sometimes eighteen or twenty monasteries can be seen at once. Inferior as is the scenery of Lebanon in many points to that of the Alps, it must be allowed that the Mediterranean, so often and sublimely blended with the Syrian landscapes, contributes wonderfully to their beauty—bathing the feet of precipice and forest, gleaming afar through the long vista of the valley, from the mountain's brow or the convent's terrace.

The pass represented in the plate is in the road from Beirout to Deir-el-Kamar; and, in the words of the artist who has so faithfully and admirably sketched the various views of this mountain and the rest of Syria, "this is the prettiest and one of the boldest passes in Lebanon." The view is taken in a forest of fir-trees, into which you descend just after entering the first lofty range. The village is Maronite, perched at the foot of bare precipices, and on the brink of a wooded descent, that falls into a deep and narrow vale; trees are richly interspersed among the dwellings, which are all flat-roofed, their little windows looking down the steep: on the left is the little church. The route from Beirout to Deir-el-Kamar, of which this is a favourable specimen, is a ride of nine hours: the road, though rugged, is not bad; the emir Besheer has had a new one made the greater part of the way, to facilitate the communication between Beirout and his capital and palace. Hamlets, cottages, convents, and forests, give a variety, a life, and an impressiveness to the way, whose occasional solitude is welcome, rather than dreary. The peasants have a frank and independent air, for their government is not an oppressive one: in their homes there is no poverty: their own industry and exertion procure abundance of the necessaries, and many of the comforts, of life: they are generally civil and kind to the stranger, who is sure of a welcome and a night's lodging, should he require them, beneath their roof: the fire of wood is kindled, the cake baked on the hearth; coffee, fruit, eggs, cheese, and poultry, set before him, which are not, however, given or received gratuitously. The air of this village of Brumhanna is very pure and healthy: the elevation is too partial for the winter rigours of the loftier regions, and the heights around screen it from the fiercer winds. "On ascending the mountain," says a traveller, describing this route, "neat caravanserais, where coffee and fruit were sold, invited the passengers to repose under the shade of some full-branched tree. Having advanced for about two hours, we refreshed at a well, where a cottage served as

VILLAGE OF BRUMMANNA, IN MOUNT LEBANON.

an inn, whose owner offered refreshments to us. We again proceeded up the mountain, striking off to the south-west, by the side of a range of hills, abounding with myrtle in full bloom, through plantations of olives, mulberry, and sycamore, to which were attached vines, twining themselves round the branches, or hanging in festoons. We passed two villages, Ain-el-Anb and Ain-el-Anoob, where the peasantry seemed fully occupied. We then descended into a valley, by a bad and almost impassable road, formed into deep steps by the rains and the constant passage of mules and travellers. The scene was for a short time barren, and even trees were distant from us; we, however, arrived at cultivation on coming to a second range of hills, which we crossed through thickets of myrtle, woods of fir, walnut trees, and crab trees, and descended to the source of the river Damour. We passed, by a stone bridge, over this river, which rushes through a rocky bed in a rapid stream, and ascended again a high range of mountains, from whose summit there is a grand and extensive view of the coast of Syria and the Mediterranean. The road then turns round the side of the mountain to Dar-el-Kamar."

A portion of the village is on the opposite bank of the ravine, and on the summit above is a building, apparently a convent. Many of the monastic edifices are situated in the most wild and singular as well as noble sites. That celebrated Jesuit one of Antoura, wedged among perpendicular crags, resembles a fortress in the side of a ravine, about a third of the way up the mountain; but in what manner accessible, whether from above or below, it is difficult at first sight to conjecture, for no trace of a road is visible. The convent of Ybzumar is a noble establishment: its large divan, the most spacious and well-furnished room in Syria, in any Christian dwelling. In summer it is delightfully cool; but standing on so lofty an elevation, it is visited in winter by tremendous thunder-storms, and enveloped in thick and cold mists. The wall at the end of the divan bears witness, by a large fissure in it, to the alarms which the monks suffer during the mountain storms.

In the convent of Antoura a friend of the writer resided two months, for the purpose of studying Arabic, in which some of the fathers were skilled: he was not a favourite with the inmates, as he freely declared his religious views, and his desire to promulgate them in Lebanon. Many privations were inflicted on him—one meal a day only, and that so scanty, that he was half starved, tasting no animal food or wine. He often retired to the rocks without the walls, to study alone; and here he forgot the unkindness of men, and the savage scenery, wholly occupied in his beloved study till the convent bell warned him to return. His thoughts were often bitter enough, for though the fathers willingly aided his studies, they were not kind or friendly, and at night he sat in his cell, his solitary taper burning, his frame weakened, devouring his Arabic, in which he made a singularly rapid progress: he almost dined, supped, and slept on Arabic, for when he returned to Beirout, his face was pale and thin, his dress dishevelled, and his linen had known no fountain in the convent. He was an enthusiast, and his subsequent career, full of trials, adventures, and privations, was indebted to the lessons of endurance taught him at Antoura.

ZARAPHA,

THE ANCIENT SAREPTA.

The interest of this place is purely scriptural: it is a village situated on the side of a hill, two hours and a half distant from Sidon, and about half an hour from the sea: it looks on either side along a line of plain, tolerably cultivated, that leads to Tyre on the left, and to Sidon on the right. The situation has a wild beauty: the Christian who would fain pass a day amidst the undying scenery of the Old Testament, on the hills where the prophets dwelt, in the silent vales where they prayed and meditated—should desire to spend a Sabbath in Sarepta. The valley on which it looks down, extends some little distance between the hills: its dwellings and its people are homely and pastoral; no ruin of roofless walls or old gateway, covered with grass and wild flowers, is shewn as the remnant of the widow's cottage: tradition has given up its identity in despair, but has preserved the identity of the village; for Sarepta, now called Zarapha, has been inhabited from the remotest times. Although called "a city of Sidon," it was most probably a place of very moderate size and dimensions, the simplicity of whose manners and tastes was uncorrupted by the neighbourhood of Tyre and Sidon: it is sixteen miles from the former, and ten from the latter. The distant groves of Sidon, the fine summits of Lebanon, the wilder hills behind its own wild hill—are all visible from Sarepta.

There is no chapel in the village; it is destitute of religious service throughout the year: as if the numerous monasteries of Lebanon could not spare one priest out of their hives, to dwell here, or to gather on the Sabbath its villagers, who are Syrian Christians. The brook that supplied the wants of the widow and the prophet may still be on the hill-side, for "the cold-flowing waters that come from the rock of the field," are not wanting. Each of the cottages has two, or at most three little windows, and two chambers with earthen floors, and a raised divan of earth against the wall: the stranger is welcome, and the best fare they can supply is set before him: he wants little in such a scene, save the pipe and cup of coffee, and liberty to remain a few hours, and see the sun go down on the shore and sea, on the desert and the gardens, on Lebanon and on the noble Sheich mountain, whose wastes of snow are seen in front, towering towards Damascus. The air of the place is healthy, but the winds are wild in winter: there is pasturage in the plain, and even on the declivities, for the flocks: at the foot of the hills are some sepulchral grots cut in the rocks, which were probably the burial-places of the ancient people.

W. H. Bartlett. Jas. Tingle.

ZARAPHA, THE ANCIENT SAREPTA.

A CITY OF SIDON.

FISHER, SON & Co LONDON & PARIS, 1837.

When the writer was in this vicinity, the brook in the plain from which tradition says the prophet drank, was dry; like that of the valley of Elah, whence David took the pebbles for his sling, there was no moisture in its bed: some fragments of ruins were seen here, as also in the plain, where a portion of the ancient Sarepta once stood. It was noon, and the sea fell heavily on the desolate beach: there was not the shadow of a passing cloud on the hills: in a poor dwelling not far from the sea, coffee was sold, and an Arab came forth to invite us to drink. On the summits and sides of the hills were masses of grey rock; the shepherd was watching his flock, and his Syrian pipe was heard. It was a scene to which the Messenger of heaven might have loved to retire: how interesting and beautiful were the wanderings of the great and hallowed characters of scripture, in the desert and the plain, on vale and mountain, where their only communion was the love and presence of their God! The retreat of Elijah, in the gloomy vale at the back of Carmel, is far more desolate than this of Sarepta; yet to the prophet it was indelibly dear.

The poor Arab who sold this coffee could depend only on the custom of the chance passenger: it was seldom that the enthusiast passed his door, and still more seldom that the memorials of ancient and holier times found a responsive chord in the bosom of the native: even the pilgrim does not visit the place. Who is there, in the land, that cares for the grey rocks and ruinous places of Sarepta? who is there that pauses beside the forgotten stream, or hangs his harp on its willow?

The people at work in the plain below are gathering in the cotton on the plantations, on which are employed many of the villagers: in former times it was celebrated for the excellence of its wines, and its vineyards, no doubt, clothed the slope of the hill on which the modern village stands. Nearer to Sidon, the hills are fruitful, and are covered with vineyards; but in Sarepta no man now sits under the shadow of his vine and fig-tree. Yet their condition is not an impoverished one: the soil, where cultivated, is generally fruitful, and well repays the hand of industry: the wants of the natives are few, and their habits frugal: the cultivation of the vines, the cotton, and silk, and the care of the flocks, occupy a great number: vegetables of various kinds are easily and quickly raised: gourds, onions, olives, &c., with a little rice, form a daily and nourishing repast: wine of the common kinds is cheap; and little animal food is consumed. The people, as in ancient times, love the hills for a habitation, rather than the vales; the greater part of the villages are on the declivities. The plain between Tyre and Sidon is wild, but never monotonous, the distant view being always fine: it is crossed by many a dry bed of a torrent, and many a stream, on whose banks are quantities of wild flowers, and the oleander in full bloom and beauty.

APPROACH TO ANTIOCH FROM ALEPPO.

The most interesting portion of the road from Aleppo to this city, is its entrance, at the village of Ashat, into the mountains which divide the great plain of Aleppo from that of the Orontes. This village is built on the summit of a circular, insulated rock, so rugged and abrupt that it appears at first inaccessible. Some way further is Ain-el-Razee, a spring of fresh water, shaded by a single fig-tree, one of the wildest and most romantic spots imaginable. A solitary tree, shading thus a solitary well, has in some situations a strange effect on the fancy: in our ascent of Mount Sinai, we came suddenly to a little oasis of rich verdure, in an amphitheatre of precipices of the most fantastic forms: it was about two-thirds up the ascent of the mountain: we rested here a short time, allured by the singularity and softness of the spot, in a region where we expected only a frightful barrenness. We drank of the well, which was cold and delicious, and sat under the very lofty palm that rose from the bank, and gave its moveless shadow, for there was not a breath of wind, to the waters. There was something melancholy, as well as lovely, in this lone place of rest—welcome to the pilgrim and traveller toiling up the mountain in a sultry day. It brought to mind the wanderings of the Israelites in this region: what a blessing in their journeyings, when their wives and little ones fainted with thirst, must have been the remote and plenteous well! how glorious to the fading eye, the vivid green of the palm and sycamore that stood beside it! From this spot of verdure, which was covered with soft and rank grass, and many wild flowers, the view of the neighbouring crags and precipices was majestic: many hours, even a whole day, might be passed in this hushed and sublime retreat; whose associations and remembrances will live when time shall have yielded to eternity.

The route from Ain-el-Razee leads for some hours over rocky mountains to Elmanas, a large village in a beautiful situation, surrounded with rich gardens: the whole of the route from Aleppo is varied and interesting: comparatively little of it is desert: cultivated plains and vallies, villages finely situated, whose homes may in the East be considered neat and clean: in the way are also found sites of ancient towns, castles, and temples, which are of the Lower Empire, and possess little interest. The soil of the plains is often very rich; and there is many a spot of exceeding loveliness; but the visitations of the earthquake destroy the prestige and darken the charm of the whole territory, portions of which are laid waste when the destroyer assails Antioch or Aleppo. The celebrated Mr. Woolff, the Jewish missionary, travelled this route more than once: in regard to earthquakes, he may be said to bear a charmed life; or rather that life, so devoted to the good of his countrymen and of the heathen, was guarded by a kind Providence. His past preservations, which had been many and merciful, should perhaps have induced him to hesitate ere he set out for the interior of Africa: even with the purest intentions, it is possible to presume too far on former success. He lodged in Aleppo in the house of a Sheich, a man of property and influence: all the family of the host were

APPROACH TO ANTIOCH FROM ALEPPO.

kind to the stranger; for Mr. Woolff has often been fortunate in finding not merely a comfortable, but even a luxurious home; as in the excellent dwelling of the rich Jew at the lake of Tiberias, who had journeyed in his old age hither from his native city Aleppo, and built this dwelling, that he might spend his last days, and die, and leave his bones in Judea, and not far from Jerusalem: perhaps he still lives beside the lake of Galilee, a very old man; but his two sons perished in the earthquake at Aleppo—wealthy and hospitable men, for they were eminent merchants in the city. In the convent of the great patriarch of the Armenians, Mr. Woolff was also luxuriously lodged: he cannot say, with his countrymen of old, "from Dan to Beersheba all is barren;" for he has partaken deeply of the excitements and comforts, as well as buffetings, of life. But in the home of the Sheich at Aleppo, in the afternoon of the fatal day, the missionary felt restless, and entreated his host and family to go with him to the groves without the walls, where they might sit in the shade, for the air was intensely hot, and he would speak to them about religion. The Sheich consented; all the family left the house, and was beneath the shadow of the trees, nearly half a mile from the city, comfortably listening to their guest, when the earthquake came: they scarcely saw the convulsions of the earth, the fall of the walls and houses, all was so quickly shrouded in a dense cloud of dust, which rose over it like the smoke that ascended from the overthrow of the "cities of the plain" early in the morning. The Sheich's house was utterly destroyed: and the whole family saved from destruction by the request of their guest that they might go forth beyond the city beneath the trees. It is not surprising that Woolff considered this a special and gracious interference of Providence, on behalf of himself and the friendly family: it filled his heart with gratitude. I never imagined, whilst his companion to Sinai and some parts of Syria, that he was ever destined to accomplish the journeyings, and to face the dangers he has since done: there was not "the mark and likelihood about him" to promise such a career, though there was fervent zeal, and a capability of great fatigue and endurance. Were he gifted with powers of description and style, few living men could write so interesting, so varied a volume as this gentleman: where will he find rest to the sole of his foot—in Timbuctoo or Pekin? Far better had he gone to Japan, a country and people for whom so little has been attempted, yet more worthy and inspiring than the people of Africa, or the wary and perplexing Chinese. The Japanese are generous, brave, clever: the time must soon arrive, when her gates will be open to the missionary, and to the traveller and man of taste. Mount Sinai was his first journey, when all was strange to him; when, rather than ride on the camel, he would sometimes walk for hours through the sands, keeping pace with the caravan: since then, he has explored the greater part of Asia: after a progress through Persia, he crossed into India, visited the Mogul, and had a conversation with him about religion: was intimate with Runjeet Singh, who made him a present of rupees of the value of £800, which was very acceptable. When did any missionary, in ancient or more modern times, traverse so many, vast, and various countries? even Xavier must cede the palm of extent and rapidity of movement to the Rev. Mr. Woolff.

On the nearer approach to Antioch, the road descends to Salkeen, a village on the south side of the valley of the Orontes, but separated from the river by a ridge of heights, and distant three hours from Elmanas. The river is crossed by a stone bridge, called "the iron bridge" from its gates, which are coated with iron. On the other side of the bridge is a village of Kourds, tributary to the Mutsellim of Antioch. The route from this place lies over the uncultivated plain to one of the ancient gates of the old city: before the traveller reaches this place, he observes the remains of an ancient pavement, and for nearly six hundred yards there is a paved road between pleasant gardens. Immediately within the gate is a clear spring, shaded with trees. On arriving at Antioch, the traveller will find it wisest to seek a home beneath the roof of some respectable native, rather than in the public caravanserai, which is sufficient for an Oriental's tastes and wants, and may serve him who "tarries but for a night;" but cannot be agreeable to the European who desires to prolong his stay. A house like that of Girgius Adeeb is an absolute comfort and luxury, where one feels at home, independent, sincerely welcome, and may remain for days or weeks without wearing out that welcome. We always made it a point throughout our journeys to find out first, in the village or town, whether an asylum could be procured at a private dwelling, before we sought the monastery or the khan. Often we succeeded in doing so, and felt at once at ease: it was the interest of the people to be civil and kind, though the inclination to be so was rarely wanting. Frequently the reception was as earnest and cordial as if we had been old friends of the family: the fowls were instantly killed and dressed, the eggs, the butter, and cakes baked on the earth, and the honey, furnished a luxurious repast, from which wine was seldom absent. The charge throughout Syria, &c. for supper, lodging, and an early breakfast before setting out, is very moderate: the people are thankful for what is given them, the value of the articles consumed being very trifling. If convenient, the traveller should set out long before sunrise, and advance several hours before breakfast; this will diminish greatly the fatigue, and increase the distance of the day's journey: sometimes it was necessary to stop at a little rural café, by the way-side, and, seating ourselves on the bank, beneath some trees, while the horses grazed beside, wait for our breakfast, which was quickly ready—excellent Mocha coffee, with indifferent bread, sugar, but rarely milk; however, the halt, the scene, the pure and fresh air, rendered this delightful. No man becomes an epicure in such a journey: his imagination is so excited and fed every day and hour, that his physical wants and tastes soon become simple, and suited to the way. I remember how acceptable was a piece of bread and some dried dates from the hand of the plundering Arab chief, as we descended the cliffs beneath a burning sun at noon-day, when even a cup of coffee was dear to the fancy only; it would have been as manna. We were approaching the region of Mount Paran; and after passing the sublime front of this mountain, at a short distance we rested at night, in the sand and in darkness, and the fire was kindled, and coffee at last given to us: the wind howled shrilly around us; we were prisoners, and exhausted with fatigue—yet it was one of the indelible moments of life.

W. H. Bartlett. T. Dixon.

SEPULCHRE AT SELEUCIA.

FISHER, SON, & Co. LONDON, & PARIS, 1837.

A few weeks may be most agreeably spent at Antioch: its interior is comfortless, and its populace uncivil and bigoted: the stranger rarely lingers within its walls. But it is now not difficult to procure a comfortable lodging, even should destiny, which is summary in its movements in the East, cut short the thread of the hospitable Girgius's life. The singular and sublime scenes in the environs, the splendid excursions, the memorable associations of Antioch, cannot soon weary.

SEPULCHRE AT SELEUCIA.

This is one of the most entire of the burial-places of the ancient people of Seleucia, the city whence the apostle of the gentiles first embarked on his mission. It was a place of a very remarkable situation, being built on the side of a rocky mountain: the walls stood on high cliffs overlooking the plain. On the south-east side of the city remains a strong gate, adorned with pilasters, and defended with round towers; this was called the Antioch gate, and was almost entire at the time of Pococke's visit, but is now greatly defaced. The city communicated with the sea by an artificial channel cut out of the rock, of a very extraordinary nature and aspect, and described in a former paper on the sepulchres of Seleucia. Some of these sepulchral grots, of which the plate is a specimen, are very grand: they have courts before them, with several apartments, one within another. This tomb is situated high up the rocky face of the mountain; it contains places for coffins, which were no doubt formerly placed here, stone or marble sarcophagi, in which the dead were borne to their mountain grave with honour, for this was evidently the tomb of one of the chief families, as to rank and wealth, of Seleucia. The ambition of the proud and the rich to eternize their memory, could scarcely have chosen a more suitable or wildly impressive situation: almost hung in mid air, on its pillars the eagle might rest, but the foot of man seldom draw nigh. Hewn with exquisite pains and taste, how simple yet beautiful is his sepulchre! the columns of its portico, worthy to be that of a heathen temple; the suite of chambers, the passages, carved out of the bowels of the mountain, so as to seem like a fancy-work rather than the gloomy home of the dead. The dead have long since passed away; their ashes scattered to the winds: no relic of a coffin or urn remains. It is impressive to sit in the shadow of one of these sepulchres, and look through its little colonnade on the many mountain tombs around, all hewn in the rock; on their courts and pillars the fierce sunlight, that cannot pierce the gloom of their interior: the stillness around is that of the grave: no sound of earth seems to come up to these lonely regions, save the wail of the wind on the cliffs above, and the distant beat of the sea.

In a sepulchre similar to this of Seleucia, save that it was without columns, the writer found an Eastern hermit, or holy man, who dwelt there apart from the world, for

the purpose, or with the pretence, of devotion. He was a fine-looking personage, of middle age, of a tall and spare figure, and a serene and agreeable aspect. His home was dim and gloomy, light entering only through the door: a miserable bed was on the floor, that was thick with the dust of ages, into which the foot almost sank: myriads of bats dwelt in the sepulchre and its inner chambers, and their hideous shapes, flitting through the gloom, looked like the demon figures that visited St. Anthony's cell in the rock. It was in a noble position, and commanded a great extent of desert, river, and mountains; of rise and set of sun in all its glory. The hermit stood at the entrance of his sepulchre, and welcomed us with a smile: in its dimness he loved to pray, rather than in the glare of day without: he had lived here many years, his frugal fare supplied by the villagers at some miles distant; and here he purposed to end his days.

The following well-authenticated relation, apart from its romantic issue to the individual concerned, may serve to give an idea of the dangers formerly incurred in a voyage to the Levant:—

The ruined castles and gloomy caves, so numerous on the coasts of Asia Minor, are fit holds for pirates, and these shores, in the late disorganised state of Greece, were much infested by brigands: the Mistics even still continue to prowl along the coast, and make the straggling merchantship a prey. The artist was more than once, in his voyage in the native boats, in fear of falling in with these rovers. The fate of a sailor from a village in the west of Cornwall, who was taken many years since by a pirate, was singular and interesting: he still lives, a prosperous and wealthy man, to tell his tale; but he has abjured his faith, and is now a Mahometan. The vessel, in which he was mate, was bound to the Levant, and was taken by a pirate, when within sight of the north coast of Africa, and carried into Algiers: the crew were sold as slaves in the market, for there was at this period, which was previous to the expedition of Lord Exmouth, a sale of slaves whenever prizes were brought into port. The captain and most of the crew were sold to purchasers in the town; but the mate became the property of an elderly Turk, who resided at a country house without the walls. This house was in a garden, and situated on one of the finest declivities around the town, and had a prospect of the sea-shore, that was very bold and beautiful. The captive was put to work in the garden: this was his daily and only employment; his treatment was kind, for his master was a humane old man; neither was his work too severe: his food was good and plentiful,—so that, except that he was a slave, his condition was comfortable enough. But he made himself very miserable at first, because he was not free, and knew not when he should be so: perhaps never again; and he would pause often in his work, and fix his eyes on the vessels of

various nations, sailing along the Mediterranean, full in view, though at a distance, of the garden. He would sometimes sit down on the bank, and weep at the thoughts of his home, and his parents, and sisters, in Cornwall: they knew nothing of his fate, and he had no means of informing them. He was a handsome young man, with the fine complexion of his native county, and of a gentle disposition: he never imagined, as he carefully tended every day the fruits and vegetables for his master's use, and cleaned the walks that wound beneath the trees down the slope—that he was soon to look upon these things with an eye of pride, not of dejection; and to say at last, with Crusoe on his lonely isle, 'I am monarch of all I survey.' The Turk had an only child, a daughter, of whom he was passionately fond: this parental affection is an amiable feature in the character of the Turks, who will caress their children with extreme fondness, even in the streets. The lady, walking often in the garden, which was her only promenade, (so secluded do their females live,) soon took notice of the young gardener, and though a Frank, and an infidel, would frequently stop and converse with him, for he had learned to speak a little in the language of the Moors: these interviews finally fixed her affections upon the poor captive; and with artless simplicity she made her father acquainted with her passion. He who had never denied her most capricious wishes, was not inflexible on this interesting point, but one day, looking graver even than usual, came into the garden, and, approaching the spot where the captive was working, made at once a proposal that he should marry his daughter, if he would abjure his religion, and become a Mahomedan. The Cornish sailor was astonished at the proposal, and desired time to consider of it: he told some of his countrymen afterwards, who put into Algiers, that he had a long and severe conflict in his mind; that he could not bear the thoughts of casting off the pure and simple faith in which he had been brought up from a child: he had written a letter home, to which no answer was ever received; and seemed to be quite destitute, with little hope but of being a slave for many years, perhaps for all his life. On the other hand, the temptation was very great: a young and handsome woman was to be his wife, and he should be heir to all the property of her father. At last he yielded, and they were married, having previously abjured his Christianity, and put on the turban. He lived happily with his Turkish wife several years: then the father died, and all his possessions became theirs.—The husband abandoned all thoughts of returning to his native country, for ever.

The privations and perils of a journey through Syria are often exaggerated: the discomforts are of late years greatly diminished, as well as the expenses. In his tour of above a year, Lamartine spent three or four thousand pounds, an unusually large sum; but this included the purchase of beautiful horses, with which he travelled *en prince*—the most unfavourable way for exploring a country, as well as the most expensive; for a traveller in this style is expected to make handsome presents to sheichs, governors, and their attendants. He received 80,000 francs for his book; so that he lost nothing.

His travels are, however, the very best we possess, of Syria and of many parts of Palestine: the descriptions are faithfully, yet exquisitely given: no traveller has hitherto explored Lebanon so interestingly: still there remains in this noble range of mountains much to illustrate. Its monasteries often afford a comfortable asylum; but the tourist, if he desires cleanliness, must keep clear of the more ascetic retreats. In several of these monastic homes, a few days may be spent most agreeably, in the wild and magnificent scenes of Lebanon, amidst which the sound of the convent bell is sad, yet pleasing. Lady H. Stanhope has observed, that the air along the coast of Syria is the most healthful she has resided in; upon the declivities and mountains it comes fresh and invigorating during a good part of the year. How delicious is the early morn in these regions!—you are summoned to depart as the sun is faintly colouring the sky; and you have many a singular and shadowy scene ere the mists are rolled away, and the gloom of the vales broken: the shepherd's pipe comes shrilly on the air; and the path winds up an ascent, or enters a glen down which the waterfall is dashing, and perhaps the chant of a neighbouring convent stealing: you rest at noon in the shade of some trees, or of overhanging rocks; and at evening your day's progress is agreeably finished at the house of the Maronite sheich, or wealthy villager: the whole family are in attendance; there is no female seclusion in Lebanon—the wife and daughters, neatly dressed, their fine hair braided in long tresses: they prepare his supper with their own hands; perhaps an ecclesiastic drops in, and joins the circle: cleanliness, and even comfort, are not wanting here. The population is considerable in many parts of the way, where it is not necessary to be in suspense, or wander late for an asylum; the declivities are covered with numerous little villages, around which the ground is highly cultivated, either with corn, vines, olive, or mulberry trees. Perhaps the day's wandering has been mostly solitary, in wilds and barren places: how joyous then and welcome a change is this cheerful little community of comfort and contentment!

END OF THE SECOND SERIES.

LONDON: FISHER, SON, AND CO., PRINTERS.

THE GREAT MOSQUE AT ANTIOCH.

SYRIA,

THE HOLY LAND, ASIA MINOR,

&c.

ILLUSTRATED.

IN A SERIES OF VIEWS DRAWN FROM NATURE

BY

W. H. BARTLETT, THOMAS ALLOM, &c.

WITH DESCRIPTIONS OF THE PLATES

BY JOHN CARNE, ESQ.

Author of "Letters from the East."

Third.

FISHER, SON, & CO.
NEWGATE STREET, LONDON; QUAI DE L'ECOLE, PARIS.

ADVERTISEMENT TO THE THIRD VOLUME.

"VIEWS of Palestine and other parts of Asia Minor," remarks the Editor of the Spectator, "which used to be scarce and indifferent, now abound in number and excellence; the best, however—not excepting the beautiful works of art forming the 'Landscape Illustrations of the Bible'—have been made from the rough and slight sketches of travellers, some of whom have preserved only feeble outlines of the more prominent features of the scenery, which have had life and expression given to them by artists unacquainted with the characteristic appearance and effects of the country and clime; so that what we admire as pictures, may want that local truth and congenial character, which are essential to convey a correct idea of the actual scenes as they meet the eye of the traveller. Messrs. Fisher, with an enterprising spirit that deserves to meet with a commensurate recompense, have been at the expense of sending out artists, for the express purpose of taking accurate views of those places and objects in Syria and the Holy Land, which either by their present importance, past glory, or picturesque and national character, are interesting to the public."

The present volume concludes the views thus alluded to,—the first series of "The Turkish Empire Illustrated;" and the Proprietors have now the grateful and pleasing duty of returning their thanks to the public for an amount of patronage seldom equalled—never, they believe, surpassed. The execution of the engravings, they hope, has been commensurate with the spirit that prompted them to an undertaking of so much magnitude;—their endeavour has been to improve as they progressed.

The Proprietors have but one subject of regret—that circumstances which they could not control have *obliged* them to extend their work beyond the limits originally assigned, and so far to break faith with their friends;—this, however, they will endeavour to obviate in future.

In conclusion, the Proprietors beg to direct the attention of the possessors of this first series, to the second series, of the "Turkish Empire Illustrated," now in course of publication, comprising Views of Constantinople and its Environs, with the Scenery of the Seven Churches of Asia Minor, from drawings by Mr. Allom, who went out expressly for the purpose; and whose talents as an artist are already well known and appreciated.

LONDON, October, 1838.

CONTENTS—AND LIST OF PLATES.

Maps of Syria and Asia Minor, to face page 5.

PAGE

Sidon, on the approach from Beirout 6
Adalia 8
Walls on the west side of Antioch 11
The Pass of Souk Barrada 14
Khan and Bridge near the Source of the Damour 16
The Great Temple of Balbec 21
Church and Scheich's House, Eden 23
Scanderoon, from the Road to Issus 25
The Great Mosque at Antioch . . . . . Vig. Title 27
Bridge of Missis,—Asia Minor 30
Ancient Buildings in Acre 31
Interior of the Great Temple, Balbec 31
The Tomb of St. George, Bay of Kesrouan 33
Tortosa, with the Island of Ruad 33
Ruins at the Head of Knight Strada, Rhodes 34
Besherrai—Mount Lebanon 35
The Plain of Payass, or Issus 37
Views of Tyre from the Mainland 39
The River Kishon 41
Scheich's House at Zebdané 42
Market Scene and Fountain at Antioch 44
Battle-Field of Issus 46
Cave of the School of the Prophets 47
Scene and Khan on the Liettani, near Djob Djennein 49
Mount Carmel, looking towards the Sea 51
The Walls in St. Jean d'Acre, next the Sea 53
Cemetery and Walls of Antioch 54
Castle in Mount Amanus 56
The Cilician Gates 58
Part of Rhodes, the Channel, &c. 58
Port of Beirout 64
Ruined Mosque at Payass 66
Plain of the Jordan, looking towards the Dead Sea 69
Church of the Holy Sepulchre, Jerusalem 72
Scene at the village of Beit-y-Ass near Suadeah 74
Monastery of Santa Saba 74
Lake of Tiberias, or Sea of Galilee 77
Entrance to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre 79
Tomb of Absalom, near Jerusalem 81
Chapel at Bethlehem 83
Mount of Olives 85
Valley of Jehoshaphat, and Brook Kedron 88
Bethany 90
Synagogue of Jews at Jerusalem 92
Jerusalem from the Mount of Olives 94
Ruins of Djerash 99

ASIA MINOR
English Miles.
0 10 20 30 40 50 60 70 80 90 100
Ancient Names are underlined as Ephesus.
Longitude East from Greenwich.
Drawn & Engraved by R.H.Dower.
PONTUS EUXINUS
BLACK SEA
SEA OF MARMORA
MEDITERRANEAN
Constantinople or Stamboul
Adrianople
Smyrna or Izmir
Ephesus
Hierapolis
Philadelphia
Allah Shehr
Eski-hissar Laodicea
Rhodes
Candia
Cyprus
Nicosia
Famagusta
Larnaka
Scarpanto Carpathus
Mount Olympus
Mount Taurus
Sea of Pamphylia
Sea of Cilicia
Sea of Syria
Sea of Crete
Sea of Candia
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Sea of Caria
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Sea of Thrace
Sea of Propontis
Sea of Galatia
Sea of Paphlagonia
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Sea of Black Sea
Sea of White Sea
Sea of Baltic Sea
Sea of North Sea
Sea of Irish Sea
Sea of English Channel
Sea of Bay of Biscay
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SYRIA, THE HOLY LAND, ASIA MINOR,

&c. &c. &c.

SIDON, ON THE APPROACH FROM BEIROUT.

Near to Sidon begin the precincts of the Holy Land, and of that part in particular which was allotted unto Asher, the borders of which tribe extended to Carmel. In ancient times this city often awakened the jealousy of Tyre by her wealth and commerce, which she owed to the convenience of her fine harbour, rendered capable, by art and skill, of containing a great number of vessels. The Christians lost this city in the year 1111: they afterwards retook it from the Saracens, and St. Louis repaired it in 1250, but the Saracens became masters of it a second time in 1289, and subsequently the celebrated Emir Faccardine, prince of the Druses, destroyed in a great measure the harbour, to keep his enemies, the Turks, at a distance. The ride from Beirout to Sidon, a distance of seven hours, is very pleasant; yet the transition from the varied and beautiful neighbourhood of the former, to the rich monotony around Sidon, is greatly for the worse; for Beirout is the only habitable place in Syria for an Englishman.—Within a couple of hours of Sidon is a miserable khan, desolately standing near a sandy tract, over which is the path to the town: the welcome cup of coffee is not to be had here; the poor Arab does not stand in its door, offering it to the lips of the traveller and pilgrim, as in the lonely hovel between Sidon and Tyre. It was evening when we entered the gates; the weather was beautiful, but there was not a breeze even from the sea. The caravanserai, if so it could be called, was a dreary place; in one of its waste rooms we were compelled to take up our abode, and thought how quickly our lot was changed—from the hospitable home of a friend, its marble stairs, comfortable rooms, and tried companionship—to this dull hold in Sidon. We had no letter of introduction, as was sometimes the case, to the wealthy or the powerful: it was somewhat melancholy to look around; even the pan of charcoal, that now would have been welcome, was missing: the night-breeze from the sea began to come chill through the long passages and broken casements. In the evening we paid a visit to a merchant's family in Sidon: the contrast was vivid and delightful: we sat on soft carpets and cushions, the pipe and coffee was presented, and some light Oriental dishes, with some excellent wine, were soon served. The lady of the house, a pretty woman and well dressed, presided at the supper,

and the conversation was easy and agreeable; they were Syrian Christians, and spoke the lingua-franca tongue. She assured us she had made one or two of the sweet dishes with her own hands. The experience of this evening made me resolve, wherever I went in future, to seek the dwelling of the natives, whether poor or rich, rather than the walls of the khan, or, on some occasions, even of the monastery. In Jerusalem I had good reason to applaud this decision, being lodged in the house of a native near the gate of Bethlehem; my apartments opened on the battlements of the strong and ancient wall, at a short distance from the tower of David: they served my repasts every day on a little table about a foot and half high; fresh cream and honey, bread and coffee, for breakfast; the wine of Jerusalem, which Chateaubriand pronounced to be exquisite, at dinner, and in the evening the family assembled, and sung some native air to the sound of the guitar. From this calm retreat, that had quite a feeling of home about it, I was seduced by the Franciscan monks of St. Salvador, to enter their monastery, where a small and wretched cell, paved with stone, was my abode; a chair and table, a miserable flock-bed, my accommodations; a chill air also, for the light dimly struggled through a low and grated window. At sunset the gate of the monastery was always shut, and the captive in his dungeon did not look forth with more desire on the mountain and stream, than did the traveller, as he paced the gloomy passages and halls, look on the ruinous and memorable places of the city, where it was so sweet to wander in the freshness of the evening. We entered one of the coffee-houses in Sidon, that was filled with well-dressed Turks, lounging on the soft benches: many of them sat at the open windows that looked on the sea, which fell on the beach with a lulling sound. Having no tobacco, my next neighbour, a good-looking Turk, instantly offered me his little silken bag, to fill my pipe with its contents; for every respectable Turk carries his bag about him, as inseparably as an Englishman does his watch. In this manner is a great part of the day beguiled by this indolent and apathetic people—sipping coffee eternally—uttering grave and pithy sentences—stroking their beards—taking off their turbans, and smoothing their bald heads. To relieve this monotony, a story-teller often breaks in, stands suddenly in the middle of the room, and begins his tale with wild gesticulation, and a rapid flow of words. The Turk listens intensely, and then breaks forth into loud peals of laughter, shaking his heavy sides and wide garments with infinite glee, feeling all the luxury of the contrast. The cottages and gardens without the walls exhibit a more animated and more interesting scene, of quiet industry and prosperity, for here each Syrian peasant rejoiced in the fruits of his own labour, and sat under the shadow of his own vine and fig-tree. These Syrians were comely in their persons, and neat in their attire; the graceful cap and tassel, with the tunic, set off their light and slender forms. Many of the young women wore several rows of gold coins braided into their hair, and falling on each side the face as low as the bosom; and the hair of others was braided behind, and fell down the back in long tresses; they wore sandals on their feet.

In the approach to Sidon from Beirout, the town looks to less advantage than in the route from Tyre, save that the ancient mole, the high ridge of rocks opposite, and the shipping, are finely visible. The mole was broken by Facardine, whereby he

SIDON, ON THE APPROACH FROM BEIROUT.

destroyed a beautiful basin for vessels: the beach is broad, sandy, and firm. Had Lady Hester Stanhope chosen her residence about a mile or two from Sidon, at the foot of the hills, and planted and improved the spot with the same taste as at Marilius, it would have been a luxurious, sheltered, and exquisite home; a bower of Armida, not a little oasis wrested from the mountain's brow: a retreat that may be said to be shelterless, neighbourless—a wild solitude, over which passes fiercely the sweep of the tempest. Would not one English companion, or friend, be a treasure here?—to most persons it would, but not to the recluse of Marilius, who is surrounded by foreign domestics and attendants only. Miss W. who resided several years with her in a kind of honourable but bitter dependence, was married sometime since to a young Syrian of Beirout, who had been her ladyship's dragoman, but dismissed from her service for daring to fall in love with the former. The attachment, however, was mutual, yet sorely was it crossed for a protracted period; they both drank of the waters of jealousy and suspicion, for, like Elizabeth, the Syrian recluse cannot endure that any of her courtiers or attendants should be the slaves of love. Yet the storm has passed away: kindlier and more indulgent feelings at last succeeded: after a long interval of severe probation, the marriage was permitted; the young Englishwoman passed from the hold of Marilius, whose iron had entered into her soul, to that of her husband; and he has also since been benefited by the kindness of his former mistress. Where now is the prestige of the East? If the secret thoughts of her heart could be disclosed, she would perhaps desire to return to England to finish her days; but she never will return:—pride, the fear of derision, the affected scorn of European tastes and habits, the rooted preference to Oriental feelings, (even, may it be said, in faith,) will cause her to go down to the grave without friend or lover to lament over her, or to say, "Alas! her glory!" The powers of her mind are as acute as ever, and her conversation as animated and brilliant; but the pallid face and now inactive frame tell of increasing infirmities; and perhaps there is at times the thought that it is a bitter thing to draw nearto the grave in a strange land, far from all the associations, the memories, and feelings, of our earlier and better life.

The conquest of Syria by Ibrahim will diminish the influence of Lady H. over the potentates of the land: Abdallah, the pasha of Acre, was ever accessible to her interference, and indulgent to her requests; with the governor of Damascus also, her intercession rarely failed of success, whether on behalf of merchant or traveller, or of the oppressed subjects, or whether it concerned her own personal comfort or luxury. But Ibrahim is too powerful as well as too distant a despot to be sensible of the prestige, or gracious to the caprices, of the "great lady," whose queendom of the East has for some time been passing from her; even her local influence in the surrounding territory diminishes with every year: presents, and even considerable payments, have been made for some years to the religious orders of the Turks, or rather to their most eminent mosques and temples, to secure the continuance of the good will and word of the priesthood and their adherents.

The soil about Sidon appears to be very rich: how large a portion of this, and of the whole Land of Promise, if cultivated, would again be as the "garden of the Lord!"

This whole coast, so auspicious for commerce, may, under the rule of Ibrahim Pasha, once more be the scene of enterprise, industry, and wealth: the soil still resembles that of the times of old, when Jacob said, in his last blessing to his children, "his border shall be unto Sidon; out of Asher his bread shall be fat, and he shall yield royal dainties—the blessings of heaven above, and of the deep that lieth under, even to the utmost bounds of the everlasting hills."

ADALIA.

The situation of this town is bold and beautiful; of that kind of beauty, however, that does not last long on the traveller: he feels here remote, unfriended; with few chosen associations: beyond the immediate neighbourhood, and to the east, a broad and uncultivated plain terminates in abrupt cliffs, above a hundred feet high; and about Adalia, a flat but elevated country extends a considerable distance inland; and beyond it a belt of sand-hills skirts the beach, behind which, broad swampy plains, with groups of low hills, intervene between the shore and the distant mountains: these plains are covered with coarse grass, which supports numerous herds of cattle, and have every appearance of being overflowed in winter. The people are not kind or civil to the stranger; and, were Adalia a very oasis of beauty in the wilderness, this circumstance alone would induce us not to linger within its gate. The accommodations are very bad: the khan is a dismal home; if no caravan is recently arrived from Smyrna, the stranger will probably find himself its only tenant, and he will miss bitterly even the companionship, poor as it is, of the merchants, pedlars, or even the vagabond dervise. There is something so sad in being by one's self in a khan! the hollow rooms and passages—the sun struggling through the tiled roof, and falling in broken gleams on the dim interior, on pillar, wall, and floor—the dull sound of the fountain, of which he alone drinks, and sits alone, for relief, on its bank: even in the splash and movement of its waters there is life. The old castle, with its mouldering Moorish battlements, frowns over the sea, which bathes the rocks at its base: the heat is intolerable here in the summer, in spite of the elevated position of the town, and the sea-breezes: somewhat like Algiers, the streets rise behind each other in tiers, like the seats of a theatre; and they are continued also on the level summit of the hill: during the rainy season, these narrow streets are wretchedly dirty and comfortless. Indeed, during the rains that visit most Turkish towns, the traveller had better remain within doors for days, or even weeks: unpaved and streaming streets, down which the water pours without a channel; the latticed windows all closed to keep out the showers; the turbans and robes of the few passengers dripping miserably: the coffee-houses filled with a dense population, who flock there for refuge from the clouds, and the monotony of their own homes. The writer was thus situated during twelve days in a town in the interior of Lebanon, where he lodged in the khan, and, after listening for some hours in his comfortless room to the loud fall of the rains on the roofs and pavements, used to repair to the only café in the place: it stood just without the town, near the precipices: what a savage scene these precipices and

W. H. Bartlett. F. J. Havell.

ADALIA.

FISHER, SON, & Co LONDON, & PARIS, 1837.

heights presented, of low and rolling masses of cloud, forests bent before the driving blasts, and mountaineers from the neighbourhood, as well as towns-people, exposed to their violence. The floor of the café was always crowded, and often with a picturesque assemblage, various in their dresses, their faiths, arms, and usages. It was sometimes fortunate that their strongest beverage was coffee; had it been ardent spirits, or wine, at discretion, which the Prophet was most wise in forbidding, blood would have been shed, and life taken. In this building, and among this motley people, of Druse, Maronite, Turk, and Greek, he often passed many hours, till it was evening; for what comfort was it to return to the khan, and be alone? each merchant and trader was busy about his own affairs, and at the close of day he would repair also to his chamber, and there would be something like society: the Damascene and the Syrian from the coast would come to the stranger's room, to sip his coffee, and smoke their pipe, talk of their dealings, of the war, or their distant homes. At these little re-unions, the wine of Lebanon found its way, and was not refused, in moderation, by any one, for they were mostly Christians: at times the mountain ballad was sung, and the tale told, while the little charcoal fire burned, and the rains still fell heavily without. How vividly, and like a mocking vision, when the mountain winds were cold, did the noble log-fires of Switzerland, and the rich and brilliant turf-fires of Ireland, flash across the fancy. The East is no land for the cheerful, social, inspiring hearth; its charcoal fires are meagre things: the woods of Lebanon can supply a better resource; but in this neighbourhood there were few forests.

Beneath the gate of Adalia there is a beautiful spring, which is the very life of its population: a large cup, according to Turkish usage throughout the East, is suspended by a chain; and many are the draughts that are taken daily and hourly of its cold and clear water. When the Smyrna caravan arrives and enters here, with what eagerness its people of every rank drink of this spring, after their long and sultry travel! it is an interesting sight, as they wind up and along the bold hill, and among its ruinous places. The city may be said to be still fortified, and even strongly so, being enclosed by a ditch, a double wall, and a series of square towers about fifty yards asunder. In the suburbs, the houses are dispersed amid orange groves and gardens, and thus occupy a large space of ground. Granite columns, and a great variety of fragments of ancient sculpture, attest its former importance as a Greek city: among others, a magnificent gate, or triumphal arch, bears an inscription in honour of Adrian.

Adalia is still a large and populous town, and is considered as one of the best governments in Anatolia, the district being large and in many parts fertile, and the maritime commerce extensive. The population is estimated at eight thousand; two-thirds Mahomedans, and one-third Greeks, who speak chiefly the Turkish language. Five lofty minarets are seen from the sea; and the first view of Adalia, on entering its little harbour, is striking in a remarkable degree—its massive old walls and towers, its few columns and fragments of ruins, its slender minarets, and its castle: were the interior of Eastern towns often as captivating as their exterior, what delightful places they would be! One of the minarets is fluted from the base up to the gallery that surrounds the head of the shaft. The gardens are very pretty, with citrons, palms, and

vines, shady, and fragrant with the perfume of blossoms: the corn-lands in the neighbourhood are very productive. The soil is deep, and often intersected by streams, which, after fertilizing the plain, fall over the cliffs, or turn the corn-mills in their descent to the sea. During the greater part of the year, alternate breezes refresh the air: by day, a sea-breeze sweeps strongly up the western side of the gulf; and at night, the great northern valley which traverses Mount Taurus conducts the land wind from the cold mountains of the interior. In the bazaar, there is cloth, hardware, and various specimens of English and German manufactures, brought chiefly by the regular caravans from Smyrna. Adalia is governed by a pasha, and is the chief place in the district of Tekieh, which includes the coast of Pamphylia and Lycia. It derived its name from its founder, Attalus Philadelphus, to whom Philadelphia also owes its origin. It was once a bishop's see, though the episcopal church is now converted into a mosque. The church had once a beautiful and wealthy empire in this land: a mitre, and a domain to support it in power and luxury, was a delicious dignity in those days, along this splendid coast: not the Greek seigneur or merchant, but the ecclesiastic, has richest source of tears over the fallen sees of Adalia, Lara, and many other sites of singular attraction.

At the distance of a long day's journey from Adalia, is the foot of the great mountain Tacktalu, its bald summit rising in an insulated peak 7800 feet above the sea. This is the Mount Solyma of the ancients: it extends seventy miles to the northward: the base is broken into deep ravines, and covered with small trees; the middle zone, covered with scattered evergreen bushes, appears to be limestone. "It is natural," observes an excellent traveller, "that this stupendous mountain, in a country inhabited by an illiterate and credulous people, should be the subject of numerous tales and traditions: the peasants say that there is a perpetual flow of the very purest water from the apex, and that notwithstanding the snow which still lingered on the declivities, roses blow there all the year round. The aga of Delichtash assured us, that every autumn a mighty groan is heard to issue from the summit of the mountain, louder than the report of any cannon. He professed his ignorance of the cause, but being pressed for his opinion, gravely replied, that he believed it was an annual summons to the elect to make the best of their way to Paradise." On a small peninsula, at the foot of this mountain, are the remains of the city of Phaselis, with its three ports and its lake, as described by Strabo. The lake is now a mere swamp, occupying the middle of the isthmus.

W. H. Bartlett. J. H. Le Keux.

WALL ON THE WEST SIDE OF ANTIOCH.

FISHER, SON, & CO. LONDON & PARIS. 1837.

WALL ON THE WEST SIDE OF ANTIOCH.

A large part of the walls of ancient Antioch still remain, but authorities vary as to the circuit enclosed by them, which at present appears to be between four and five miles: this is much less, however, than the space assigned in ancient times. They run along the river on the north-west, ascend the steep hill on the south-west, run along its summits, and on the north-east run down the hill to the river: their aspect, on the crests and steep declivities of the mountain, is very strange as well as magnificent: these walls are from thirty to fifty feet high, fifteen feet thick, and flanked by numerous square towers: several portions are of the original walls erected under the Seleucidæ, but it seems probable, from the quantity of Roman tiles found in many of the towers, and the mode of their disposition, that they are chiefly Roman work, and were erected by Justinian, after the town had been ruined by the Persians. Antioch has no good buildings: the houses are chiefly built of stone, pent-roofed, and covered with red tiles: the streets are narrow, with a raised pavement on each side for foot passengers: in summer, these streets are very close and hot; in winter, miry and miserable. It is a comfortless place for the stranger, unless he finds a welcome, of which there can be little doubt, in the house of Girgius Adeeb: then will his days pass without anxiety, mistrust, or discomfort, and he can enjoy at his ease the exquisite excursions without the walls: returning at the close of day from Daphne, the White lake, the dell of the Orontes, or the splendid mountains, he will find society at home, a circle gathered round the plentiful board, composed of Turk, Egyptian, and Frank—a few officers of Ibrahim's army, a missionary, or an artist: for the host's maxim is to please every one, whatever his faith or pretensions; and at Antioch this is no easy card to play. There is hardly another roof, similar to this of Girgius, to be found in the East: and among so bigoted and grossly ignorant a population as that of Antioch, his liberal conduct and sentiments would bring mischief on his head, but that Ibrahim Pasha, who, like his father the viceroy, is somewhat of a free-thinker, is now the ruler.

The Wall in the plate, on the west side of Antioch, is one of the most entire as well as interesting portions now remaining; and is thus described by an eminent traveller nearly a century since. "On the western side, this wall has resisted both time and earthquakes: it is exceedingly strong, and well built of stone, with beautiful square towers at equal distances. I am persuaded that this is the very wall built by Seleucus, and yet there is not the least breach in it, nor a sign of any: there were no battlements on the wall, but there was a walk on the top of it, and where there was any ascent, on the heights or steep places, steps were made on the top, so that they could go all round the city on the walls with the greatest ease." Since this was written, the earthquake has again done its work, and these walls are much ruined in many parts. The northern portion of the valley of the Orontes within the ancient walls is now filled with extensive gardens, planted with olive, mulberry, and fig-trees, and along the winding banks of the river, tall and slender poplars are seen. The bazaars are numerous, and contain a good

supply of such articles as are in demand in the country about Antioch. The manufactures of the place are coarse pottery, cotton cloth, silk twist, leather, and saddlery. The language of the Mahometans at Antioch is generally Turkish: there are some Jewish families, whose situation, in the bosom of a most intolerant people, is not enviable: they have no synagogue, and must worship in secret, at each others' homes. Antioch was once famous among their nation for the right of citizenship, which Seleucus had given them in common with the Greeks: now, it is the love of trading and of gain, the ruling passion of all classes of this people since the fall of Jerusalem, that can alone make tolerable their residence here. Yet it is pitiable sometimes to see the Jew, in the distinguishing colour of his dress, walk along the streets with looks of suspicion or dejection. Who can tell, like the Hebrew, the bitterness of having no country, of never being able to say "it is mine own:" in every valley or mountain of the East, where there are wares and productions to be bought and sold, he will abide for a time: in the town and city he will dwell, and in the caravanserai make his home for a night, but not to depart next morn, like other travellers, to where the blue hills of his country, her songs, her joy and loveliness, shall meet him. They shall meet him no more for ever—till the veil shall be taken from his eyes, and the dark covering from his heart. I have seen the Jew on Mount Sinai, overcome and even transported with joy and pride, at the remembrance of the glory of his people, and the miracles of heaven on their behalf: there his feelings were wild and unfettered; no fear of the oppressor or scorner before his eyes: in Jerusalem he was another being—watched by the Turk, from whose jealousy he anxiously concealed all appearance of wealth; his own Moriah covered by the mosque of Omar, the sepulchres of his fathers trampled on, the sounds of festivity seldom heard in his dwelling, he often reaps in tears what he sows in dread.

In St. Jean d'Acre, under the capricious Abdallah Pasha, the sword hung over him by a single thread; even in his own chambers he trembled at every noise in the street, wishing to escape, but not knowing whither; for in what Syrian city is the Jew held in honour, or free from the spoiler? His mildest and securest home was in Cairo, under the tolerant and liberal viceroy; there he dwelt in luxury, his commercial dealings extensive; his house, dress, attendants, those of a wealthy and prosperous man. Here, in Antioch, he dwells apart from his people; the ruinous city is to him like a living grave, in which he may be struck suddenly, being regarded by the multitude rather as a crawling reptile than one entitled to equal rights and mercies with themselves. If he wanders forth when the cares of the day are over, and the streets are forsaken, to such a scene as this, when the moon is on it, would it recall the memory of his own land?

Alone upon the ruined wall
  Here hath the midnight found me,
The deep blue midnight, like a pall
  Of solemn beauty round me!
I sit not here—I sit not here,
  To list a bird or lover's song;
Upon my cheek is sorrow's tear,
  And death's pale terrors round me throng.

Not here, to watch the morning light
  Break on my spirit's agony;
Morn wears not now the radiance bright
  It wore in Judah's land to me.
How beautiful! how beautiful!
  By Jordan's vale and winding river,
The clime that angel-whispers lull
  The land that I have left for ever.

Samaria! thou art still my home,
  And thou ere long shalt be my grave:
I know it—yet to thee I'll roam,
  There let me sleep, where sleep the brave.
And if there lie o'er them and me
  A waste, and not a flower-decked sod,
So let it be!—so let it be!
  If but the spirit rest with God.

The neighbourhood of Antioch is peculiarly rich in medals and engraved stones: great numbers have been collected at different times, after the earth had been laid bare by heavy rains in winter; the most interesting are those of the Seleucidæ, and next to them, those of the period of Julius Cæsar and Augustus. Phenician coins are also found in great quantities. Antioch was often the scene of warlike operations during the Egyptian war: the first division of the Turkish army that arrived here, was followed, in the month of June, by the whole force of Husseyn: after a weary march of a month from Koniah, he came to Antioch, in order to fight Ibrahim as soon as possible, and take summary vengeance. The latter was in the mean time advancing on Aleppo, and, halting near the plain of Balbec, defeated the nine pashas of three tails, and their army of 30,000 men, in the battle of Homs. A great part of the fugitives retreated on Antioch, around whose walls and in its valley, 35,000 troops were now encamped, who had suffered severely, from their first arrival, from the want of provisions, the inhabitants everywhere refusing to aid them, or rather concealing their means of doing so. Husseyn left his camp, and made a rapid and vain movement on Aleppo, in order to save it from Ibrahim, and returned without effecting any thing; but Ibrahim sent a strong division of his force to Antioch, which arrived there just before the return of Husseyn, but was not suffered to remain in quiet possession of it. The Turkish pasha, with 20,000 men, attacked the Egyptians, and the conflict which ensued was one of the most desperate and sanguinary that occurred during the war, and perhaps the most brilliant on the side of the Turks. Fortune seemed at last to have turned in their favour, for Ibrahim's troops were forced to retire. On his subsequent and decisive victory in the pass of Bylan, Ibrahim entered Antioch, whose inhabitants willingly surrendered their town to him; and the people of the large district of Orpha, to the north, sent a deputation with their submission. Judging from all accounts, there was but one feeling of satisfaction throughout the country, at being delivered from the Turkish irregulars, who had every where committed the most frightful ravages. The heats around Antioch during the height of summer, the scanty

food, and the pestilential air of the neighbourhood, revenged on the Turks the wrongs done to the Syrians. The success of the Egyptian leader is sure to benefit Antioch and its territory; security, order, and confidence, the fruits of a strict and tolerant government, are now enjoyed in a far greater degree: the cruel bigotry of the people is kept in awe, if it cannot be suppressed, by the presence of an Egyptian garrison, among whom are several European officers. Ibrahim, having strengthened his force by the Syrian levies, left Antioch, at length, to fight his last and great battle of Koniah; he next occupied the province of Adana, where he remained till October, establishing, as he had done in Syria, order in the province, securing possession of the towns, and preparing for his descent into Asia Minor through the mountain passes of Caramania. These passes are of great natural strength: the Asiatic troops defended them, but Ibrahim carried them almost by a coup de main, and defeated a large body of Turks who had taken up their position in the northern extremity of the mountains. His army then passed down into the extensive plains of Asia Minor, not more than 20,000 men, with twenty-five pieces of artillery, to achieve the conquest of the Ottoman empire, and enter Constantinople victorious; both which splendid results, but for the sudden intervention of Rusia, he would have accomplished.

THE PASS OF SOUK BARRADA.

The neighbourhood of Damascus is rich in attractive excursions: if the stranger seek a wild contrast, a swift and perfect transition, he can issue from the labyrinth of gardens into the desert, and lose himself in its vast and solitary plains. Or he can seek more hallowed ground, where, a few leagues distant, on a high hill, is the Greek convent of Saint Thecla, the beautiful and canonized disciple of St. Paul, and the female protomartyr: all around, the rocks are cut into niches and grottoes. In another direction is the Greek convent of Sidonaia, situated at the farther end of a large vale, on the top of a rock: this was once a bishop's see, and he resided in the convent. About twelve miles to the north-west of Damascus is a high and steep mountain, surmounted by a ruined church, built over the spot where it is said Cain buried Abel; the legend is, that the fratricide carried the corpse for some time on his back, not knowing how to dispose of it, till he saw a raven making a hole in the ground to bury one of his own species, which gave him the hint to inter his brother. The few remains of this church are very ancient and interesting. Further north, and at the distance of seven hours from the city, is the pleasant village of Ain Fijji, at the end of a beautiful and well-cultivated vale. Its river is one of the coolest in the world: it issues from the limestone rock, a deep and rapid stream of about thirty feet wide: it is pure and cold as iced water, and after coursing down a stony and rugged channel for about a hundred yards, falls into the Barrada, where it loses both its name and its beauty. The Barrada is the ancient Pharpar of Scripture, to which Naaman made an exulting allusion, when commanded

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PASS OF SOUK BARRADA,- NEAR ZEBDANI.

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to go and wash in the Jordan. Perhaps, when the counsel was given, it was in the summer season, when the waters of the Jordan were greatly shrunk and diminished, and the Syrian lord recalled to mind the rapid and better supplied, but less beautiful stream of Pharpar. The river Abana is no longer known under that name: it was anciently described as running into the city itself, its waters being conveyed by pipes into all the houses of distinction, as well as the market-places; while the Pharpar ran by the city walls, and watered the gardens. The present more considerable river is the Barrada, out of whose bosom issue three or four other small streams: there are altogether six streams, natural and artificial included; yet as four of these are the work of art, the original division of the waters into two branches would correspond to the mention made of the Abana and Pharpar. It is probable that the former was once the larger river.

About three hours above the village and vale of Ain Fijji, pursuing the banks of the Barrada, is a very picturesque and remarkable pass, called Souk, or Souk Barrada, where the road is narrowed by the approach of the mountains on either side of the river. In the rock on the right hand, excavations have been made in places that seem quite inaccessible without the help of a scaling-ladder, or a rope and basket. Some of the doors are formed with great care, and have buttresses on each side, and statues, not a little defaced, between them. Here the river is crossed by a bridge, and the scene is highly picturesque; two villages are here built on either side of the river, opposite to each other. The valley of the Barrada, to some distance hence, is full of fruit-trees, and, where its breadth permits, maize and wheat are sown. About an hour and half below, the vale begins to be very narrow, and, turning round a steep rock, it presents a very wild and romantic aspect. To the left, in the mountain, are six chambers cut in the rock, said to be the work of Christians, to whom the greater part of the ancient structures in Syria are ascribed.

The Barrada is not fordable here; its waters are rapid and clear: the vicinity of Damascus, to some hours' distance, is peculiarly favoured in that choicest blessing to an Eastern land—abundance of excellent water: the stream is not shrunk, and scarcely diminished, in the hottest season. A little way higher up, at the termination of the valley, is a bridge, of modern erection: from the bridge the road leads up the side of the mountain, and enters, after half an hour's ride, upon a plain country, the greater part of which is highly cultivated, and is called the district of Zibdané, a clean and cheerful-looking village, large, and in a lovely situation, where we passed a night very agreeably. In this picturesque and cool retreat, several days, or even weeks, might be passed, with a few books, without ennui:—flourishing as with the richest English cultivation; shaded roads, rose-covered hedges, delicious pastures; the people friendly and hospitable, clean in their dwellings, comely in their persons; provisions abundant, and very cheap; and the religious bigotry and intolerance of Damascus, unknown in the peaceful and tempting homes of Zibdané. The mountain ballad is heard here, the tale told, and the wine of Lebanon drank; and a mild, and kind, and well-dressed circle gathers round the stranger at evening. Is not this delightful in such a land, where we once fancied mistrust and insecurity would be on every side?

The village of Souk is a little to the left of the road, and here the traveller can procure accommodation for the night; the modern houses are often raised on ancient, massive foundations: on an elevated point, which commanded a fine prospect down the valley, were fragments of large and small columns; the scheich receives strangers into his house; a small wooden door on the street opens on steps, which descend into a roofed passage, and here a high platform, on one side, was offered cheerfully for the beds and baggage. Beyond was an open court with small separate buildings on three of its sides, and on the fourth a low wall, from whence there was a fine view of the valley, and of the rushing torrent beneath, while at the end of the dormitory, a water-jug, on a small pedestal of masonry, supplied indiscriminately all who were thirsty. The houses were prettily sprinkled over the sloping sides of the valley; although small, each stood within a walled court, and all were distinguished by a certain air of neatness, as if they belonged to little landed proprietors, rather than needy peasants: none of the inhabitants are meanly dressed, and all are civil and obliging. During the summer the families sleep in the open air; in the sides of the courts are elevated terraces, spread with mats, over which are often laid good mattresses and pillows, with well-stuffed cotton quilts. There are extensive vine-gardens in this vale of Souk, which is industriously cultivated; the river is full of trout, probably never molested.

KHAN AND BRIDGE NEAR THE SOURCE OF THE DAMOUR.

This romantic scene is in the road between Beteddein and Beirout, about an hour's distance from the former, which is the palace of Emir Beshir. The greater part of this mountain-road, so convenient to travellers, was made a few years since by this prince of the Druses. The valley in which the Damour flows is deep; the road descends into and crosses it; the mountain is here overgrown with fine firs. The traveller descended to this resting-place in the evening, and never enjoyed coolness and fresh springs more highly. These are the head-waters of the Damour, a stream that flows winding into the sea, which it enters through the plain of Sidon. The stream rushes rapidly over a rocky bed, and is crossed by a stone bridge; the valley is every where most romantic; convents, villages, &c. seen in beautiful situations. To come at once from the palace of the powerful and cruel Emir, who has felt the dark vicissitudes of ambition, to this lone and hushed retreat, seems to realize the lines of Schiller:

Oh! well is he and blest his condition,
Who in his native vale's sweet rest,
Far from the mazes of life's wild transition
Sleeps like a child on nature's breast.

MEAN & BRIDGE NEAR THE SOURCE OF THE DAMOUR.

BETWEEN PETERSBURGH & BELMONT.

I looked on the house of the mighty with sorrow:
High o'er the earth to-day they soar,
Mocking the sun;—alas! to-morrow
Their place rememb'reth them no more!

Soft is his bed, and to watching a stranger,
Who far from life's tempestuous wave,
Timely advised hath retired from danger
In the deep cloister's silent cave;

Who the proud thoughts that excite but to grieve us,
Hath with proud fortitude repressed;
And the vain wishes that ever deceive us,
In his calm bosom lull'd to rest.

Sometimes travellers, provided with good tents, have preferred, in this Lebanon journey, to lodge beneath them rather than enter the houses of the villagers; but the fireside and the mountain welcome of the peasant and of the farmer is surely a more comfortable refuge. The people are generally in comfortable, often in independent circumstances; the houses are built of mud, and contain frequently several apartments; the roofs are always flat and covered with earth, where grass and wild-flowers grow; the snow would in winter break through or injure these roofs, did not the inhabitants take care every morning to remove the snow that may have fallen during the night. The cottages and scattered hamlets embowered in mulberry groves, or shaded with clusters of vines and fig-trees, look very picturesque on the mountain-side. The brilliant sunshine, that gives an air of cheerfulness to the crag, the ravine, and waste, gives joy and splendour to these luxuriant dells, the homes of vegetation, industry, and carefulness. In some of the superior villages the men wear clean white turbans, and the women blue veils; their manners are respectful, sometimes polite. One of these Syrians, who was in good circumstances, invited us with two or three friends to a banquet. We would have declined the invitation, being aware that he would put himself to no small trouble and expense for the occasion; but he insisted, till we feared a further refusal might give offence. Several days were employed in preparations; game was procured, and fish from the coast, and a few choice wines of Lebanon, with various fruits; even pastry, that the Orientals manage so poorly, was perpetrated. But however delightful and welcome may appear the house of the scheich at the close of a weary day, when the homeless man is placed in the seat of honour, while the fire blazes, the winds are wild without, and the night is gathering fast, it is a very different thing to leave a luxurious home in Beirout for a Syrian roof and entertainment. As we had anticipated, so it happened—the fare was profuse and various enough for a little multitude, but badly dressed and strangely served. There was the rushing to and fro of numerous attendants, who came and went from the confined apartment like the gathering of the troops at Lebanon. The roof was low, the windows small, the day was sultry, and the steam of the mountain dishes was at times like the passing of a thin cloud.

The host was not in his element at the head of his table on this occasion, the first of his feasting European gentlemen; his hurried orders to the servants were sometimes laughably misconstrued, and often he did not understand them himself. Several of his friends were present, with whom it was almost impracticable to hold any conversation; and when the repast was over, there was no music, no story-teller shewed his head in the apartment, to enliven the company by his wild legends or inventions. A very amusing incident, however, occurred: among the guests was a Maronite monk, an acquaintance of the host; he spoke little during dinner, and seemed to be a quiet and respectable man. During the dessert, a Greek monk, wandering, probably by chance, near the spot, entered the court-yard, and drew near the windows, allured, it might be, by the savoury smells, or on some trifling business with some one within. The Maronite no sooner set eyes on him, than he uttered an exclamation of dislike, and rose from the table to bid him begone; the countenance of the Greek was inflamed with passion at the words and demeanour of the Maronite, who, he saw, had been feeding sumptuously; his eyes being full of gaiety and insolence, for he had drank plentifully, whereas the Greek intruder was fasting. A fierce wrangling and altercation ensued; their voices rose high above all those within; abuse of each other, and of each other's Order, was not spared; and they were about to come to blows, which would have been a strange spectacle, when the servants separated them, and persuaded the Greek to retire. The void that falls on the mind of the guest at an Oriental entertainment is tremendous; there is no appeal to the fancy or to the senses, save the murmur of trees, or the fall of the fountain, or the odours of the pipe; the sounds of the tambour, of the Syrian or Turkish pipe, soon weary the ear, as the movements of the dancing-girls do the eye. There is no female society, and the Oriental is generally an awful tête-a-tête companion. What subjects can he have in common with his guest? he cannot talk on books, arts, or sciences; he will not talk about his faith or his love. On politics he will converse, but he is grossly ignorant of Europe, of the position, climate, and manners of its countries, so that his farewell salutation of peace and of blessing is, when it comes, most welcome to his guest.

Ascending on the right of the Damour toward the summit of the pass, to go to Beirout, is a beautiful wood of fir-trees: the whole scenery is enchanting on this route from Beirout to Der-el-Kamar, and its Emir's palace at Beteddein. Among the convents in the vicinity of this scene, and at about two hours' distance from it, is the convent of Mar-Hanna, celebrated for its printing establishment, the history of which is singular and interesting. It is about a hundred years old, and Volney speaks of it as the only one that had succeeded in the Turkish empire. "It was," he says, "in the beginning of the eighteenth century that the Jesuits began to discover in their establishment at Aleppo the zeal for education which they had carried with them every where. For this, as well as other objects, it was necessary to initiate themselves in the knowledge of Arabic. The pride of the Mussulmen doctors at first refused to lay open their learning to the Infidels, but a few purses overpowered their scruples. The Christian student who distinguished himself most by his progress was named Abd-Allah-Taker,

who, to his own love of learning, added an ardent zeal to promulgate his knowledge and his opinions. It was not long ere his enemies endeavoured to procure his ruin at Constantinople. A kat-shereeff, or warrant of the Sultan, was procured, which contained an order to cut off Abd-Allah's head. Fortunately, he had received timely warning, and escaped into Lebanon, where his life was in safety. His zeal, inflamed by persecution, was now more fervent than ever. It could find vent only by writings, and manuscripts seemed to him an inadequate method. He was no stranger to the advantages of the press, and had the courage to form the threefold project of writing, founding types, and printing; he succeeded in this enterprise, from the natural goodness of his understanding, and the knowledge he had of the art of engraving, which he had already practised in his profession as a jeweller. He stood in need of an associate, and was lucky enough to find one who entered into his designs. His brother, who was the superior at Mar-Hanna, prevailed on him to make that convent his residence, and, from that time abandoning every other care, he gave himself up entirely to the execution of his project. His zeal and industry were so successful, that in the year 1733 he published the Psalms of David in one volume. His characters were found so correct and beautiful, that even his enemies purchased his book, and since that period there have been ten impressions of it. New characters have been founded, but nothing has been executed superior to his. They perfectly imitate hand-writing: they express the full and the fine letters, and have not the meagre and straggling appearance of the Arabic characters of Europe. He passed twenty years in this manner, printing different works, which, in general, were translations of our books of devotion. Not that he was acquainted with any of the European languages, but the Jesuits had already translated several books, and, as their Arabic was extremely bad, he corrected their translations, and often substituted his own version, which is a model of purity and elegance. The Arabic he wrote was remarkable for a clear, precise, and harmonious style, of which that language had been thought incapable, and which proves, that should it ever be cultivated by a learned people, it will become one of the most copious and expressive in the world. After the death of Abd-Allah, which happened about 1755, he was succeeded by his pupil, whose successors were the monks of the convent: they have continued to found letters, and to print; but the business is at present on the decline, and seems likely to be soon entirely laid aside. The books have but little sale, except the Psalter, which is the classic of the Christian children, and for which there is a continual demand. The expenses are considerable, as the paper comes from Europe, and the labour is very slow. A little art would remedy the first inconvenience, but the latter is radical—the Arabic characters, requiring to be connected together to join them well and place them in a right line, require an immense and minute attention. Among the publications that issued from this press, were the Psalms of David translated from the Greek, the Prophets, the Gospels, and the Epistles; an Explanation of the Seven Penitential Psalms; and a Contemplation for the Holy Week."

Since the above was written, the circulation of the Scriptures, and of devotional tracts, has been earnestly attempted from the London press, whose execution is more

rapid and simple than that of Abd-Allah. Portions of the Gospels and the Epistles, translated into Arabic, have been circulated in Mount Lebanon, in the villages and hamlets, and lonely cottages. From the difficulty and opposition encountered by the agents of this work, an idea may be formed of the obstacles with which Abd-Allah had to struggle. The monks of this convent of Mar-Hanna, who are Greek Catholics, receive strangers very kindly, and readily sell their books to them, and shew them their Arabic printing apparatus. They have only one press, consequently the book proceeds but slowly. On the numerous saints' days of their calendar they do not work, so that the average number of volumes which they may issue in the course of the year may amount, they said, to one hundred and eighty: of these, the greater part are Psalters. Seven persons are employed at the press; the books are bound in the convent, which about ten years since contained thirty-five individuals, of whom eight only were monks, the remainder being laics and servants. All the profits resulting from the printing establishment go to the patriarch of the Greek Catholics, who resides at Zouk, and he employs the money in the service of his flock. The rule of their order is that of St. Basil, who is to the Oriental Christians what St. Benedict is to the Latins, only they have introduced certain modifications which have been sanctioned by the court of Rome. Every day they spend seven hours in prayers at church; they live on meagre diet, and hardly allow themselves animal food in the most critical disorders. Like the other Greeks, they have three Lents a year, and a multitude of fasts, during which they neither eat eggs, milk, butter, nor even cheese. Almost the whole year they live on lentils and beans, with oil, rice, and butter, curds, olives, and a little salt fish. Their bread is a little coarse loaf, badly leavened, which serves two days, and is fresh made only once a week. The lodging of each is a narrow cell, and his whole furniture consists of a mat, or mattress, and a blanket, but no sheets, for of these they have no need, as they sleep with their clothes on. Their clothing is a coarse cotton shirt, striped with blue, a pair of drawers, a waistcoat, and a surplice of coarse brown cloth, so stiff and thick that it will stand upright without a fold. Every one of them, except the superior, the purveyor, and the vicar, exercises some trade, either necessary or useful to the house: one is a weaver, and weaves the stuffs; another is a tailor, and makes their clothes; a third a shoemaker, and makes their shoes; a fourth a mason, and superintends their buildings. Two of them have the management of the kitchen, four work at the printing-press, four are employed in book-binding, and all assist at the bakehouse on the day of making bread. The expense of maintaining forty or five-and-forty persons, of which the convent is composed, does not exceed the annual sum of twelve purses, or six hundred and twenty-five pounds; and from this must be deducted the expenses of their hospitality to all passengers, which of itself forms a considerable article. It is true, most of these passengers leave presents or alms, which make a part of the revenue of the house; the other part arises from the culture of the lands. They farm a considerable extent of ground, for which they pay four hundred piastres, £15, to two Emirs: these lands were cleared out by the first monks themselves, but at present they commit the culture of them to peasants, who pay them one half of all the

W. H. Bartlett. R. Sands.

EXTERIOR OF THE GREAT TEMPLE, BALBEC.

FISHER, SON & Cº LONDON & PARIS. 1837.

produce. This produce consists of white and yellow silks, which are sold at Beirout, some corn and wines, which, for want of demand, are sent as presents to their benefactors, or consumed in the house. Formerly the monks abstained from drinking wine, but they have gradually relaxed from their primitive austerity: they have also begun to allow the use of tobacco and coffee, notwithstanding the remonstrances of the older monks. The same regulations are observed in all the houses of the Order, which about thirty years since amounted to twelve: the whole number of monks is estimated at one hundred and fifty.

THE GREAT TEMPLE OF BALBEC.

The facilities and conveniences of an Eastern journey are greatly increased within the last few years: the resting-places at night are no longer so precarious or repulsive; travellers, formerly "few and far between," now arrive annually and numerously; the muleteers, &c. find it their interest to use greater speed, and the scheichs of the villages to be more liberal and provident in their accommodations. The distance from Beirout to Balbec occupied two days; it is now only a long day's journey. By starting very early from the coast, the ruins may be reached at night. When the writer was there, his little party were the only visitors; and this was no slight luxury. Now the tourist may lay his account with meeting natives of every part of the civilized globe—the American from Massachusetts and New York, with probably his wife and children, a family party; the Russian, from his cold land; the German, the Pole, and the Greek; and if he cannot see Balbec in the majesty of her desert solitude, he will have society, tents, watch-fires, mingled voices, many tastes and imaginations in wild contrast. The expense, also, of this journey is greatly diminished; the exactions levied by the petty governors and chiefs, and the necessary presents made them, are moderated, and in some places entirely done away with, under the rule of Ibrahim Pasha. If the traveller does not bring introductions to the consuls of the cities or towns, he can procure comfortable lodgings at Beirout, Tripoli, or Damascus, which are not expensive; the monasteries, which must often be his home, are still less so; and the khans, in which bad weather, or their peculiar position, will sometimes oblige him to stay a few days, are the cheapest of all. It is unfortunate, that at the two most celebrated ruins of the East, Balbec and Palmyra, there is little save discomfort and discourtesy to be met with. The time will, perhaps, come, if the stream of travelling continues to roll on, that a little Syrian hotel will be established during the season near Balbec: it is vain to expect any similar attempt at the Palmyrene temple, as the Arabs would never suffer one stone to be laid on another; their monopoly of travellers is exclusive and intolerable, but it cannot be resisted. To whatever deities these temples of Heliopolis may have been dedicated, or at whatever period they might have been built, they bear ample testimony to the prosperity and wealth of the city they adorned. This prosperity Balbec could only derive from commercial enterprise: her splendid and central situation enabled her largely to share in the

active and profitable intercourse long maintained with India by the great mercantile cities of the Syrian coast. Long subjected, in common with the adjacent countries, to Roman dominion, it was the station of a garrison in the reign of Augustus. After the age of Constantine, these noble structures were probably consigned to neglect and decay, unless, indeed, as the appearance of the most perfect seems to prove, they were then consecrated to Christian worship. Oriental writers represent Balbec as a place of importance at the period of the first Arab invasion. They describe it as being then one of the most splendid cities in Syria, enriched with stately palaces, adorned with monuments of antiquity, and abounding with trees, fountains, and whatever contributes to luxurious enjoyment. On the advance of the Moslems, it was reported to the emperor Heraclius as protected by a citadel of great strength, and capable of sustaining a siege. After the capture of Damascus, it was regularly invested, and, containing an overflowing population amply supplied with provisions and military stores, it made a courageous defence, but at length capitulated. Its protracted commercial importance is proved by the capture, during the siege, of a caravan consisting of four hundred loads of silk, sugar, and other valuable merchandise, and by the ransom which was exacted, at the taking of the town, of two thousand ounces of gold and four thousand of silver, two thousand silk vests, and the delivery of a thousand swords besides the arms of the garrison. As some compensation for this disaster, it afterwards became the mart of the rich pillage of Syria. But its prosperity was transient, for in A. D. 748, it was sacked and dismantled by the khaliff of Damascus, and the principal inhabitants put to the sword. During the crusades, incapable of making resistance, it seems to have quietly submitted to the strongest. In the year 1400, it was pillaged by Timour the Tartar, in his progress to Damascus, after he had taken Aleppo; and was afterwards in the possession of the Mootualies, a barbarous predatory tribe, nearly exterminated when Djezzar Pasha permanently subjected the whole district to Turkish supremacy. There are no remains or vestiges of an ancient cemetery or burial-place of Balbec; there are no caves or sepulchres in the rocks and hills, where the ancient people might have slept; no tumuli in the plain: every relic or monument of the pride and wealth of its inhabitants seems to have vanished: the Liettani, in its quiet course through the plain and the ruins, bathes no solitary grave; no forsaken tomb, whose ashes were scattered long ago, echoes its murmurs. The magnates, the captains, and the sages of the city, perished without a memorial either from the historian or the sculptor. So little is known of the ancient Balbec, that it rather seems one of those cities of the Arabian tales, than a place for centuries of actual wealth, importance, and luxury. Perhaps it is best that it should be thus, as if it was destined that the noble ruins should alone tell the tale. Could any other tale be so impressive—could any monument of the dead be so mournful? But is it not beautiful—amidst the quick passing of generations, the fall of so many things holy and great, so many things intended for eternity—to be able to lean against one of these pillars, and think that the years are not always as a tale that is told, the life is not always vanity, that can leave such relics behind? When shall these temples pass away? when shall *their* sun go down?

W. H. Bartlett

W. H. Capone

CHURCH AND SHEICK'S HOUSE AT EDEN.

FISHER, SON & Co LONDON & PARIS, 1837

CHURCH AND SCHEICH'S HOUSE, EDEN.

A journey in the East is indebted for much of its interest to its continual contrasts—from a region of gloom to one of light and glory, from heat and thirst to the lonely fountain and forest. Eden is a place hard to be got at from every side; the ascents to its enchanted little territory are prolonged and painful, but when arrived there, the fruit and forest trees, the noble walnut-trees, the cascades from the mountains, the rich vegetation of the valley and the heights, the neat and picturesque dwellings—how beautiful they all look! The scheich's house, or rather castle, and the church, are conspicuous objects in the plate; the former is the refuge of the traveller, happy if he can often find a similar one in his progress. The home and reception of this chieftain little resembles those of the scheichs of other villages; there is something of the feudal days about them. The castle is strong and well built, and may be considered in Lebanon a handsome and imposing edifice: the guest is welcome to remain here for several days, which he will be tempted to do, the cleanliness and airiness of the interior are so agreeable after the dirty khans and comfortless cottages. My friend, Mr. Abbot, then consul for Beirout, breathed his last beneath the scheich's roof, to which he came from Ras-el-ain, the beautiful resting-place already described as within two miles of Balbec; death took him by surprise on this solitary height of Lebanon, yet he was thankful that he had fallen under the care and kindness of the Chief. The concern of the latter was very great at this mournful event: he attended the remains to their wild grave with much honour, walking in procession with the chief people of the village and neighbourhood.

It is, however, possible, though very unusual, to meet with persecution even in Eden, as was proved by Dr. W., a friend of the writer, about two years since. He was a physician, and had resided two years at Damascus and other parts: he came to Lebanon and to Eden, with a hope of being useful to the people by inviting them to a more pure and uncorrupted religion: he distributed in the houses and hamlets copies of the Gospel of St. John and other portions of the New Testament, translated into Arabic, and printed in England. Had he known the priesthood of Lebanon better, he would have tempered his zeal with a little more discretion; experience soon taught him the bigotry and intolerance of many of these men, and their hostility to any innovations on the corrupt systems of faith which are the heritage of Lebanon. In their visits to the families, the ecclesiastics met with many copies of these gospels and tracts; intelligence was quickly carried to the great Maronite patriarch in the monastery of Canobin, that gloomy retreat, which seems to hang among the precipices between heaven and earth, where the light of the sun rarely falls. Orders were instantly issued to arrest the circulation of the books, to take away from the families the copies which they had received, and to warn the stranger to desist from his efforts under pain of excommunication. He paid little attention to this threat, and continued his daily visits, which were beneficial to the body as well as to the soul; for throughout Eden and its vicinity he visited the sick

gratuitously, and relieved their complaints. His advice and remedies, and the kindness and sympathy of his manners, soon made him popular in every family. He resided in the castle of the scheich, and was a favourite of his host, who had never received so useful a guest beneath his roof. The patriarch, quickly informed of his obstinacy, actually issued the excommunication, whereby he forbade every family, under the severest penalties, to receive him into their houses, to allow him fire, bread, and water, or to hold any communication with him. On the following Sunday this sentence was thundered forth from every church of the whole region around: its effects were instantly visible; every dwelling was closed against him; no door was gladly opened as before at his approach, no voices of parent or children eagerly welcomed him; even where the sick and dying were languishing within, they dared not ask him to look on them, or approach their bed. He perceived the embarrassment of his host, yet the noble old man, when he saw him prepare to depart, entreated him to remain under his protection, and not to think of the inconveniences to which he, the scheich, would thus be exposed, for that the excommunication should occasion no change in his treatment or regard towards him. The guest declined this offer, and retired with his attendance and servants to a beautiful green spot, shaded by a few fine trees, at a short distance from the village. Here he resided two months in the most singular position imaginable, waiting for an opportunity again to do good; but that opportunity never came. In the midst of a numerous population, the sight of cottages and their families, rich men and their servants, continually before him, he was nearly as isolated as Robinson Crusoe on his lonely island. No one brought him wine, though the vineyards of Lebanon were almost at his tent-door; he saw the smoke morning and evening rising from roofs whose families he had healed, but no one gave unto him. Three tents pitched beneath the trees, on the grassy bank, constituted the residence of his party. They must all have starved, but that they found an old man of the neighbourhood who had hardihood enough to disregard the sentence of his church; with his son, who was a little boy, and his donkey, he contrived to go down the mountains twice a week to Tripoli, and brought provisions and wine back with him. He was well paid, and risked the anger of the priests and the remorse of his own conscience; the latter seemed to sit lightly on him. Every Sunday, during Dr. W.'s residence beneath the trees, the excommunication was thundered forth from every chapel, so that the people were kept in a continual state of excitation and alarm. Had he been a native, and not an Englishman, he would have shared the fate of the unfortunate Assad-ish-Shediak, who for his attempts at religious reform was immured in one of the prison-chambers of Canobin, and fed on bread and water, where, after lingering a few months, he died. But though some of the priesthood would willingly have heard of his destruction, they dared not countenance any violence against him. It was a curious circumstance, that after he had resided thus about three weeks, the people began to visit him, but not for any religious or friendly purpose; they came to ask his advice on their complaints and ailments: men, women, and children stood at his tent-door in groups; they sometimes brought the sick with them, and eagerly received his remedies. But not one of these people would have given him a bit of bread or a drink of water, or admitted him into

W. H. Bartlett. S. Fisher.

SCANDEROON, FROM THE ROAD TO ISSUS.

FISHER, SON & Co LONDON & PARIS. 1837.

their houses, even if he had been utterly destitute; so great an influence had the patriarch's sentence on their minds. Perhaps they did not consider that in thus communicating with the physician, for their health's sake only, they disobeyed the spirit of the excommunication. His feelings on the Sabbath were not enviable, for he could not divest himself of uneasiness at the sound of the church bells, that called the people together, to hear himself and all his purposes denounced as dangerous and damnable. At last, at the end of two months, perceiving that there was no relaxation in their hostility, that all prospect of usefulness was at present over, he struck his tents, and departed from the beautiful Eden, that had been to him a scene of fiery trial.

From this circumstance, it may be perceived that the obstacles to persuading the people of Lebanon to the purity of faith and hope, are great and numerous: it is true, that of late some of the priesthood have been of a better mind, but the greater part cling obstinately to the errors in which they and their forefathers have lived for so many ages. A number of copies of the New Testament in Arabic, sent out for circulation through the mountain, were lately seized and burned by the order of the priesthood. The inhabitants of Lebanon broken into so many churches, often adverse to each other, have been so unvisited by happier influences, by earnest or powerful efforts for their renovation, that the voices which now call them to it seem to them like strange sounds.—A more hopeful preparation than Dr. W's could not be: they had received the greatest benefits and kindnesses from the stranger; he came and dwelt in their midst, without any selfish motive of curiosity or pleasure—and they all abandoned him: for, out of the whole population, not one shewed kindness; and it was solely for the sake of the hire that the old man went down to Tripoli. Beneath his tent, which, when it rained, or when the winds were high on the mountain, was no enviable home, he felt that he "laboured for nought;" yet Lebanon was a new and exciting field, and no foot, save his own, had hitherto wandered to Eden in such a cause. The first time Dr. W. came here, was to receive the last breath of Mr. A., the consul, whose grave he dug, partly with his own hands, on the hill-side below;—this second visit was one of persecution;—the third, which he is now about to make to Eden, will probably be more blest.

SCANDEROON, FROM THE ROAD TO ISSUS.

This view embraces the position of Scanderoon, with a few ships at anchor; the pass between the mountains up to Beilan is seen behind. It is the port of Aleppo, from which it is eighty miles distant: the unhealthiness of its climate, and the ignorance and aversion to improvement in the Turkish government, made it for a long time a place to be shunned. The bay is a remarkably fine one, but the miserable town is encompassed by marshes on every side: the shore is flat and dreary; it is the saddest hole imaginable for an European, whereas the heights, not a mile

distant, are picturesque, well wooded, with vineyards and cottages, and of a pure and wholesome air. To look from the neighbourhood of Beilan on the sepulchral Scanderoon, is like gazing from one of the Appenines on the fatal soil of the Maremma. It is difficult to escape, even with the greatest precaution, the fever that prevails here in the summer, occasioned by the excessive heat of the sun, seldom relieved by sea-breezes, and the noxious vapours from the surrounding swamps. During three centuries, the love of gain and commerce has made Scanderoon the residence of Christian merchants: certainly no insurance-office would have taken them under a high premium; and even now, when things are better, the chances would be heavily against the insurer. There is many a noxious spot, of redeeming beauty and fertility, where gold may, figuratively, be gathered by the river side, and plucked from the trees; but around Scanderoon there is not a solitary attraction: the sad splendour of the sun falls on a shadeless soil; nor are the profits so very great. An old traveller speaks of it as "infamous for the death of Christians." "They must be men," he adds, "who love money at a strange rate, to accept of these employments; for the air, like that of Ormus, is generally so bad, especially in the summer, that they who do not die cannot avoid very dangerous distempers. Mr. Philips, the English consul, has been the only person that ever lived two and twenty years at Scanderoon; but you must know that he was a brisk, merry man, and of an excellent temper of body; yet for all that, he had been forced to be cauterized." There is nothing Oriental about the place: neither grove, fountain, or garden; the wind can be heard in the mountain forests, but not felt; the sea, scarcely heaved in summer with the breeze, falls with a long foreboding sound on the melancholy beach. The inhabitants are mostly Greeks and Turks, who reside here on account of the shipping which frequent the port. There is a neat Greek church, and among the tombs are those of a number of Englishmen who have fallen victims to the unhealthiness of the situation. The appearance of those who still remained was ghastly pale: recently, however, the air has been improved, and the situation rendered more inviting, by the draining of the marshes, which was accomplished by the enterprise and skill of Europeans: this is an important event for the future prosperity of Scanderoon, should the Egyptian dominion continue in Asia Minor. During the late war, the hostile fleets anchored here: supplies and troops arrived to Ibrahim Pasha, and the Turkish fleet landed provisions and stores for their army. Granaries were built, and the silent town was full of noise and activity, as well as despair when the defeated Turks fled thither from the field of Beilan. Scanderoon is of great importance to Ibrahim, being the only port that communicates with Antioch, Aleppo, and the surrounding districts: the arrival of vessels, stores, &c. from Egypt, give an extent and activity to its trade which it never before possessed. It was by the direction of Ibrahim that the formidable marshes were drained. The English consul in Scanderoon is Mr. Fornetty, who is kind and hospitable to travellers, though there are very few whose feet wander to this sad town. It is in the diocese of Tarsis, and the bishop frequently spends sometime here. It is the only part of the coast, to a great extent, where there is a solid bottom, and good anchorage for vessels.

THE GREAT MOSQUE AT ANTIOCH.

This is the tallest and noblest mosque at Antioch; its beautiful minaret is worth a hundred of our church steeples. The sun is on the greater part of its white shaft, and on the little gallery towards the top, where the Muezzin walks round three times a day to proclaim the hour of prayer. On its summit is the crescent; a stone staircase winds up its interior, into which a dim light scarcely penetrates through a few little windows. This mosque is near the Orontes, simple, like all the Turkish mosques, in its interior; lofty, cool; a few sentences here and there on the walls, in gold letters, from the Koran; its light subdued; a glare of light is always avoided in their places of worship. No painting or tomb, no escutcheon, carving, or ornament, is in the churches of the Prophet; a naked and dreary simplicity is the character of the smaller, a sublime one of the grander mosques. Sometimes supported and adorned with flights of pillars of marble, and surmounted by a dome: the effect is impressive, particularly when the worshippers, ranged in long rows beside the walls and on the pavement, kneel on the little rich carpets which they bring with them, in prayer, and the morning or setting sun falls through the dome. There are no seats or chairs, or any accommodations, in the greater part of the mosques; but there are a few, where a pasha or governor worships, of more luxurious arrangement. The writer, wandering one evening through a town, looked into a small and elegant mosque, through whose dome the sun cast its last red beams about half way down the walls; while the worshippers below were in the dimness which they loved, as favourable to devotion: the whole of the floor was covered with a rich carpet, and there were raised seats also, richly covered, for the governor and his chief men. The pool at the entrance, at which all who entered first washed their feet, was clear as crystal, being supplied by a rivulet. It was a tasteful and tempting place of worship; there was a little pulpit, such as is seen in most of the mosques, where the Imaun occasionally expounds the Koran, and delivers his discourses on the morality and religion of Mohammed: during these addresses, the genteeler part of the audience are frequently occupied in consulting their Koran, copies of which they bring with them. A few of the finest mosques in the Turkish empire were originally built by the Christians, and exhibit in the interior the noble and massive Gothic architecture. The large and splendid mosque in Nicosia was formerly the Christian church of St. Sophia; it was built by the Venetians in the Gothic style, and consists of three aisles formed by lofty pillars of marble; the pavement is also of marble. Around are the tombs of princes, of knights templars, and Venetian nobles. The great mosque in Damascus, held so peculiarly sacred by the Turks that it is death for any Christian to enter it, was the ancient cathedral, and one of the finest buildings the zeal of the first Christians produced. The architecture is of the Corinthian order; the Turks call this the mosque of St. John the Baptist, to whom it was formerly dedicated. It stands on a rather elevated position, nearly in the centre of the city: the gate opens into an extensive square court paved with marble; near the entrance is a fountain that sends forth a column of water, to

the height of ten or fifteen feet. On three sides of this court is a cloister that consists of two tiers of pointed arches supported by Corinthian columns. These cloistered arches, with their granite pillars, look like a splendid portico. The interior of the mosque is of vast dimensions; its effect is magnificent; its form, that of an oblong square, composed of three long aisles running parallel to each other, and divided by three rows of fine Corinthian columns. On the outside it is seen that these three aisles have each a separate pent-roof, that the large dome rises from the middle of the central roof, and at the end of each of these there is a minaret. The body of the building is in the shape of a cross, and exhibits above rows of Saracenic windows, raised with small pillars. It is said by some writers that this church was built by the emperor Heraclius, and was at first dedicated to Zacharias, and that it was by agreement continued in the hands of the Christians, but that at length the Mohammedans took it from them. It is most probable that this splendid specimen of early ecclesiastical architecture was raised under the bishops of Damascus, when Christianity was the established religion here. The Arab historians observe, that this mosque was much improved by the Khalif Valid, about the eighty-sixth year of the Hegira.

The mosque of Abraham is the finest in the city of Orfah, in Mesopotamia; perhaps there is no place of worship in the Ottoman empire, which, from the beauty of its site, and ancient associations, is so interesting as this. Orfah is considered, by all the learned Jews and Mohammedans, as well as by many eminent scholars among the Christians, to have been the Ur of the Chaldees, the birth-place of Abraham and Sarah, from whence he went forth to dwell at Haran, previous to his being called from thence to go into Canaan, the land promised to himself and his seed for ever. This mosque, which is called from Abraham, "The Beloved, the Friend of God," stands on the brink of a small lake, that is filled from a clear spring which rises at the extremity of the town. The greater part of the northern bank of the lake is occupied by the grand façade of the mosque of the patriarch; the centre of this façade is a square pile of building, from which arise three large domes of equal size, and four lofty minarets springing up amid a cluster of tall and solemn cypress trees. At each end of this central pile are flights of steps descending to the edge of the lake, for the ablutions of the pious. Above each flight of steps are open arcades for corridors, where the faithful may sit or walk in the shade. In the cool of the evening and the morning, they prefer to sit without in the open air, on the steps at the borders of the lake, which they contemplate while smoking their pipes. The wings of the mosque are terminated by two solid masses of building, perfectly uniform in design, and completing one of the most regular edifices of this kind to be found perhaps in the East. Beyond, at the west end of the lake, is a large garden filled with fig-trees and white mulberry-trees; the latter are as tall and full in foliage as the largest of our English elms. This lake, from being consecrated to the devotion of the patriarch, is visited as well from motives of piety as of pleasure, and seldom fails to have several parties on its banks. It is filled with an incredible number of fine carp; as the water in which they float is beautifully transparent, they are seen to great advantage; and it is an act of charity, as well as of diversion, for the visiters there, to

purchase vegetable leaves, and scatter them on the surface; by which the fish are collected literally in heaps. They are forbidden to be touched or molested; it being regarded as a sacrilege of a most unpardonable kind, to attempt to use them as food. There are some other delicious spots in the neighbourhood of this beautiful mosque, in shady walks, gardens, and open places bordered with trees.

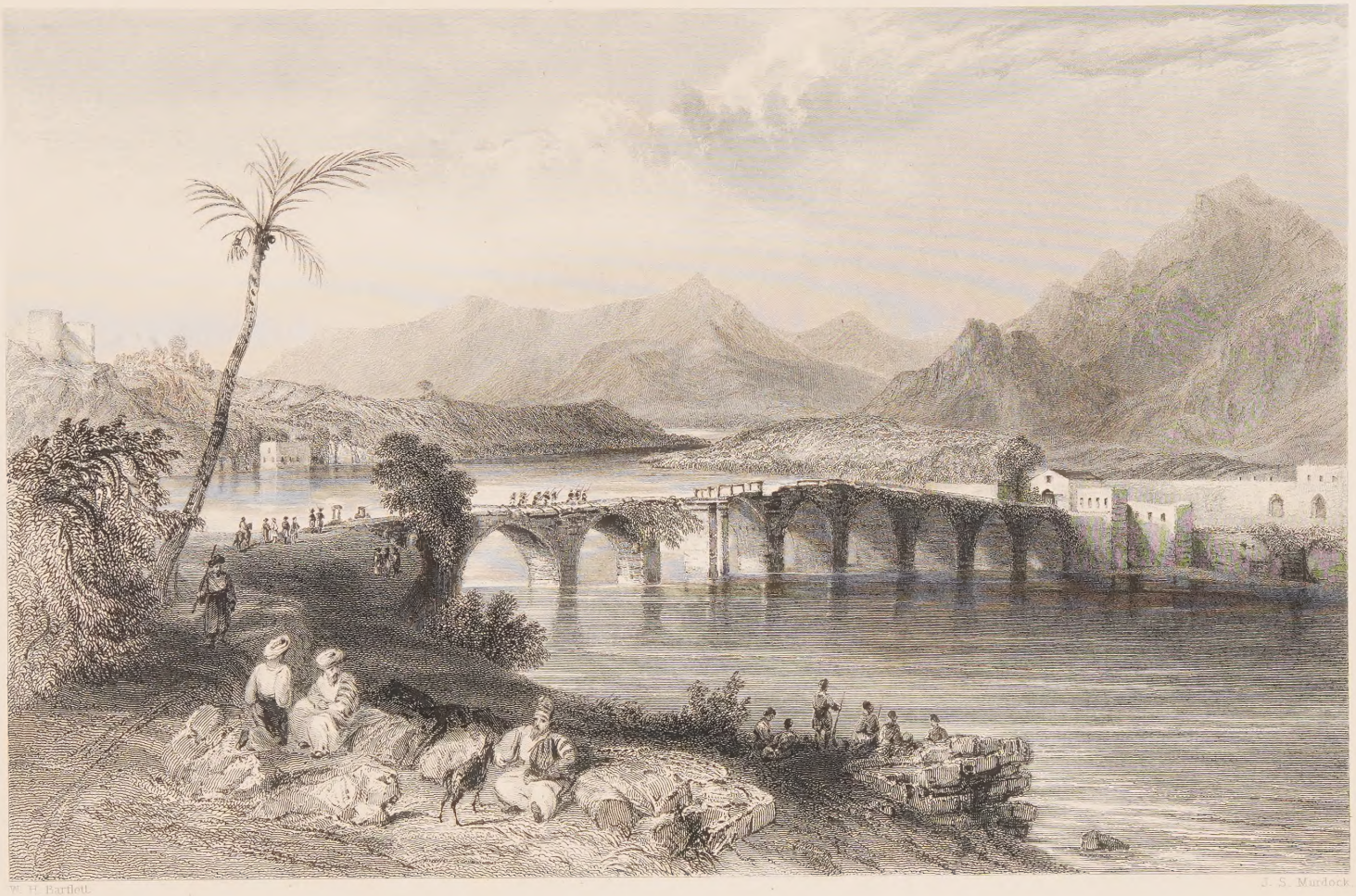
On the right of the minaret in the plate is a barber's shop, the favourite haunt of the lover of news and scandal. In the poorest little town as well as the most prosperous city of the East, the barber's shop is indispensable to the comfort both of mind and body, and almost to the very existence of the people. The Oriental barber, in his bearing, dress, and position in society, is much more of a gentleman than his brother in Europe. He sometimes wears handsome clothes, with a handsome pair of pistols in his sash; and in his air and demeanour there is conscious importance, or self-respect, very different from the often servile and cringing manners of the European. He is often in independent circumstances, sometimes even wealthy; has his house of pleasure as well as of business, a handsomely dressed wife, many servants, and a circle of friends. He often keeps several hands in the shop to attend to the business, and sits down at his ease in a scarlet robe and Cashmere turban, to receive his customers; many of whom, grave and elderly men like himself, sit and chat with him. The shop here depicted is one of the inferior class, but in a good place for business, as it stands near one of the gates. The Prince de Ligne, in his memoirs of his own life, in two small volumes, relates a singular adventure in the most revered mosque in Constantinople. By dint of bribes and promises he had with much difficulty prevailed on a Turk to conduct him to the mosque, in which it was at that time death for any Christian to be discovered: the prince was disguised in a Turkish dress, in which he looked very like a true believer; and his companion, in no little trepidation, conducted him at evening into the interior just before the hour of evening prayer. Dreading to expose him to the observation of the worshippers, who would soon assemble, the Turk led him to a kind of recess in an obscure part of the wall, where they were concealed from view. The mosque was soon filled with a number of the faithful; and the muttered sounds of prayer rose on every side. The prince, who had already satisfied his curiosity as to the building, put the courage and devotion of the Turk to the strangest trial imaginable. He took out from his vest a piece of ham and a piece of bread, with which he had provided himself, and, dividing them into two parts, insisted that his companion should eat one: the latter indignantly refused, and turned with loathing from the morsel, which was the highest possible abomination in such a place. The prince declared, and even rose from his seat, that he would instantly go forth from his retreat, and discover himself, when they would be torn in pieces by the assembly, if the Turk did not instantly eat the ham. In agonies of terror and remorse, on which his companion feasted, and in dread of immediate discovery, (for he saw that the prince was reckless and determined,) the poor Mohammedan actually took the ham, and eat it: the latter said, that he could not resist the temptation, even in such imminent danger, of forcing the Turk to eat pork in the heart of his holiest mosque, and witnessing the conflict between his fanaticism and his fear: he made him eat it up, every bit. Slowly, and in

exquisite misery, the Turk devoured the hateful thing, while his persecutor looked on, and his countrymen around were engaged in their last prayers of the day; and he felt all the time, that he not only himself committed a fearful sacrilege, but that he brought irretrievable dishonour on the mosque of the Prophet. His prayers and entreaties to be spared the test, had been in vain: and when the multitude were departed, and they left their hiding-place and the mosque, he turned in abhorrence from the Frank, and, without speaking a word, fled to his home, as if his sorrow and sin were too great for utterance.

BRIDGE OF MISSIS—ASIA MINOR.

This place is between Adana and Gorgola: there are traces of antiquity in the foreground, and below among the mountains is a castle; and the Polish officer, met with at Girgius Adeeb's, in Antioch, stated that there existed considerable ruins between this spot and Mount Taurus, which it was impossible, however, now to visit. He visited them in the course of military operations in Cilicia with Ibrahim Pasha; they lie within the Turcoman country: future travellers, provided with an escort and an intelligent servant, will find their investigation full of interest. Asia Minor, the loveliest of all lands, is at present but partially and feebly explored, save in the few main caravan routes.

The situation of Missis is very picturesque on the river Syhoon, the ancient Sarus, which is the largest river in the southern part of Asia Minor. The Cilician mountains are here bold, and finely varied in their forms. This country is rarely a land of drought to the traveller; the summer heats do not dry up its streams; they flow with a full and unshrunken body of water, which was a delightful sight to one who had first descended from the vast and desolate plains above, where he had lodged the previous night on the grass. The sun had not long risen when he came to the shore; the poor homes of Missis, the old bridge, which some soldiers of Ibrahim Pasha were crossing, looked cheerful; and he resolved to breakfast by the water-side, although some Turkish washer-women, who were busy close at hand, were so dreadfully scandalized at his vicinity, that they made an uproar, because, by remaining so near their scene of operations, he inevitably became a spectator of their legs: "Do you not see," said a man who supported them, "that you must not intrude on their privacy?" Seeing that he still continued his meal on his favourite spot, they were liberal in their curses. Departing from Missis, and journeying towards Tarsus, around which the country looked cheerful and the villages pretty, he again entered the birth-place of St. Paul, whose ancient associations and present scenery are so impressive;—always the wide plain, the Cydnus, and the bold range of Mount Taurus, with its defiles. The letter to the French consul, Mons. Gillet, procured an earnest invitation to stop with him; on hesitating for a moment, "But where will you go, my friend?" said the Frenchman with a pleasant smile: the answer was impossible, for there was no other house in Tarsus; and in half an hour he was seated at a déjeûné in the open divan, with his host, his wife, and daughter, a lovely child of

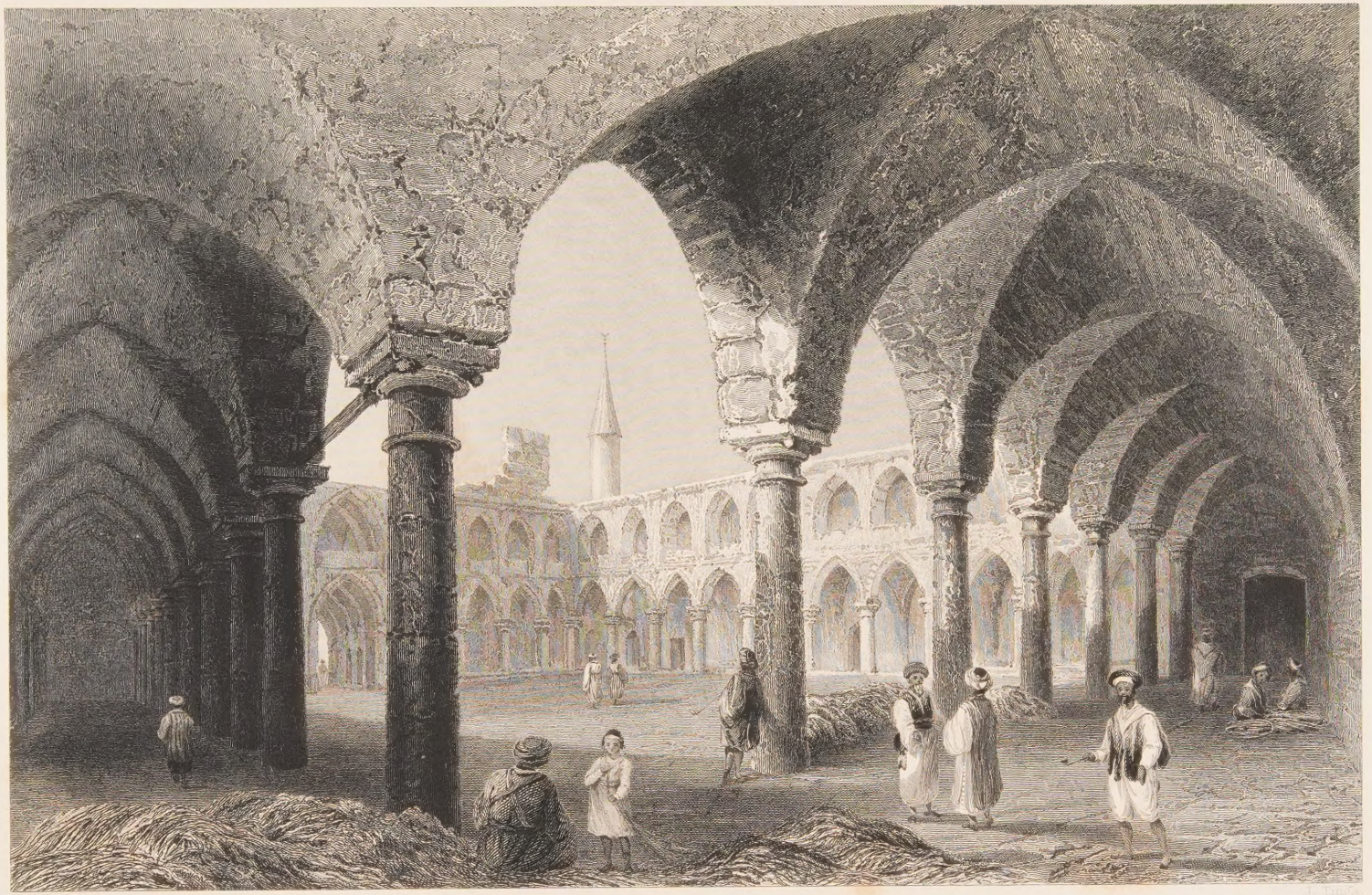


W. H. Bartlett. J. S. Murdock.

BRIDGE OF MESSIS, CILICIA.

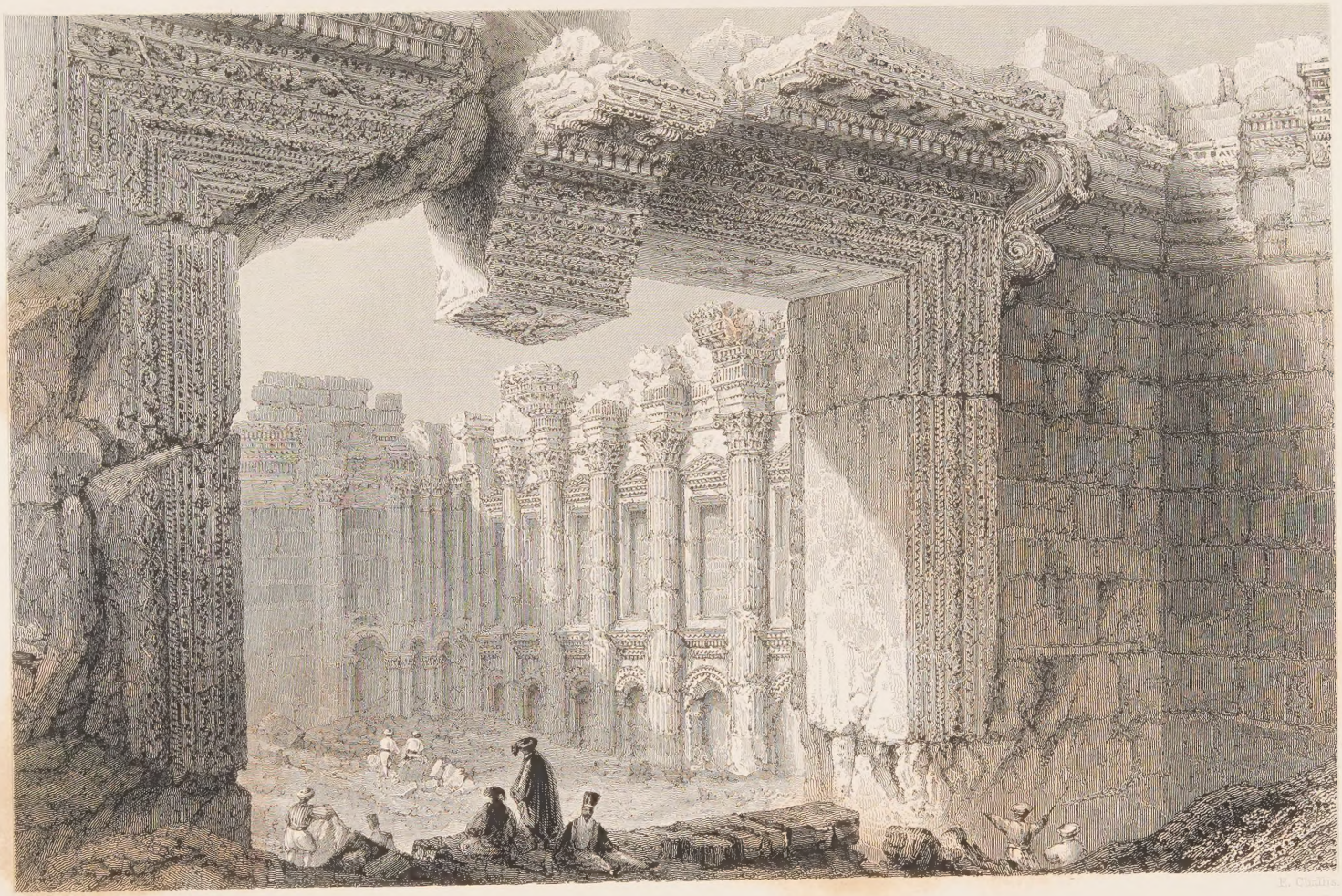
Between Gorgola & Adana

FISHER, SON & Co LONDON & PARIS 1835



W. H. Bartlett.

ANCIENT BUILDINGS IN ST JEAN D'ACRE



W. H. Bartlett

E. Challis

INTERIOR OF THE GREAT TEMPLE AT BALBEC.

VIRTUE, SON & CY. LONDON & PARIS, 1836.

thirteen. They say John Bull carries his country about with him; certainly the French do not come behind in this: here, in Tarsus, this family lived in the same style in which they would have done in Paris; but Madame G. confessed that they were at a sad loss for articles of the *cuisine*, and that, without the most watchful and incessant exertions, they should have fallen short in many essential points. The guest was tempted to think they must have conjured up the fricassees and entremets by magic. M. Gillet was a most pleasant man, perfectly polite, cheerful, and full of anecdote; he had seen a good deal of service, and was in the Russian campaign. The guest took a reluctant leave of his kind host, who begged him, in parting, "*de rappeller quelquefois les pauvres exiles de Tarsus.*"

ANCIENT BUILDINGS IN ACRE.

This is a very large, oblong structure, apparently of the time of the crusaders; the doorway of immense thickness and strength, the pillars still firm, the apartments small and dim—a formidable hold in that fierce age. It is near the convent, surrounds an open court, and is supported upon gothic arcades: its deep double gateways and portcullis tell of the period when each house was a fortalice, and the city of Acre rife with Christian animosity and envy. It seems not to be appropriated to any purpose of business or lodging; it would make an excellent khan; and, did it stand in the wilderness, it would be an admirable home for the benighted traveller and merchant, but its lofty corridors are generally empty and silent. The convent in Acre is the only roof that shelters the stranger; its two or three poor monks wander about their large building with a dejected air; and are very glad to receive guests, whose arrival is an excitement to their dull life. "One of the friars," observes the artist, "was an Italian, and expressed his regret at lacking a pair of suitable shoes, the only drawback to his satisfaction in his shooting excursions in the neighbourhood: he was supplied by one of our party. Kept awake all night by the tenants of conventual beds—in general, hour after hour passed watching. How startling, in the dead of night, was the chant of the Muezzin, alone disturbing its stillness and repose:—

> "'Twas musical, but sadly sweet,
> Such as when winds and harp-strings meet,
> And take a long unmeasured tone
> To mortal minstrelsy unknown."

INTERIOR OF THE GREAT TEMPLE—BALBEC.

The situation of Balbec was remarkably fine, and its air heathful; its territory, which is extensive, and abundantly watered by rivulets, extends twelve hours through the plain of the Bekaa, and fourteen hours from Homs, where the Anti-Libanus terminates. Each village has its spring, and the soil is extremely fertile. About thirty years ago, the

plain, and the part of the mountain to the distance of a league and a half round the town, was covered with grape plantations, but the oppressions of the governors and their satellites have entirely destroyed them ; and the inhabitants of Balbec, instead of eating their own grapes, which were renowned for their superior flavour, are obliged to import them from Zahlé. The first view of Palmyra, in which the entire ruins are beheld covering the desert, is infinitely more striking than that of Balbec, or than any other ruins in the world. It is like some vision of departed glory, which one has beheld in a dream—so strange and beautiful, so shadowy and solemn, look the slender flights of columns in the desert of sand, as if this was not their birth-place, and they but waited their time to go hence. But there is a massiveness and grandeur about the temple of Balbec which is wanting in that of the former. This great temple, elevated about eighteen or twenty feet above the surrounding level, must have been supplied with a magnificent flight of steps, of which no vestiges are left, leading up to the portico. A doorway, partly blocked up, leads into the first court of the interior, which is of large dimensions. To this succeeds an open quadrangle, oblong, and of still greater extent, surrounded by a series of large recesses, alternately square and circular, which seem designed for separate sanctuaries, all enriched with appropriate architectural decorations, and all profusely ornamented, like every other part of the edifice, with the beautiful niches terminating in the grooved shell. A bold cornice above gives a fine effect to the whole.

In so vast a pile, and such endless details, there can scarcely be too much richness, although an eminent traveller observes, "the stone groans beneath the weight of its own luxuriance; chapels, niches, friezes, cornices, all display the most finished workmanship, belonging rather to a degenerate period of art, and distinguished by that exuberance which marked its decline among the Greeks and Romans. This impression can only be felt by those whose eyes have been previously exercised by the contemplation of the pure monuments of Athens and Rome: every other eye will be fascinated by the splendour of the forms, and the finish, of the ornaments of Balbec." A spacious and highly ornamented doorway is situated at the right-hand extremity of this area; but whether it conducted to some other part of the structure, now destroyed, or was a less important entrance from without, the intervention of the external wall makes it difficult to determine. Roofless and dismantled as this interior has been for so many ages, time has been merciful in sparing so much of it ; of the numerous statues, not a fragment remains. In so dry a climate and pure an atmosphere, the progress of decay is very slow; even the spacious vaults below this temple, which are connected with each other, and built of enormous blocks of stone, are perfectly free from damp, and still used as repositories for grain.

W. H. Bartlett.

M. J. Starling

THE TOMB OF ST. GEORGE, BAY OF KESROUAN.

On the route from Beirut to Tripoli.

FISHER, SON & CO. LONDON & PARIS. 1838

W. H. Bartlett. T. Heath.

TORTOSA FROM THE ISLAND OF RUAD.

FISHER, SON & CO. LONDON & PARIS. 1842.

THE TOMB OF ST. GEORGE, BAY OF KESROUAN.

ON THE ROUTE FROM BEIROUT TO TRIPOLI.

This romantic spot is on the route from Beirout to Tripoli, in the bay of Kesrouan, the shores of which display an exquisite verdure, and cultivation, and cheerfulness; the villages and convents, one situated above another up the declivities, have a most romantic appearance. This strange excavation appears to have been once a chapel, and is commonly called the Tomb of St. George, our tutelar saint, whose combat with the dragon is said to have taken place at no great distance. On the opposite side of the bay is a Roman arch, and a beautiful rocky promontory. This spot is between Nahr-el-kelb and Batroun. The villages on the hills are neatly built, all flat-roofed, with little latticed windows; two or three of the larger edifices are convents, with a pleasant aspect towards the sea, each having its garden and vineyard: the soil is very fruitful. In the hills in the interior of Asia Minor, the rocks are not unfrequently excavated into a kind of chambers, anciently sepulchral, but now inhabited by peasants and shepherds, and which offer to the traveller a warmer shelter than a ruined khan; the woods supply a good fire, and neither wind nor rain find a passage. Many of these rocks, pierced with ancient catacombs, present, at a small distance, the exact appearance of towers and castles: the people, as in the time of Job, "embrace the caverns of the rock for shelter, and dwell in the cliffs of the valley, fleeing into the wilderness desolate and waste."

TORTOSA, WITH THE ISLAND OF RUAD.

Leaving Beirout with the night-breeze, the boat was off Tortosa next morning, and ran into Ruad, whose pier and old Moorish castle are admirably engraved in this plate. There was an amusing old man of a consul here, who kept a little snuff-shop, which was decorated with the arms of England, and shewed all the civilities which his isolated and barren situation allowed him. The isle of Ruad is a most dull and melancholy sojourn; the inhabitants are all Turks, who have been occupied from time immemorial as ship-wrights. Tortosa is seen opposite, with its village, and gothic ruin of a Christian church (given in a former plate,) on the beach; the morning was fine and clear, the sea almost calm, each distant hill, and even rock, were so distinct in that pure atmosphere and lovely light. It was a solitary land, in which no charm of climate could long sustain the traveller's vivacity; few were the abodes on the mainland, and they were ruinous and poor: the people had the wild and unsocial air of those who see but seldom their fellow-men. The Anzeyry hills are seen behind, which are much lower than those of Lebanon.

* * *

RUINS AT THE HEAD OF KNIGHT STRADA, RHODES.

This street, still called by the name of the Knights of St. John, is deeply interesting. From the scene of the landing-place, delineated in a former view, passing under a gothic gate, you turn round to the right among several other gothic buildings, and ascend this street, which is steep and narrow, and quite silent. The armoury, to which there is a very curious old door, is at the bottom; and at the top stands the great church, now a mosque. On either side of the streets are the houses of the knights; the arms of the former occupants are over the small doorway—principally those of ancient families in France, Spain, Italy, or Germany. What happy hours of power and prosperity did these chevaliers formerly spend here, in this the most beautiful isle of the Grecian Archipelago, whether for the purity of its climate, the richness of its vegetation, or the splendour of its prospects! Rhodes is a delicious retreat from the gay and conflicting world; and the knights were like little sovereigns, in their central position: their island was like the rich palm-grove and fountain in the desert, to which came wanderers of all nations. Greece, Syria, Turkey, Asia Minor, and Egypt, were all within a few days' sail. Their public buildings were like palaces—their fortifications splendid, and deemed invulnerable, as their remains still attest. It is impressive to walk up this narrow street, which, except at noon, is partially shaded: as you pause before the doorway, and look up at the casemented windows, one cannot help picturing the thoughts and feelings of the bold and successful men who lived there; they were mostly men of family and education, of eminent bravery, and sometimes of eminent talent. Had the pen been then wielded while the sword was idle, what a wild picture would the ambitious and restless soldier have left! and what a dreamy island-tale, the more devout and enthusiastic one!

Not the Moorish king, when driven from Granada, had more cause to weep bitterly when he looked his last on her towers, than the soldiers of St. John when Rhodes was lost to them. This steep and confined street, than which few places are now more silent, has a prison-like look; the stone houses are massive, and strongly built. The low minaret of the mosque is seen above the arch of the gateway: this was formerly the great church, where all the chevaliers assembled to worship; now it is filled with the followers of the Prophet; although its aisles, and pillars, and gothic aspect, give it but little the appearance of a mosque.

It is not easy to decide what the ruins here delineated could have been. In the foreground is a Turkish lady on a donkey; her figure, swathed like that of a mummy, her eyes only visible through the two holes in the white veil: the Christian girl to the left is a more simple and interesting-looking being; a few other figures are passing at intervals; there is a shade and coolness about the place, which is welcome in the heat of day. Rhodes is a very cheap place; a moderate income is here sufficient to enable a man to live *en prince;* wine, provisions, and house-rent, are all low: five hundred pounds a year would constitute a superb income: three hundred would be

RUINS AT THE HEAD OF THE NUNNERY, ST. ANDREWS.

W. H. Bartlett. D. Thompson.

VILLAGE OF BESHERRAI, MT LEBANON.

On "The Holy Kadeshai"

FISHER, SON & Co. LONDON & PARIS, 1838.

sufficient for every luxury and comfort to a family. There was a splendid house near the town, in the midst of extensive gardens, watered by many fountains, and adorned by beautiful kiosques; the price asked for its purchase was only £150. An excellent mansion in the environs might be rented for a trifling sum: its gardens, sloping down to the water, its terrace, and the latticed windows looking on the sea, the shores, and the mountains of Asia Minor opposite. The comfort and celerity of steam navigation through this sea, is now so tempting, that it is probable its isles, more especially that of Rhodes, will be the sojourn, for a time, of many a wanderer. There are delicious spots for a residence, or a transient visit, in the groves by the sea, in the vales of the interior, or on the sides of the lofty mountains. The women of Rhodes possess superior personal attractions; and though they do not fulfil the beau-ideal of the poet, the painter, or the traveller's imaginings, they have the large dark eye, soft and mild in its expression, with none of the Gulnare fierceness; their features, as is frequently remarked of Turkish females, bear a striking resemblance to those of many English ladies—the lip full, the forehead high, the complexion very clear, and not always without the rose.

In the Catholic convent, there resided, in almost utter solitude, a very clever padre. He was a fine old Lucchese, of eighty, with a long white beard, and an eye keen as that of a hawk, and a hand that never trembled. He had abundant and ingenious resources wherewith to amuse his loneliness; he wrote homilies, knit stockings, cured tobacco, made the church-candles, also the wine; taught children, and filled up his leisure moments with his breviary. When to these occupations are added his clerical functions in the chapel, and the visiting his flock, he surely did not eat the bread of idleness. He gave me some very good red and white Rhodian wine, while I lodged with him, made from his own vineyard. He was the very model of a shrewd, selfish, indefatigable monk; yet it was admirable to see how he battled with time, and laughed at his encroachments; thrust indolence and decay from him with a high hand. He drank his own wine, and supped freely: yet his laugh was not a hearty or happy one; he appeared like the hoary and subtle watcher of the fold, who rejoiced to thrive and outlive them all, rather than the aged pastor.

BESHERRAI—MOUNT LEBANON.

This village is on the stream, "the holy Kadesha," which is seen descending from the snows which rise above the celebrated cedars. The river is spanned by a little bridge, on which the people pass from one side of their narrow valley to the other. This singular domain can hardly be called a valley; the habitable space below seems so narrow, walled in by tremendous precipices, and its surface strewed here and there with masses of rock, that it is rather a deep and awful gorge, a very prison of nature, where it seems fearful to dwell. But if the traveller descends to Besherrai, he will find homes of comfort and content; husbandmen labouring in their little fields and

plantations, wrested from the rocks, the flock grazing by the side of the stream, pigeons and fowls covering the terraced roofs of the houses, amidst which arise the cypress, the fig, the pine, and the mulberry tree; well-dressed women and children, the pictures of robust health—and a kind welcome will greet his coming. There is something hushed, solemn, and gloomy in this dell; but there is so much cheerfulness and hospitality within the dwellings, and in the manners and looks of the people, that we begin to love the place the more on account of this contrast. The village itself stands on the edge of a deep ravine, yawning to the right, which descends towards the convent of Canobin; it has a sheltered look, in spite of the cliffs above and the cliffs beneath: the trees gather thickly about it, and there are miniature corn-fields close to the very walls: the small church is seen on the brink of the precipice. The descent from above to Besherrai is by footsteps cut in the rock, and then by a path winding along its ledges: in some parts, this passage is very difficult; in winter, it is said, people sometimes perish here. When the snows cover this dell and its flat-roofed houses, and hang on its abysses, one cannot conceive any thing more awful and comfortless than the scene. It is then unapproachable to the stranger, though it would be worth the risk of the attempt, in order to pass a Sabbath in Besherrai, to hear its church-bell pealing over its wastes of snow, the voices singing the Maronite hymn, and the roar of its cataract rising over all; and when evening came, to join the Scheich's family circle round the noble wood fire, that chases cold from the frame, and gloom from the fancy, for whole trees are sometimes laid on it: kids, poultry, and game, with the generous wines of Lebanon, furnish the repast, which is made more inviting by a delightful simplicity of manners. The waterfall which is seen in the middle of the plate, descends from a height a hundred feet; above this cascade stretch large fields of ice, which are of a mingled green and blue colour; at some distance on the left, is the celebrated group of cedars, on the crest of the mountain; they are distant about three hours from Besherrai, to which it requires an hour to descend from the heights above. Every year, in the month of June, the inhabitants of Besherrai, of Eden, and other adjacent vales and villages, ascend to these cedars, and partake of the communion at their feet. Men, women, and children, all esteem it a privilege to come and kneel, and sing their hymns beneath the aged trees; and this observance leaves a kindly influence on the memory throughout the year, and exquisitely appeals to the feelings of children. Here, one or many days are often passed; at sunrise and set, and at intervals during the day, the splendid solitude is broken by their sweet voices. It is a spot in which many would desire to rest from their labours, and be laid here in the grave: beneath this bank, where kings and saints have wept—beneath these ancient witnesses, would it not be a hallowed resting-place? Amid the last glories of the cedars, the wind moaning through whose branches is like a dirge in winter; and in summer and autumn, the hymns and prayers of the people arise without ceasing.

W. H. Bartlett. J. Saddler

PLAINS OF PAYASS, OR ISSUS.

FISHER, SON & Co. LONDON & PARIS. 1838.

THE PLAIN OF PAYASS, OR ISSUS.

The descent towards Scandaroon, from the mountains, is fine, throughout the whole of the pass:—the foliage luxuriant, the natural features grand in the extreme—the gulf of Issus, where Darius was defeated, the range of mountains encircling it; the distance towards Adana was lost in the faint vapour of noon. The hovels of Scandaroon looked burnt and blackening, the miserable inhabitants wasting away. The traveller found out the home of Mr. Martinelli; it was a sorry dwelling, but the reception was polite and friendly. The marshes of Scandaroon have been drained by the exertions of this gentleman, of whose talents Ibrahim Pasha has served his purpose, and is now anxious to reap all the credit. This most useful undertaking was begun, continued, and ended by Martinelli, with no remuneration on the part of the Pasha, and no assistance beyond the commission to employ the wretched people at a price utterly inadequate. They were often so sick of the work as to threaten Martinelli's life: he was a man of great energy, and menaced, persuaded, and sometimes struck his workmen, to urge them on; and after expending £60 of his own, at length succeeded in making a canal to carry off the water. The air, formerly deadly, is now salubrious at Scandaroon: as to Martinelli himself, he is the picture of health; and the plan of draining was wholly his own. When he suggested the propriety of some remuneration on the part of Ibrahim, the latter said, that as the European powers were benefited by the place being made healthful, so that ships could stay there, *they* ought to remunerate him. Mr. M. was engaged as agent to the Aleppo merchants. He had travelled along the Euphrates with some English gentlemen, who went from Bagdad to survey the river: but being taken ill, he was obliged to stop short; while his companions proceeded to the next town, where the people, afraid of their river being made navigable, cried out, that the English would come to make them slaves, as in India; to prevent which, they murdered them all: Martinelli's absence from the party gave him time to escape.

The road from Scanderoon to Issus, along the shore of the gulf, is all overgrown with thickets and choked with marshes, till it reaches the Shool mountain, and then there is a little plain, two miles long and a mile wide, represented in the plate, and which is crossed by two rapid streams. Then a second height and another plain succeeds, which is several miles in length and two or three in width; a stream runs through it, which is fordable. Mount Amanus runs parallel with the sea: an old Venetian-looking castle is on the right in the plate; and an old ruin, something like the piers of a gate, on the left. At a distance on the right, just under the hill, are remains of walls, and two strong mountain-streams cross this plain, very difficult to ford, and dangerous if at all swollen by the rain: after some delay, a bridge was found close to the sea, over the nearest stream. The locality of the battle-field of Issus has long been a somewhat disputed point, and is placed by many on the second and larger plain; indeed, the plain in the plate offers too circumscribed a ground for such an extensive combat, and there is here no pass in Mount Amanus by which Darius could have fled. Ascending the hilly ground, the greater plain

of Issus, which looks very like the identical scene, opens to the view: there is a defile in the mountain, where the fugitive-monarch probably escaped: this plain is an impressive scene, like one of those which we fancy to be marked by nature for some great event; it has the sea, the picturesque gulf of Issus on the left, the beautiful range of Amanus on the right: over it the sun was setting in glory, behind the mountain-ranges above Adana.

Darius, after sending his treasures with his most precious effects to Damascus, marched his army through the pass of Amanus, and then turned short towards Issus. This spot of ground, which is said to have been wide enough for a small army only to act and move at liberty in, did not allow the Persians room for the twentieth part of theirs. Yet, there is nothing more surprising to a spectator than the comparatively small space of ground which a great army covers when drawn up in order of battle: whoever has seen twenty, fifty, or a hundred thousand men in the field, will allow that he could not at first believe it possible so large a number stood there. The spectator from the steeple of Leipsic, of its great battle, in which half a million of men were engaged, observes, in describing it, that he could not conceive that all these myriads were before him, till they began to move forward, and then he thought the earth had suddenly yielded up her dead to life, so vast, so endless was the sea of human beings, pouring on without pause, wave following wave. A plain of two or three miles wide, and many in length, might thus be sufficient for the greater part of the Persians to fight in, supposing the baggage and camp-followers to be left in the rear; yet it is said that "the plain, bounded by mountains on one side, and the sea on the other, must have been of considerable extent, as the two armies encamped on it: the multitude of the Persian forces was so great, that the field of battle was not able to contain a greater number in line than a hundred thousand infantry, which composed the front Darius drew up, facing the Macedonians: exclusive of fifty thousand cavalry, posted on the sea-shore." The present stream is probably the river Pinarus, that flowed between the armies, and the defile in Amanus answers to those narrow passes by which the fugitives crowded in masses, so as to impede their own flight.

In the twilight the artist entered Payass, where he expected to find a small town and some means of accommodation: entering a bazaar, and advancing some distance, all was gloom and silence, and there seemed little but ruins, where he had hoped for shelter and society. The guide was seized with a panic, said it was unsafe to remain in the desolate town, which in fact was enough to appal, when the late violences and robberies of the tyrant of Payass, a famous brigand, came over the thoughts. They retraced their way to the outside of the walls, and bivouacked under a tree in an open spot, where some peasants were winnowing corn, who supplied cream and melons for supper. Payass is a singular spot; it is a sort of fortified bazaar, whose long vaulted passage traverses a considerable space, and opens into a large court: on the left is a ruined castle and mosque. It is a station for the caravans from Constantinople to Aleppo, and a few shops are kept in the day-time by peasants, who leave the place in the evening, when it presents a scene of gloomy desolation. Next morning horses were to be found, and there were none forthcoming: the guide went hunting about among the cottages in the envi-

W. H. Bartlett. W. H. Capone.

TYRE, FROM THE MAINLAND.

FISHER, SON & Co. LONDON & PARIS 1836

rons, and at last engaged a peasant to go to Adana; and they rested in his cottage, or rather in his garden, during the day, and set out in the evening. There is a good deal of cultivation round Issus, but the delay of a whole day in this poor man's garden or hovel, was disagreeable, and worse accommodations were to be expected at night: the Sheichs' comfortable homes do not exist in this route. A dilapidated khan is perhaps the saddest refuge of all in this mountain-region, where the road was so bad, that it was necessary to wait for morning. "We had not seen a living creature in the way: the khan where we tried to take up our lodging is deserted, and partly in ruins: we broke some branches from the fir-trees which grow near the walls, then selected a part of the building where the roof is still entire, and made a fire on one of the hearths which are ranged in a line along the inside of the wall: here we slept round the fire till midnight. The air was cold and penetrating, and found an easy passage to our place of rest."

VIEW OF TYRE FROM THE MAINLAND.

This is taken from a bold hill, two miles distant on the plain, and crowned with a village and mosque. Beneath are extensive ruins of aqueducts, which evidently run in the direction of the island and town of Tyre; they also take the direction of Solomon's cistern at Ras-el-Ain. From the former views of Tyre, this hill and mosque are seen in the back-ground. The scene which they now commanded was very impressive, yet very desolate: it was early in the morning; the sun had not long risen; the air was still fresh and cool; the sea was calm; the beams of the cloudless sun fell beautifully on its bosom; the vessels had hardly a breeze. The walls, the old tower, and ruinous places of Tyre, were as yet in shadow: the melancholy little place, as it now looked, feebly rising on its hillocks of sand, was once the queen of the sea, and of many nations, who all envied her glory. "Could this ever have been?" is the thought that sometimes breaks here, and in similar places, on the mind. Faith comes to our aid; and without faith, where would be the traveller's enthusiasm? This enthusiasm will sometimes work miracles, which was remarkably exemplified in the person of an English gentleman, whose finances were scanty, and quite insufficient, he well knew, for the expenses of a journey through Syria and Palestine. His resolution to perform this journey was, however, inflexible:—come poverty, captivity, or death itself, he was willing and prepared to meet them all, so that he might achieve his beloved enterprise. Göethé has said, that when a man patiently and confidently waits for the object on which he has set his soul, waits through a series of years of delays and dimmed hopes, that in the end he will generally attain its accomplishment, provided the object be suitable to his genius and character. And this gentleman had waited long, and with a desire that only increased with time, till his heart burned within him, and it was more than he could bear. When landed on the coast of Syria by a vessel from Constantinople, he had only thirty pounds in his pocket, and with this sum he purposed to traverse completely the two countries, meet all the expenses, and see all that was

worth seeing. It was a bold attempt: some would have called it a mad one. He purchased two mules, clothed himself in a light Syrian dress, bought two large sacks of salt, with which he loaded the mules, and set out on foot through the country as a salt-merchant. As the load decreased with the sale, he rode one of the mules at intervals, till he provided himself with a fresh stock of salt. This plan would have been useless without some knowledge of Arabic, which he had taken pains to acquire, sufficient at least for his purpose, at Constantinople. In this way he traversed a good part of Mount Lebanon, and of the interior of Syria. The profits from the sale of the salt were a great resource; his living, as may be supposed, was very frugal, sometimes the meal of milk, bread, and fruit was given gratuitously, but he had always to pay for his lodging, &c. in the cities and towns, where he was obliged to preserve a respectable appearance, in order to mix with the people, and observe their habits and customs. He always lodged in the caravansaries, when in the towns; after seeing his mules provided for, he had little more to do but to enjoy himself, walk about the place, and join in the evening the traders, who also made the khan their home. His dress and apparent occupation shut him out of the society of the wealthier merchants. One day, however, he came at evening to a town in the interior of Syria, put up his mules, and was smoking his pipe beside the fountain that spouted forth in the khan, and fell with a ceaseless murmur into its clear basin, when two Turkish soldiers entered, and, advancing towards him while reclined at his ease, laid rude hands upon him. He remonstrated, and turned pale; they answered only by leading and occasionally pushing him out of the khan, and through two or three narrow streets, till they came to the house of the governor, into whose presence he was led with very little ceremony. Here he quickly saw the cause of this treatment: the governor, an elderly man, was lying upon an ottoman in a state of high fever; some of his family, with his officers and guards, were standing round him. He had been engaged all the morning in throwing the jerrid, and, the day being sultry, had overheated himself, and then drank to excess of cold water. The Frank pedlar had been seen to enter the town; and as the Turks believe that all Europeans have some knowledge of medicine, and that a great many of them are hakims, or doctors, they pointed to the sick governor, and told the stranger that he must prescribe for him instantly. He protested that he knew nothing whatever of the healing art; but they did not believe a word he said: and, as he continued to remonstrate, instead of attempting to cure the Chief, they threatened him with the instant application of the bastinado. He again said that he was quite ignorant of medicine, and could not cure him: but he spoke to unbelieving ears; their gestures and words grew menacing; and in his agitation and despair he cast his eyes around the room, and, seeing a large water-melon, said, that if the sick man eat some of it, he thought it would do him good. The melon was instantly cut up, and the governor, who was still very thirsty, actually devoured the whole of it, and soon after fell asleep. His officers, observing that he seemed better, and slept calmly, were persuaded that the melon had done him much good; they thanked the poor merchant, who was sadly frightened, and let him go his way.—He had prescribed a most unfortunate remedy; and when he saw the governor

W. H. Bartlett. W. Floyd.

FORD OF THE RIVER KISHON, BAY OF ACRE.

FISHER, SON & Co. LONDON & PARIS. 1838.

voraciously eat the whole melon, a dark foreboding took possession of his mind. There was no time to be lost; he returned to the khan, left his bags of salt on the floor, mounted one mule, and, driving the other before him, hastened to the gate, which luckily was not yet closed. All that night he travelled without any stop, save to rest his mules for a few moments, and by sunrise next morning he gained a village at the top of the mountains, which was situated in another pashalik, and out of the governor's jurisdiction, where he remained a few days; on the second day, word was brought by some passengers that the governor had died in the night, the very night after he had eaten the melon which the Frank hakim prescribed. Most surely, had the latter tarried in the town, the morning light had not seen his head on his shoulders.

THE RIVER KISHON.

This scene is on the shore between Acre and Mount Carmel, and not very far from the little town of Caipha, which is seen to the right, at the foot of the mountain. The ford is at a short distance from the mouth of the river, where the water is usually above the horse's knees: when we crossed it, it was so swollen by the rains, that it reached to the saddle. It here flows through thickets of palm, pomegranate, and odoriferous shrubs, that beautifully skirt the beach:—the current is rapid and clear, except in the rainy season. The dull walls and towers of Caipha, the long outline and broken surface of Carmel in the back ground, with a few groups of natives on the beach, or reclined beneath the cypress shade of the adjacent burial-ground, formed a very pleasing scene. The shore is flat and monotonous from Acre to this spot; inland it is little cultivated and inhabited: yet formerly this was a productive territory—of corn, and grazing land, and vineyards. The country being mostly peopled by Mohammedans, may account for the neglect of the vine; yet not wholly, for though they may not drink wine, they may eat as many grapes as they please:—yet very few vineyards are now met with throughout the Holy Land:—even the produce of these, the villagers do not often use themselves, but send as a kind of tribute or present to obtain favour of their rulers, as though the words were fulfilled to the present day, "thou shalt plant a vineyard, and shalt not gather the grapes thereof."

The course of the Kishon to this spot is through the plain of Esdraelon, and along the base of Carmel; a blessing throughout its whole tract to man and beast, to the field and the store, were there industry in the people to profit by its waters, which are rarely shrunken or dried by the heats: even when the brook is dried, and the mountain-stream reduced to a few shallow pools in its stony bed,—this ancient river still flows on, a joy to the eye that roves over the wide landscape of the plain of Esdraelon and its sacred mountains, and an inexpressible comfort to the pilgrim and the wayfaring man, journeying there. How dreadful, in this country, must have been such a three years' drought as was inflicted upon Israel in the days of Ahab, may easily be conceived, when it is remembered that in summer the richest soil is burnt to dust; so that the traveller, riding through this great plain in July or August, would imagine himself to be crossing

a desert. With regard to water, some parts of Palestine appear, in the months of October and November, to labour under great privation, and can only depend on the tanks and cisterns, with which, however, they are not all supplied. The cities and villages have such supplies; and in every stage of seven or eight hours, there are usually found, once or twice at least, cisterns or muddy wells. Generally this want of water is a source of great inconvenience in these journeys; for even in October, the mid-day heat is great, and the moisture of the body is soon exhausted. In many spots, however, as if to remind us of what Palestine once was, a beautiful strip of verdure is seen, extending sometimes for the short space of a hundred yards, at other places for seven or eight hundred, denoting the presence of water; and here is found a small native spring bubbling up, which, after winding its simple course, and blessing the land on either side, is absorbed by the soil. At such places, the husbandman has often planted a few trees and vegetables, exactly answering to the expression in Isaiah: "Thou shalt be like a watered garden; and like a spring of water, whose waters fail not." Here, too, the flocks are brought to drink, before they are driven in for the night; or groups of females and children hasten at eventide with their pitchers, to take in their supply of water. Such short-lived streamlets may be observed in various places; they just serve, by their appearance, though not by their number, to illustrate the expressions, describing to the Israelites the land of Canaan before they entered it: "The Lord bringeth you into a good land, a land of brooks of water, of fountains and depths that spring out of valleys and hills."

SCHEICH'S HOUSE AT ZEBDANÉ.

This village is situated on the road from Balbec to Damascus, within a day's journey of the latter; it is large and well built; the streets are broad and straight, with stone pavements on the insides; the houses are large, with yards full of cattle, and well-cultivated gardens: there is a look of cleanliness and comfort about the place, not often met with in Syria out of Lebanon. Rarely does such a resting-place as Zebdané await the traveller at the close of day; he has left behind him, in Damascus, an inhospitable city, an unfriendly and bigoted people, where money must purchase every attention and enjoyment; there is no kindness or benevolence to the stranger. Is it not delightful to look arround him, and see, in the streets and doors of Zebdané, smiling and cheerful faces greeting his arrival? to feel that the sympathies and mercies of human nature are are again gathering around him? There is no khan to shelter him for the night; many a home would willingly receive him, but he is directed to the house of the scheich, as the place of honour and hospitality.

It is a desolating feeling when
  We stand alike unknowing and unknown;
It presses on the heart, which fain would then
  Recall the smiles that once were all its own.

O'er the dark mountains he is journeying: pale
  With weariness, yet his eye was bright
And kindled as he came to that sweet vale,
  Where redly fell the day's departing light.

For there were many on its shore to greet
With words of welcome—many there to meet
The wearied stranger of that desert way;
Fair Syrian eyes did glance assurance sweet
Of answering kindness—not that might betray.
All told the heart it was a blest retreat.

The river Barrada, or Pharpar, winds through this valley and village of Zebdané; it is here a clear and rapid current. The first sight of its groves and plantations is delicious to the eye, after the hills and defiles left behind: apricot trees as large as wall-nut trees, border the road-side; hedges, like those in Europe, separate the orchards and gardens; the gardens are full of kitchen-plants and fruit-trees in flower; the road is broad, even, and in excellent condition; every thing in these beautiful environs give sign of a thriving and even luxurious population: the fields are carefully cultivated, the orchards watered by streams from the mountains on the left; many of the paths bordered by quickset hedges kept in perfect order. The house of the Scheich is situated on the banks of the river, which flows amidst some immense trees; a terrace overhangs the stream; the house is spacious: the old man loves to conduct his visitors to this terrace, part of which being covered with carpets, forms a divan beneath one of the huge trees, that casts its shadow over the group and the waters. A wooden bridge leads from the house to this spot; the slaves of the Scheich wait upon the party, which is increased during the evening by some of the principal inhabitants, who drop in to converse with the host and his visitors. This is Orientalism in all its simplicity and glory; the rich divans of the pasha's palace, the splendid costumes of his attendants, his minute luxuries, do not touch the stranger's fancy like this evening's enjoyment beside the stream and the aged tree, the patriarchal group, and its venerable chief, his pipe and coffee, in the evening breeze. There is the singing of innumerable birds above his head, the murmur of the Pharpar, and the prospect over which his eye travels as far as the last mountains of the Anti-Lebanon; forest, plain, spots of exquisite verdure, and lastly the snowy crests, red with the last sunlight.

The Scheich was a fine old man, with a white beard and mild features; his family had for ages ruled this district; so peaceful, orderly, and prosperous a government is not often found in the Turkish empire: he had no cause to envy any of its rulers, whose dominion and life were seldom as secure as his own; he had nothing to do with ambition or intrigue, or the thousand arts of perfidy and cunning which the chieftains either find or make necessary to their preservation. This government had long descended from father to son, and had long been administered mildly and wisely, as was evident by the advanced state of agriculture, and the judicious regulations throughout the whole territory. Hereditary legislation had been a blessing to Zebdané; it might have been far otherwise if its Scheichs had chanced to be severe, exacting, or unprincipled men.

In the interior of the Scheich's house, the rooms were of good size and clean, but the change from the river-side and the shady old trees, and the carpeted terrace, was not a

luxurious one. Oriental rooms have mostly a naked and unfurnished look, especially after sun-set; the traveller must not expect a bed of down in them; cushions and carpets are the chief material; and as the Turk goes to rest with half his clothes on, the exquisite feeling of clean and fine linen would be quite thrown away upon him. Indeed, there is no comfort or luxury whatever in the Eastern mode of sleeping. On waking next morning, and unclosing the latticed casements, it was easy at first to fancy oneself in England: the gardens, the hedges, the orchards, had so much the air of home about them, save that some of the trees could not flourish in our clime: there was the singing of the birds, the vivid green of the groves, the rush of the clear waters, the neat and nice arrangement of all things around Zebdané. The second part of the town is situated on a loftier site than the first, and is equally to be praised. When we entered the place the preceding evening, the young men were engaged in athletic exercises in a large open space: they are a fine healthy-looking race, and the women are many of them handsome, with a frank and kindly air and look, not usual among Turkish women. The air of Zebdané is considered so salubrious, that people of the better class come here every year from Damascus, to enjoy its climate during the summer months. Indeed, there are few spots in the East so desirable for a tourist's sojourn as this: a few weeks might be deliciously passed here—Balbec within a day's journey on one side, Damascus within eight hours on the other, and excursions towards Lebanon easily enjoyed: board and lodging may be procured at a very cheap rate, beneath the roof of one of its respectable families, where he would hardly be conscious of "being a stranger in a strange land."

MARKET-SCENE AND FOUNTAIN IN ANTIOCH.

This is the most bustling part of Antioch. The fountain, which is in the middle of the plate, stands in the midst of a bazaar, in which are various shops, chiefly for fruit. Part of the old wall is seen on the top of the height on the right; some large trees give a shade and relief to the place. An old dervise is in the foreground, with his high sugar-loaf cap and coarse dress, calmly surveying the scene before him, without home, or money, or any provision for the morrow. These men often wander through the country, visiting the cottages and villages, and generally find a shelter wherever they go. The more observing and sharp-witted among them make their wandering life very agreeable; they learn to talk well, to know human nature, and to make the vices and the piety of others subservient to their own comforts. But the more stupid, wild, and fanatical of their fraternity are often received with more personal veneration than their cooler-headed brethren: they have revelations, and affect to be self-denying, being filthy in their persons and clothing. We once met one of these worthies in a village, where he had got a group of people about him: a boy beat a drum before his reverence, as he slowly walked along; all his clothing consisted of a coarse serge cloak, fastened by a cord round his waist; his thick black hair was matted, and hung about his face in wild disorder. More than one of the orders of dervises, although Mohammedans, cherish a plentiful head of hair, which is rarely cut; and when they sometimes suddenly

MARKET SCENE AND FOUNTAIN, ANTIOCH

remove their conical cap, the long thick locks fall down their face and shoulders, with a luxuriance as if belonging to a Leila, rather than an uncleanly dervise. His face was pale, and his eyes large, stupid, and restless; he sat down, and partook of some coffee, but it was impossible to get any intelligent words or ideas out of him, and he soon marched off, to fraternize with the peasantry. A lady, with her slave, is seen in the middle of the plate: the sellers and buyers take every thing calmly and indolently, the former sitting cross-legged in their little shops.

The hope that Antioch would soon become a place of commerce and pleasure, is defeated by the wreck of Colonel Chesney's expedition. Had this succeeded, and the Orontes been made navigable from Suadeah to this city, its streets, bazaars, and beautiful river would have been alive with foreign trade and shipping, and European merchants and strangers. By what unforeseen disasters did this splendid enterprise miscarry, without any misconduct or oversight on the part of its directors? It is a cruel disappointment: so many rich realities, so many beautiful speculations, were built upon the opening of this route down the Euphrates! Let us hope that it is not finally abandoned; or, that it will be resumed in a few years by national enterprise. A water communication from the mouth, and along nearly the whole course of the Orontes, and then by a canal of sixty miles to the Euphrates, would enable the merchant to pour his goods into the fine countries on either side; emigrants would find a rich climate and soil in the wildernesses of Asia Minor; and the traveller would pass in ease and comfort to the ruins, the deserts, and towns of the ancient river, even to the Persian Gulf.

The aspect of Antioch is much improved since its possession by Ibrahim Pasha: his officers and agents enliven the streets and walks. The traveller need not say that all is barren, where the French, the Pole, the Nubian, and the Egyptian are sometimes met in a festive party, all serving one ambitious and successful master: their spirits have caught some of the excitement and aspiring of his master-spirit; this adventurous soldiery are full of enthusiasm for Ibrahim; the Orientals have an unbounded confidence in his fortune, with which they blend a religious prestige, believing him to be called by God to effect mighty changes in the East. The traveller in these countries should seek observation and society every where; he is no longer confined chiefly to the coffee-house and the khan, and an occasional interview with the great men; the successes of the invader have made all ranks more accessible; the conventional and unvarying habits of the East are breaking down, little by little, and a new excitement is given to its monotonous life and modes of thinking.

Groups of horsemen and peasants are met with by the side of the river, which flows swiftly through gardens, where the creaking of the wheels used for irrigation is heard throughout the day. Without the walls, the new palace of Ibrahim is constructed in a pleasant situation; and he has demolished part of the ancient walls and towers, to furnish materials. Proceeding through the mud-walled streets, you stop at a gate, which is opened on knocking, and step into the court of the house; this is the house where the European finds hospitality. It was a delicious evening: the latticed window looked beyond the environs on the solitary plain: nothing like the hum of a large city

BATTLE FIELD OF ISSUS.

FISHER, SON & C.° LONDON & PARIS 1838.

W. H. Bartlett. J. Sands.

CAVE OF THE SCHOOL OF THE PROPHETS.

FISHER, SON & Co. LONDON & PARIS. 1838.

CAVE OF THE SCHOOL OF THE PROPHETS.

This is situated in the declivity of Mount Carmel, above the road to Cesarea; it is lofty, and appears to be a natural excavation, and not hewn out by human labour. Through its arched doorway comes the only light, which is insufficient for the spacious interior. During the Easter season, a lamp is suspended from the roof. Even were no hallowed remembrances attached to this spot, its aspect and situation would repay a visit. Turks are often found here, as full of veneration as the Christian; and the pilgrim, from his distant country of Spain, Italy, or Austria, who makes the round of all the saintly places with a stock of faith that is never exhausted: pale, wearied, yet excited, he gazes wistfully on the dim masses of rock, on which the lamp casts a funereal glare. The cave is more like a sepulchre than a place of abode and instruction. The Latin, the Greek, and the Armenian also come here from Jerusalem, as the adjacent convent offers hospitality for a night. Indeed, there is hardly in Palestine a monastic retreat so tempting to the traveller and pilgrim as this of Carmel, where a few days may be memorably spent. The mountain offers many a splendid view from its summit, and many a secluded and romantic scene in its bosom: deep and verdant precipices, descending into lonely glens, through which a rivulet is seen dashing wildly; a shepherd and his flock on the long grassy slopes, that afford at present as rich pasture ground as in the days when Nabal fed his herds in Carmel. While barrenness is on every side, and the curse of the withered soil is felt on hill, valley, and shore, this beautiful mountain seems to retain its ancient "excellency" of flowers, trees, and a perpetual verdure. Immediately around this cave are grey rocks, with a sprinkling of vegetation: beneath, is the sea, with many a sail on its bosom; passengers, merchants, and traders are in the path between the mountain and the sea, journeying to Jaffa. It is beautiful to stand at the door of the cave, and gaze on this scene; and then turn within, and call up the images and memories of the time when Elias made this his resting-place. To Carmel he loved to come more than to any other scene: bordering on the sea, and remote from the capitals of Israel and Judah, it offered an undisturbed place of retirement and contemplation. Perhaps its security and remoteness might also recommend this cavern in times of persecution, as a suitable retreat for the sons of the prophets. What a scene for a painter!—the little band of the faithful witnesses in Israel, gathered together in this cave, lamenting the falling away of the people from God, the altars cast down, and their fathers slain; and waiting anxiously the arrival of the mighty Prophet, their Instructor and Friend.

The air of this region is remarkably healthful, and favourable to the old age of the recluses who have since often inhabited this place, though not so well lodged as the present Carmelites. There are fragments of walls still visible, where a monastery formerly stood. It was an impressive exile, to which no fascinations of the world could

ever approach—its distant and restless hum could never be heard: the murmur of the sea, and the cry of the eagle from the rocks above, were the only sounds that broke on the silence. Some way farther down there is a basin of water, filled by a stream that flows down the declivity; and around the brink are found various stones of a singular kind, closely resembling different species of fruit; they are crystallized, and many of them very beautiful, some of them solid, and others hollow: this effect may be caused by the peculiar property of the water. These stones are gathered, and offered for sale to the pilgrim and the traveller on many parts of the coast.

In the evening, when the sun is going down in its eastern glory, and its red light falls through the portal, it is very impressive to be here. The wayfaring man might tarry here for a night, as the walls are dry, the floor clean, and no bats dwell within as in the Egyptian sepulchres. When the lamp is nearly expired, and the thoughts are weary with loneliness, it is delightful to return to the convent above, to the society of the cheerful monks, the social roof, the pleasant chambers, and the bed whose linen is white as snow. Among the figures in the group, there is a pilgrim in his scalloped hat, a priest in his white garments, a mountaineer with his musket slung across his shoulder, and several Turks—all mingling together civilly and kindly, as if they felt that the character of the place forbade uncharitableness and discord. This cavern is of much larger size than the one in Horeb, where Elijah lodged when he fled from Jezebel, and went a journey of forty days and forty nights in the wilderness. The homes of this messenger of heaven were in general in solitary retreats: even to the widow of Zarephath he did not go till the brook Cherith dried up. The retreat in Horeb was the most savage and solemn in its aspect: sad precipices, defiles, and sands, in place of the green declivities and smiling pastures of Carmel. The sublimity of the scene was suited to the terrific display of Divine power, when "the strong wind rent the mountains, and brake in pieces the rocks; and after the wind, an earthquake; and after the earthquake, a fire." The cave in Horeb is some way up the declivity of the mountain; and, in a region where retreats of this kind are rare, tradition has preserved it as the spot which was the refuge of the prophet. How sublime is the picture of the solitary man, an exile from his native land, after a journey of so many days and nights without a pause! Thus calm in the presence of his God, and fearless amidst the terrors around him, sorrowing not for himself, but for the forsaken covenant, the ruined altars, and the prophets slain with the sword!

Our Arab guide led us with great veneration to this cave in Horeb: it is the only one in the vicinity, and is of small dimensions; it is as desolate a place of refuge as the fancy can conceive; one to which neither the revenge of woman, nor the cruelty of man, would ever dream of pursuing its victim. No tree gives its shade, no brook or pool is nigh to quench the thirst, not a shrub grows on the soil. It is singular that a considerable part of the surrounding surface is covered with shivered pieces of rock and cliff, as if the words still allowed a literal fulfilment, "a great and strong wind rent the mountains, and brake in pieces the rocks." It is a spot in which discontent and sadness might easily gather on the spirit, even of the most tried and faithful! What a contrast to the

W. H. Bartlett. J. Sands.

SCENE & KHAN ON THE LIETTANI RIVER, NEAR DJOB DJENNEIN.

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beautiful solitudes of Samaria, which the fugitive prophet had just quitted! It is difficult not to be struck with the different manner and appearance of the Divine miracles, according to the land in which they were vouchsafed:—in Palestine, these visitations were mild and gentle, though resistless; the power of the elements was seldom used to aid the impression on the spirit and senses; but in this savage wilderness, this land of terrors, the tempest, the fire, and the earthquake usually accompanied the messages of God.

SCENE AND KHAN ON THE LIETTANI, NEAR DJOB DJENNEIN.

This is a view on the route from Damascus to Der-el-Kamar; it here passes over a long bridge on the Liettani, the stream that rises a little above Balbec, and runs past the ruins. The plain of Balbec is very thinly cultivated, but rather better than usual around this spot. The costume of the peasant is seen, and the oxen treading out the corn, and Druse women, on their head the silver horn, over which the veil falls. The khan on the eminence on the right, is of considerable extent, and is often well filled, as there is much traffic on the line of road from the Druse country to Damascus. It is no great distance from this spot to the base of Mount Lebanon, over which a toilsome pass conducts to Barouk. The stream of the Liettani adds a great beauty to the ruins of Balbec, through which it flows. The belief that this great structure, as well as that of Palmyra, was erected by king Solomon, appears not to be without a just foundation. Mr. Wood, in his account of the ancient state of Balbec, remarks, "When we compare the ruins of Balbec with many ancient cities which we visited in Italy, Greece, Egypt, and other parts of Asia, we cannot help thinking them the remains of the boldest plan we ever saw attempted in architecture. Is it not strange then that the age and undertaker of works in which solidity and duration have been so remarkably consulted, should be a matter of such obscurity?" It has been too long supposed that the ancient Hebrews possessed but little knowledge, at any period of their history, either in the arts or the sciences: they had, however, risen to a high pitch of perfection in both, many ages before either the Greeks or the Romans. Josephus refers the dispute on the subjects of arts and learning, in his books against Appian, to the test of the then existing monuments. As to the point in competition, he observes, "The reader has no more to do but to consult our antiquities for a satisfaction." It is the opinion of Mr. Prescot, in his ingenious remarks on the architecture, sculpture, and zodiac of Palmyra, which he lately visited, that both these magnificent ruins are, in fact, the remains of Tadmor and the House of the Forest, built by king Solomon. His remarks on the zodiac of Palmyra, with a key to the inscriptions, are extremely curious and interesting. The earliest mention on record of Tadmor, is made by the sacred historian in the eighth chapter of the second book of Kings, where it is stated that "Solomon went to Hamath-zobah, and prevailed against it; and he built Tadmor in the wilderness." The account of Josephus, in the sixth chapter of the eighth book of his Antiquities, written about 1,000 years afterwards, is this:—"Solomon went as far as the desert above Syria, and possessed

himself of it, and built there a very great city, which was distant two days' journey from Upper Syria, and one day's journey from Euphrates, and six long days' journey from Babylon the Great. Now, the reason why this city lay so remote from the parts of Syria which are inhabited, is this—that below, there is no water to be had, and that it is in that place only that there are springs and pits of water. When he had therefore built this city, and encompassed it with very strong walls, he gave it the name of Tadmor; and that is the name it is still called by at this day among the Syrians, but the Greeks name it Palmyra." Even now, at the end of nearly 2800 years from its foundation, its present inhabitants know it by no other name than that of Tadmor: they say, "Solyman Ebn Doud (Solomon the son of David) did all these mighty things by the assistance of spirits." When it is considered that the Arabs have been in constant possession of the desert during a period of at least 3400 years, and that no people on earth are more attached than they are to their ancient traditions and opinions, the latter are entitled to some little respect. Mr. Wood, in his account of Balbec, says: The inhabitants of this country, Mahometans, Jews, and Christians, all confidently believe that Solomon built both Balbec and Palmyra. The evidence is feeble that either the Greeks or Romans had a hand in the foundation of these august edifices at so very remote a period, though they probably beautified them, or added monuments and columns after their subjugation in a subsequent age. If we look to some other quarter for a prince or people supposed to have leisure, power, wealth, and genius equal to such an herculean undertaking, we are unable to find these requisites among the Babylonians, Persians, or Greeks: we are compelled to look to king Solomon, who, according to sacred history, was a man of peace, and the wisest prince that ever lived before, or that should come after him. While history and tradition point him out as the man, it may not be hard to shew that the architectural forms prove it. Josephus, in giving an account of the great undertakings accomplished by this prince, describes another of his palaces, namely, the House of the Forest, as having been built of white marble; that the stones were of an immense size; he mentions the pillars, and the Corinthian work, the inimitable flower-work, all of which precisely agree with Mr. Wood's description and fine plates, and with the present state of the remains. The style of the architecture here is everywhere the same as that of Palmyra, but the marble is of a finer quality. Is it not highly probable, that the order termed Corinthian was introduced into architecture by Solomon? Is it not indicated in 1st Kings, chap. 9th, ver. 19th? "And the chapiters (capitals) that were upon the top of the pillars in the porch, were of lily-work, four cubits." A capital of four of the lesser Hebrew cubits, that is, about seven feet eight inches, would be suitable for the shaft of a pillar about sixty-nine feet in height. The shafts of the great palace of Balbec are about six feet shorter. It is only necessary to compare the petals of a full-blown lily with the artificial leaves of a Corinthian capital, to be convinced of the close resemblance to each other. If we believe, according to the Scripture, that God himself instructed Moses, David, and his son in architectural plans, "All this," said David, "the Lord made me understand in writing, by his Spirit upon me, even all the works of this pattern," it ought no longer to surprise any one, that the works of

MOUNT CARMEL, LOOKING TOWARDS THE SEA.

FISHER SON & Co LONDON & PARIS 1836.

Solomon at Balbec and Palmyra are of the most perfect forms, such as no succeeding age has ever improved upon. Nor is it at all unreasonable to believe that the Hebrews, among whom originated so fine a code of laws, the purest moral maxims, and whose poetry is admitted to excel that of all other nations, should likewise have excelled all others in the beauty and grandeur of their architectural forms. How their celebrated king came into possession of the various and unequalled accomplishments, is clearly and particularly set forth in different parts of his beautiful treatise on the duties of kings: "God has granted me to speak as I would, and to conceive as is meet for the things that are to be spoken of, because it is he that leadeth unto wisdom, and directeth the wise. For in his hand are both we and our words; all wisdom also, and knowledge of the things that are, namely, to know how the world was made, and the operation of the elements; the beginning, ending, and midst of the times, the alterations of the turning of the sun, and the changes of seasons; the circuit of years, and the position of stars; and all such things as are either secret or manifest, them I know. For Wisdom, which is the worker of all things, taught me."

MOUNT CARMEL, LOOKING TOWARDS THE SEA.

This spot is supposed to be the one from whence Elijah's servant discovered the appearance of the cloud; the surface of the mountain is here very rocky, wild, and sterile, although the monks have contrived to establish a little garden behind the convent. The small town of Caipha beneath, affords only a miserable lodging to the traveller, who gladly makes his way to the monastery, which, though less extensive than several of the convents of Lebanon, is equal in comfort to almost any of them. That of Harissa, following, five thousand Carmels to the Catholic mission of Terra Santa, is a beautiful and spacious edifice, and is distant two hours from that of Antoura. Harissa is a [illegible] where the stranger is heartily and hospitably entertained; its extensive interior is peopled by but a few ecclesiastics; it contains above thirty rooms, besides the church, cemetery, chrisoir, and some other apartments. It is finely situated, with a view of the sea and coast, and has a pure refreshing air. The convent of Y-5-zumar, also in Lebanon, is the residence of the Armenian patriarch. In this noble establishment he entertains the traveller hospitably, and does the honours of his table with much taste; in proof of the accoutrement of his sintage, he has different kinds of wine, several of them of [illegible] brought in succession. This is rather a theological seminary than a convent; about twenty young men are here pursuing studies preparatory to the monastery. There is no convent in Syria or Palestine so good or so neat as this of Y-5-zumar; nor in any of the monastic establishments are there men of equal talents or acquisitions; they are agreeable, enterprising, and persevering. The convent of Ain el-Wurka, about four hours from Beirout, is a Maronite establishment, where the Maronites are taught Syrian, and prepared for the priesthood. Here are above twenty pupils, one of whom is the young Assemanni,

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great-nephew of the celebrated Joseph, author of the "Bibliotheca Orientalis," who was the pope's legate in the national council of the Maronites in 1736. This man, Joseph Assemanni, left in youth the retreats of Lebanon, fired with an ambition to explore the treasures of learning at their fountain-head. He was a young Syrian, of obscure birth; and it was said, that as a shepherd he had watched the flocks on the mountain pastures. The few books which he could borrow from the neighbouring monastery, he read while tending his sheep. In the wilds of Lebanon, so calculated to nourish solitary genius, he prepared for the future triumphs of the Vatican. On his arrival at Rome, he was received at the Maronite college, which was a favourite seminary of Clement, the pontiff: the Syrian was soon noticed by him, and acquired his patronage by his simplicity and opening talents: he was first made a canon of Saint Peter. Assemanni buried himself in the learned retreats of the Vatican, scarcely allowing time for the performance of sacerdotal duties, or attendance at the ceremonies of St. Peter's. His life was blameless, as the lives of most book-worms are; and his very soul banqueted, day and night, with an insatiable appetite, upon the hundreds and thousands of volumes, amidst which he walked, sat, and slept. Not the cedars of Lebanon, nor her orange and cypress groves, were half as glorious in his eyes as those forests of books, which seemed to overshadow him at noon-day, and to afford him shelter from the blasts and storms of life. So rapid and extensive were his acquisitions, that he was promoted to be guardian and librarian of these vast collections of literature. His fame went forth from the ancient walls into many lands, whose institutions were proud to enrol his name among them. And now the sovereign pontiff named him to be his legate in Syria, and sent him there with powers and authority to heal all dissensions, to suppress error, and to punish the recusants.

On his arrival in Lebanon, he passed some days with his aged parents, whose pride and exultation were very great, while his ancient friends and relatives crowded about him, perfectly conscious that he now held the keys of preferment. He bore his honours meekly; the darling ambition of his heart was accomplished. The habits and tastes of the student were more powerful than the love of his native scenes. When wandering there, where his simpler days were passed—the shepherd's pipe, the cottage, the mountain wilds—what a contrast to his present illustrious state! to the solemn halls left behind, and their precious volumes and manuscripts! Assemanni returned to his literary career in Rome, which was unbroken by care or misfortune. His old age was one of honour and esteem; and when his end drew nigh, he desired not, like Barzillai, "to be buried by the grave of his father and his mother," but was laid in the cemetery in Rome, sorrowing as much to part from the treasures of the Vatican as from his decaying life.

W. H. Bartlett. J. Tingle.

WALLS OF ST JEAN D'ACRE, NEXT THE SEA.

FISHER, SON & CO. LONDON & PARIS, 1836.

THE WALLS OF ST. JEAN D'ACRE, NEXT THE SEA.

The walls appear to rest on a reef of rocks, which affords a great protection from the sea. Even here they exhibit signs of the long and devastating siege by Ibrahim Pasha. This is not the side on which the place was attacked by Napoleon and Ibrahim, but on the other side, next the gate of Mount Carmel, that opens on the plain. On this plain, the Egyptian forces were encamped for six months; the defence made by Abdallah was obstinate in the extreme; and the hitherto invulnerable fortress would have baffled Ibrahim, had the Turks made the smallest efforts to relieve it, and thrown in, by sea, as was always in their power to do, a reinforcement to the exhausted garrison. There is a fine view from this angle of the walls, along the coast of Tyre, and the rich but neglected plain of Acre. In the distance, Mount Carmel and the bay are seen. "Ibrahim," writes Mr. Addison, in his recent journey to the East, "is a short man, inclined to corpulence, with a large head, scanty whiskers, grey moustaches, and is pitted with the small-pox. There was a remarkable plainness and simplicity in every thing about him. He was attired in Mamlouk trousers, with a closely-buttoned vest, and loose jacket, perfectly plain, without embroidery or jewels, and with a red tarbouche on his head. He appears about forty, and has a remarkably piercing eye, which he half closes, casting round the room a keen, searching glance, which seems to read the very soul. His disarming the Druses and other mountaineers of Lebanon, seems to have been a decided stroke of policy; it renders their prince, the celebrated Emir Bechir, quite powerless: the latter could, at any time, call thirty thousand troops into the field, chiefly cavalry, and now he lies at the mercy of Ibrahim, his palace and capital surrounded by troops, and companies of soldiers penetrating in every direction through his mountains, disarming his people. The pasha's troops are despatched from the head-quarters to all the villages in the mountains. When they arrive, proclamation is made to the inhabitants to bring in their arms and pile them in the street, on pain of death; and a certain time is allowed for that purpose. These parties are accompanied by guides, who know pretty well the number of the inhabitants; and if suspicion is excited that arms have been concealed, the most rigorous search is made. As yet the inhabitants have all been taken by surprise, and no resistance has been offered; nor is it likely to be, for the communications of the mountaineers with the Emir have been cut off, and no time has been allowed for combination. Ibrahim has gained his point, and has rendered the Emir helpless at a blow.

It was curious to see so great and powerful a person as Ibrahim Pasha living in mean quarters, in a private house in Der-el-Kamar, while the old Emir was in his noble castle half a mile off, surrounded by Oriental pomp. A more patriarchal and majestic figure than the Emir Bechir can scarcely be imagined. He is near ninety years of age, with a snow-white beard of great length. There was a kind, fatherly manner, and a calm,

settled dignity about him, which must have been sadly at variance with his real feelings at this time. He was handsomely attired in a rich robe, edged with sable; his waist was girt with a cashmere shawl, in which stuck a dagger covered with diamonds; and his fingers were clothed with rings. Black slaves in scarlet dresses presented pipes, which were adorned with magnificent amber mouth-pieces set in jewels: the Emir held one of these long pipes in his hand."

CEMETERY, AND WALLS OF ANTIOCH.

The Orontes is seen coming down from the White Lake, the mountains to the left are towards the pass of Beilan: the bold hill on the right is within the ruined walls. The cemetery in the foreground is beautifully situated; the prospect which it commands of the river, the gardens on its banks, the mountains, and the shattered towers and walls on their declivities, is splendid. Every step in this neighbourhood is full of heartfelt associations; whether you enter by the gate of St. Paul, and pursue your way for a quarter of an hour through a pleasant avenue, among trees and gardens, or turn to the little grotto in the side of the mountain, where the few Christians now worship. There is at present an upright man, who dwells near the Medina gate, who may be called a modern Silas of the fallen cause of Christianity. When the few members of the true faith who now inhabit Antioch, lay a few years since under suspicions with the magistracy, and under consequent apprehensions, he contrived a secret meeting-place for them within those ruined towers which are at a short distance in the romantic suburbs, and are believed to have once formed part of the fortified palace of Seleucus.

This cemetery is without the grove of trees which usually adorns and shades the burial-places of the East. The pine, the cypress, the sycamore, are not here: the gloom of the sepulchre is unaided by that of the dark foliage above. It is thickly peopled: the tomb in front resembles those so often erected to the santons, or holy men; but the latter are more beautiful and massive, and are often placed at the verge of the desert, and around them is always planted a little group of trees. This tomb of the santon has often a beautiful effect on the landscape, for it is mostly built in some lonely place, by the side of a stream or a pool, or on the verge of the desert, where its white dome, and rich canopy of trees, are a fine relief to the barren rocks, the rank grass, or the wastes of sand. Often I have paused beside one of these memorials, on the border or in the heart of the wilderness, and thought that it looked more like a cheerful refuge for the living than a home for the dead. The shadow of its trees was so lovely—and, far as the eye could reach, no other shelter from the heat, no other waters for the thirst, were visible. The Orientals evince an admirable taste in their places of sepulture, whether for a community or an individual. We are satisfied to erect superb monuments and costly homes for those we love: the Turk and the Arab build a simple and impressive tomb to their eminent persons, but are careful to place it where waters of mercy shall flow beside, and noble trees shall screen it from the heat by day, and the

CEMETERY & WALLS OF ANTIOCH.

Looking East towards Aleppo.

FISHER, SON & CO. LONDON & PARIS. 1838.

blast by night—that when the traveller and the wayfaring man halt there, and drink of the pool, and rest in the shadow, they shall bless the dead who rest beneath, for whose sake this luxury was given.

In the town of Der-el-Kamar, each respectable family has its own "house of the dead:" sometimes this is in a little detached garden, and consists of a small, solid, stone building, resembling a house, which is called the sepulchre of the family; it has neither door nor window. On the side of the hill, at a short distance from the town, are a number of similar buildings, which are, in fact, so many family mansions of the dead. They have a most melancholy appearance; their walls must be opened at each separate interment of the members of a family. Perhaps this custom, which prevails particularly at Der-al-Kamar and in the lonely neighbouring parts of Lebanon, may have been of great antiquity, and may serve to explain some passages in Scripture. The prophet Samuel "was buried in his house at Ramah;" it could hardly be in his dwelling-house. Joab was buried "in his own house in the wilderness."

In the city of Damascus, the only wife of a rich Turk fell dangerously ill. He applied to the English physician, who visited her very often; but in spite of all his skill, the lady, who was young and handsome, visibly grew worse. The husband was passionately fond of her, and implored the Englishman to save her life; for he could hardly believe that the disease would baffle all his art, so high is the opinion they entertain of the foreign hakim. Every day he visited the house of the latter; and, in the distraction of his grief, often wept like a child, and dwelt on the excellencies of his wife, how he loved her, and what misery he should suffer if the angel of death took her away. This emotion and intense affection of the Turk at first appeared rather remarkable to the physician; but he afterwards saw enough, in his visits to the domestic circles of Damascus, to convince him that the affections of home may be as strong under the selfish system of manners, and false faith, of the Koran, as in more blest and refined lands. During the continuance of his wife's illness, the Turk seemed to take a melancholy pleasure in resorting to the cemetery; it had been his favourite walk in his prosperity; and as the Oriental is a being of routine, whose habits and tastes do not change with the most awful changes around him, he still continued almost every evening to walk there, beneath the gloom of the overhanging trees, and abandon himself to the saddest meditations. Sepulchres were thick on every side, and mourners came at this hour to renew their sorrow and lamentation. Slowly pacing to and fro, or seated beside the tomb of his parents, he listened to the woes of others; but they did not drive the iron deeper into his soul: he always returned from the cemetery more calm and submissive than he went, for solitude and reflection rarely irritate or darken the temper and fancy of the Oriental. He was not doomed to taste, in the fate of her he so loved, the bitterness of death: contrary to all hope, the lady at last began to recover. His joy was exquisite, his gratitude unbounded, as he saw her health and beauty return every day; and he generously remunerated the physician—for he had said he would give all his fortune, and go forth a poor man, to save her life.

CASTLE IN MOUNT AMANUS.

This ruined castle is situated in a defile of the mountain, on the way from Antioch to Beilan: its position, one of the wildest imaginable—on the summit of a cliff whose foot is bathed by a rapid stream; precipices are on every side. The mountain-road is here very ancient, and soon after passes through groves of flowering shrubs, among which is the elegant form of the Italian pine. Looking back, the white lake beyond Antioch glittered in the sun. This castle is most probably of European construction. It was now noon; but had it been evening, the traveller would have been tempted to seek a home in its desolate chambers. When the fire was lighted on the floor, the group gathered round it, the coffee prepared, and the flame glancing on the gloomy walls; then was the hour for an Eastern story. The pleasure with which the Orientals listen to their story-tellers is inexhaustible; the repetition of the same practice, day after day, does not weary their patience, or abate in the smallest degree the interest they feel. This is probably one of the most primitive and ancient amusements in the world: even in the patriarchal days of the Old Testament, the love of oral narratives, in which instruction was blended with imagination, prevailed among the Jews and other Eastern people. The Arabs, when halting at eve on their endless sands, delight to form a group, and call on one of their companions to tell a tale, either of his own invention, or from one of their celebrated poets. To a Turk, the inaction as well as routine of his life, that knows little change or excitement, render this luxury peculiarly welcome. He can command it at all times and seasons, and can pass from the bosom of his family to the favourite haunt of the story-teller in a few moments. Whether the rain falls heavily, or the snows cover the narrow streets, he wraps his robe closely about him, and hastens there. After being sated with love, that he has purchased perhaps with money, it is a relief to him to listen to an ideal picture of strong affection and domestic felicity. Even the man who just before, perhaps, embrued his sabre in the blood of a Greek, will melt with sorrow at the perils and distresses of the hero of the story. As there are no public amusements in the East—no theatres, balls, or drinking-parties—they repair to the scene of this loved amusement with the same feeling as the idle and luxurious in our own land take up a new novel, or go to see a favourite actor. Old men whose white beards hang on their breasts, and whose features prove that they have felt the real evils and trials of life, are seen to devour these fictitious narrations with as much eagerness as the youths who sit beside them. The dervise, too, is there; his wild eyes fixed on the narrator, his very soul stirred by the tale, after he has spent the day in kindling the feelings of others by his own illusions, and drawing crowds about him with his revelations and lies. The hadgé also, just come from Mecca, after his painful pilgrimage, that has purged away his sins, and thrown a sacredness about his person even to the end of life, comes here to yield himself to the beautiful fictions of some wandering Arab, and

W. H. Bartlett. J. H. Le Keux.

CASTLE IN MOUNT AMANUS.

Near the Khan Karamani.

FISHER, SON & Co. LONDON & PARIS, 1838.

forget the howling desert he has traversed, as well as the distant home, to which he is bound. In Damascus some of the best reciters are to be found; and the peculiar luxury and situation of its coffee-houses aid very much the effect of their narrations. In Cairo, the want of water, the burning heat, and the gloomy and dusty streets, are, as well as the desert that spreads on every side, great foes to the imagination. In Constantinople the beauty of the external scenery, of the Bosphorus and its enchanting shores, cannot be surpassed; but the scantiness of water in the interior of the city, diminishes very much the luxuries of its people, who love beyond every thing the sight and sound of falling water in their apartments. But in Damascus, almost all the coffee-houses have splendid fountains, that are thrown up, some of them to the height of six or seven feet; and it is delightful to recline on one of the soft seats near them, and listen to their ceaseless rush and fall. The abundance of water from the five streams that flow around the city is incredible. The Assyrians might well complain, in their inroads into the Promised Land, of the scarcity of its rivers, and boast that there was nothing like their own Abana and Pharpar. In some of these houses of recreation, whose latticed windows, thrown open, admit the air, the wealthier people form dinner-parties, of men only. Seated in a circle on the carpet, with the various dishes on low tables before them, they eat slowly and carelessly, conversing at intervals, without any of the goût or joviality that wine inspires. Every good private dwelling in Damascus has its fountain, and this is invariably in the best apartment, it being a luxury, or rather a necessity, that few inhabitants care to do without; an Englishman would as soon live in an uncarpeted house. And round the marble basin, or in the divan just beyond it, the host at evening receives his friends; and they sit and smoke, and calmly converse the hours away: this is the time when the wealthier families sometimes send for a celebrated story-teller to amuse the party; and when the latter knows he is to be handsomely paid, it is a more *recherché* opportunity than the public companies afford.

It is the sultry hour of noon, perhaps, when the burning rays are on the water, the trees, and green banks that surround the public café of Damascus: the light roof, supported by the slender pillars, casts a shade on the peopled floor, on which the well and variously dressed Turks recline, some in small wickered chairs, others on long and softer benches, covered and backed with carpets and cushions. These seats are placed close to the river's edge; and earth has nothing more indulgent than to sit here, in the cool of the day, or in the still hour of night, and listen to the rush of the waters, and gaze on the gleaming of the cataract; then put the amber-tipped and scented pipe to the lips, or turn to the throng of many nations around, all silently enjoying the hour.

It is sweet to such a people to have their feelings violently excited, to have the monotony of their thoughts thus broken wildly by the vivid descriptions of the speaker. It is a pleasure so easily enjoyed also; the head need not be raised from its recumbent position, nor the eye turned from the faint twilight falling on the foaming river, nor the hand moved from its gentle grasp on the chibouque. The favourite story-teller watches his moment, and comes forward into the middle of the floor, and raises his hand: the lips of the Damascene, the Cairene, the Arab, and the Persian, that

were before busy, perhaps conversing on the few themes that occupy an Oriental mind, are instantly hushed. The hands of those whose faces are turned towards the speaker are laid significantly on their flowing beards, or count their beads with unconscious and mechanical motion. The waiters, who replenish continually the often-drained coffee-cups, tread stealthily over the floor. If a guest enters, his eye detects instantly the nature of the scene, and he walks with quick steps to the nearest vacant seat, and signs to the attendant to bring him the refreshment he desires.

Amidst the sound of the falling waters, the voice of the story-teller alone is heard; and each tone falls as distinct and clear as that of the angel who shall proclaim at the day of account the sins of the people. It is beautiful to see a proud and half-barbarous people thus chained by the power of imagination; listening, with the earnestness and simplicity of children, to the fictitious narration, melted at the tenderness of some of the passages, and their dark eyes kindling at the powerful painting of others.

THE CILICIAN GATES.

This ruin, as it may be called, appears to be of Roman construction, and forms a very picturesque object, being approached through a wild valley, a little way from the Gulf of Issus: beyond it are bleak and uncultivated downs. Few passengers are met with in this direction. The poor habitations are thinly scattered; scarcely a hovel is to be seen throughout a territory so famous in ancient history: where the empire of Asia was contested by Darius and Alexander—all is now desolate.

PART OF RHODES, THE CHANNEL, &c.

This view is the one looking over the lower part of the town, where the consular houses are situated. More delightful abodes cannot be imagined; on the slope without the walls, in the midst of gardens, their windows looking on the shore, the channel, and the coast of Asia Minor opposite. The situation of consul in this isle is rather an enviable one, if a man can make up his mind to live with very little society; he will not, perhaps, find it a very hard matter to do this, but there is a chance that his wife will be thinking, too often for her peace, of the friends and comforts of her native home. All the ladies of the consuls whom I knew in these regions, were of this mind—discontented, contrasting the unsocial, dull, and monotonous people and manners around them, with those they had left behind. Not one was reconciled to, or happy in, her situation, whether it was in Egypt, Syria, or Turkey. This dissatisfaction is the characteristic of English women in the East; for the French and Italian ladies who have homes in these lands, soon reconcile themselves to most things around them, are cheerful, and suffer little from ennui or repining. Surely theirs is the wisest part. Is not this a scene, in one of the gardens, beneath the trees, in which to listen to an Eastern tale? The best

W. H. Bartlett. T. Dixon

THE CILICIAN GATES.

FISHER, SON & Cº. LONDON & PARIS. 1838.

W. H. Bartlett. M. J. Starling

RHODES.

With the Pyramid between the Island & Asia Minor.

FISHER, SON & CO. LONDON & PARIS 1838.

I ever heard was told me by a celebrated story-teller in Damascus. He was an Arab: at every pause he made, which was about once in ten minutes, my interpreter repeated faithfully what he had said. The tale was as follows:—

In a small town on the coast of Syria lived a silk-weaver in great comfort, with his wife and three children. Allah, who saw the simplicity of his heart, blessed his labours; and he too gave praise to the Highest, and had health and contentment, and those of his household loved him. But it came to pass, that one morning, as he was seated at work, at his window that looked out on the sea, the love of riches entered into his heart, and then its happiness passed away like a dream. He fixed his eyes on the vessels that were passing onwards near to where he sat, and for a long time did not cast them down again on the web of silk that he held, which dropped from his hand to the ground. The tears fell from his eyes; his wife saw it, and said, "Why weepest thou, my soul? what is come to thee this day?" "They go," he said, "they go, each to its own distant land, loaded with wealth that will make many families happy. O that one of these barks was bound for the poor home of Comrou the silk-weaver!" She picked up the silk web from the ground, and said, "Son of the weaver Mashil, art thou mad? pursue thy work, for such wild desires will only lead to poverty and want!" And with that she threw it towards him. He looked at her vexed and angrily, and for the first time thought that her face was not comely, or her form beautiful. The pining after riches is like the hand of disease; his family wept when they looked on his pale face and wasting frame. One day, as he was at work in the chamber of his house that stood on the edge of the sea, so strongly was he moved by these consuming thoughts and desires, that he broke in pieces the web of silk that he held, rushed out of the house, and wandered wildly along the shore. He saw a vessel preparing to leave the port—hastened on board—and took passage for the land to which she was bound, without heeding where it might be. The vessel sailed all night and the following day and night: and when the third morning dawned, they saw the shore before them.

Sick and weary of the voyage, the weaver implored to be set on shore even in a strange land, rather than sail any farther: his request was granted, and in a short time a boat conveyed him to the beach. He gazed sadly around, for the place was desert. There was a high mountain before him, and he hastened to ascend it; on reaching the summit, to his infinite joy he saw a clear and beautiful pool of water, for he was nearly dead with thirst and weariness. Looking eagerly around, he espied a small stone drinking-vessel, of curious form, lying useless by the side of the pool; he filled it to the brim, and raised it to his lips. What was his astonishment, as he drank, to hear the sound of money rattling in his vest! He tore it open! Oh, what was his rapture, to find it filled with gold chequins! Again he filled the stone vessel, and drank deep; again he heard the delicious sound, and saw the gleam of the gold, dearer than the light of the eyes of his youngest born. He seized them, and pressed them to his soul, convinced that he had thus found a source of endless riches; for as often as he drank, so often the money came with the

draught. He stood motionless by the side of the lonely pool, and lifted up his eyes, and blessed Allah aloud for his mercy—that he had regard to the desire of his soul.

It was now time to depart, for the sun was setting; its last rays were cast on a city that was not far distant, and thither he bent his steps, first placing next his heart the goblet, and tying his sash tightly over it. In a few days he purchased a house, and hired servants in that city, and bought horses of the purest blood of Yemen. In the close of the day he loved to walk in his garden, and afterwards fair slaves waited on him, for he thought no more of his humble though beautiful wife and his sweet children. But in the town on the sea-shore they did not cease to mourn, and to say, "Azrael has taken from us the light of our eyes;" and their friends also sorrowed with them.

It so happened—for nothing in this world should astonish us—that his neighbour the baker, who had lived on the other side of the street, was seized also with the thirst of riches. His trade was gainful: his loaves were the best and whitest in the whole town, and the sunrise and sunset still found him at the mouth of his oven, smilingly serving his customers, praising his bustling wife, who was ever at his side, and pleasantry on his lips. But now, this slow gathering of wealth no longer satisfied him; he prayed Allah that he would increase it more rapidly. One day he felt something hard in his hand, and, on looking closer, found it was a gold mahmoudie. He put it on the shelf, and, wanting some meat for dinner, went to the butcher's, purchased some, and received the change. What was his surprise, to find the mahmoudie once more in his vest on his return! Again and again he changed it, and still he found that it ever multiplied itself, and would be to him a source of slow, but never-ending affluence. He concealed his emotions, even from the wife of his bosom; and though he followed his business as usual, it was evident to all that his views were elevated beyond it: his carriage was more constrained; and his words and smiles, that used to fall like the dew on the herb, were now few and cold. This secret was like a stifled fire within him; he took his resolution, and, going one night to the port, took passage on board a vessel that sailed quickly after. It so happened that this bark was bound to the same port as the one in which the weaver sailed: unused to the sea, he also prayed to be landed on the nearest shore, and soon found his way to the same city. Here after a time he purchased a house and garden. Oh, how sweet to his soul was the first taste of riches! the mouth of his oven no more waited for him, to prepare bread and cakes for the faithful—no smoke and heat, nor clash of gabbling tongues around. He turned disgusted from the remembrance, and bade his slave bring odours, and fill his goblet to the brim. One day he went to the chief coffee-house in the city: a movement was soon heard in the place; the people who were near him gave way, and a richly-dressed man entered, attended by many slaves. He sat down, looked with a princely air around him, and addressed himself to the baker, who was much flattered by his attention. Ere long, however, looking attentively, in spite of the dyed and perfumed beard, that fell black as the raven's wing on his bosom, he recognised his former neighbour the silk-weaver. The latter smiled graciously on him, kindly invited him to his house, and told him of the cause of his present splendour. The baker sighed deeply, and said to himself,

"Of what avail to me are the gifts of Allah? that wretched weaver, on whom I looked down in our town as a poor drudge, who gained just enough every day to support his wife and children, is now as the princes of the earth; and riches flow unto him as the waves on the shore, while mine are only as the drops of rain on the sand, quickly dried up! When evening came, he dressed himself, to go to the house of his friend: its splendour astonished him; the many lights thrown from gold and silver lamps, made the chambers seem like the day. The owner, seated on a rich divan, pressed his hand with a pleasant smile, and soon after they sat down to the banquet, that consisted of all manner of luxuries. Fixing his eyes on the splendid robe of his host, and then at his own plainer one, "O Allah! Allah!" he said, in a piercing tone, lifting his eyes to the roof, while his hand still clenched the glass; "why didst thou give the stone goblet to this man, and grant me only the poor mahmoudie!" "My friend," replied the other kindly, "be not unhappy; all are not the favourites of the Highest; may be thou hast never seen the precious goblet," drawing it forth from his vest; "handle it tenderly; it is not to be touched by every vile and common hand, like a mahmoudie." The baker took it, and pressed it hard in his grasp. "Oh, my head, my eyes, my soul!" he said—"blessed source of eternal wealth!" Then changing his tone, "And yet how frail and brittle!—were I to dash it against this marble pavement, thy riches, weaver, are gone for ever!" The latter uttered a loud cry, and sprung to seize the cup: his guest broke into a disdainful laugh: "Take it, take it, slowly and carefully: did I not say, how perishable and uncertain was thy treasure?—a blow, an accident, might destroy it. Thy wealth, O weaver, hangs on a hair!—whereas mine," and he drew forth his mahmoudie, and dashed it violently on the floor, "see," he said, "it is still the same; violence cannot hurt or change it; it is sure—it is unchangeable." "Besotted man!" said the other, replacing anxiously the stone goblet within his bosom, "wilt thou thus compare that wretched solitary coin to my glorious gift? Aye, clasp it closely, 'tis thy only friend!—but, behold, I will put thee to confusion." So saying, he filled the stone cup to the brim with the rich wine of Shiras, and drank it to the bottom; then, taking a handful of the coins that had fallen in his vest, he threw them towards his guest, saying, "Unhappy baker, comfort thy soul!" At these words the other could no longer contain himself; he rose from the divan, and seized him by the throat: "O vile upstart! Allah grant me patience, that I do not slay thee on the spot! Am I not a better man, and of more repute than thee?" "Thou liest!" said the weaver, now wholly enraged, and tearing off the other's turban and vest: "I will make thee bare as one of thy own loaves: thy mahmoudie hath made thee mad!" With that their fury and clamour rose to such a pitch, that the whole house was filled therewith; the attendants and slaves strove in vain to part them, the gold-flowered robe of the weaver hung in tatters, and the baker's face and person were more disordered than by the flames of his own oven in the day of the simoom. It so happened—for the great enemy of men always watches for their downfall—that the Cadi of the city, passing by to his own house from an entertainment, heard the tumult, that grew louder every moment, and, entering with his officers, demanded the cause of it. It was some time before he could obtain a hearing, or pacify the fury of the rival men: from their unguarded words and mutual upbraidings he gathered, however, an insight into their history: they

were ordered to appear before him in judgment on the following day, in order that *he* might decide their quarrel. They came soon after sunrise: the Cadi, with a solemn and severe aspect, inquired into the cause of their enmity, that had thus disturbed the peace of the town and its people. When the baker told, in bitter agony of soul, of the power of the stone drinking-cup, the looks of the judge were troubled: he desired to behold it; and when the weaver took it fondly from his breast, and held it solemnly in his sight, the Cadi grasped it greedily, and opened his heavy eyes wildly, and a strange fire was in them. And then he desired to see the mahmoudie of the baker: and he gazed on them in long and speechless emotion. "O true belivers," he said, "there is nothing so delightful in the Prophet's eye as peace! It is a lovely thing, and I should sin deeply if I allowed the causes of this strife still to exist, and thereby stir up the ashes of misery day and night, to the destruction of your souls. Therefore I will keep these things, and guard them in care and secresy." A sudden gloom and horror fell on the countenances of the two men; they trembled exceedingly, their lips moved in many an effort to speak, but no utterance came forth: for it is a fearful thing to see wealth and splendour passing away from us like a dream; and poverty, like an armed man, waiting for his prey. At last the baker found words, "Return me my mahmoudie, O return it to me, excellent and righteous judge!—so shall Allah bless thee above all men." The weaver, whose loss was tenfold greater, cried out with a wild and bitter cry, and beat his breast, as if words were too small for anguish such as his. Then growing desperate, they menaced the Cadi, declared they would instantly lay their complaint before the Sultan, who would see justice done them. The judge, in his turn, gave way to wrath, or appeared to do so—ordered them to prison, said that in the mean-time he would himself denounce them to his master, as dealers in magical arts;—for how could such gifts as the cup and mahmoudie be possessed otherwise? and by the Koran the punishment of magic was death. They were instantly conveyed to the prison of the city, and confined in a gloomy chamber, whose light was dim, and floor and walls cold and dreary. The remainder of the day was passed in sighs and groans: and when night came, they thought of their rich couches, and those who shared them. The light of the moon dropped through the bars on their haggard faces. There is nothing like exquisite misery for reconciling quarrels, and laying the soul open to itself: the two ancient friends sat stupified for some moments, tearing their garments, and heaping ashes on their heads—then they looked eagerly and kindly, threw themselves into each other's arms, and wept. Their enemies as well as lovers were passed away: evening came down on the silent prison, and they thought of their distant home. "O holy Prophet," exclaimed the weaver, "give me once more to behold the face of my wife and children. She was a lovely and a loving woman." "Comrou," said the other, "could I but eat at this moment of one of the white loaves of my oven, it would nourish my famishing soul: thou hast often eat of them, were they not delicious? I dreamt last night I was once more in my shop; it was filled with people all waiting anxiously and with hungry looks; and they asked one of another, "Where is Alib, our baker? My wife stood weeping beside the oven, the wife of my youth; the flames crackled: O Allah! restore, restore me to my home, and I will bless the hand that has humbled me."

"Blessed be that hand," said Comrou, in a solemn tone: "we pined for riches, till our soul and body fainted with the desire. He gave them to our prayer. Baker, did not a curse come with them? These gloomy walls and bars—these ministers of cruelty!—and then the dreadful end that hangs over us, should the Cadi prevail! My wife! shall I never see you again? The night that I fled like a traitor, my youngest born lay on its mother's bosom; her rich tresses drooped over it; her dark and beautiful eye was lifted to the father, and then bent on the sleeping one; and her lips were murmuring blessings. Curse me not, forsaken one," he added, in an agony of remorse, "curse me not, my child!" At that moment the door opened, and the Cadi stood before them: a soldier, with a drawn scimetar was on each side. He came, he said gloomily—and by the lamp-light they saw death in his face—he came to tell them of the mandate received from the Sultan, that if they had practised magic they should die. It was clear, he said, that they had done this; but he would have mercy: therefore they might go forth from prison, and make their way to the nearest sea-port, where a vessel waited to convey them to their distant homes. A cry of joy was the return for these words. They made no delay, no hesitation, even for a moment. It was night, yet they hastened forth from the prison-walls; with the guard, they passed through the streets with a hurried and eager step: they came to the port, and embarked. At the end of three days their native hills appeared in view; then the minarets of the town: day was declining in extreme beauty on the shore. As the vessel drew nigh, two forms were seen to stand on the beach—youthful and agitated forms: they stretched out their hands, they called on the names of the men; in a few moments they were folded in the embraces of their wives. They made no reproach or complaint, but led them exultingly to their homes, where their friends were waiting to receive them.

As soon as the morrow broke on the hills around, they rose with a glad and eager heart to pursue their work, and never more did a murmur fall from their lips. Years passed on, and found the men still contented and happy in the lot God had given them; and the thirst of riches entered their hearts no more.

PORT OF BEIROUT.

How welcome, how beautiful, was the return to Beirout from Balbec, as we caught, from the barren heights afar off, the first view of its groves and gardens, its glowing shores and bay, the lively green of its declivities and plains! We had been long absent, and now remembered the happy hours passed in its social roofs, in its solitary walks to vale and river, to the declivities and hamlets of Lebanon. It was the only place in Syria in which we had resided long without weariness: a few weeks at Damascus were sufficient, even to satiety: but we came again to the quiet and varied attractions of the environs of Beirout, its olive groves, and verdant lanes, that look so like English ones; and found again the welcome, the kindness, that received us when we came as strangers to the land. Friendship, society, sympathy of feeling and thought—what magic is cast around you in an Eastern scene! After taking its fill of landscapes and ruins, the spirit turns to *you* as to its rest! The wanderer at first lives only in the excitements of the way; but after many months in towns, and deserts, and tents, in which he is regarded only as a being of a day, for whom no man cares, he feels a desolation creeping over his heart; and, "like a well of water in a thirsty land," is the familiar face, the language of interest and attachment; and here also is the Sabbath-bell, the hymn breathed to heaven, the words of truth and life, like long-lost sounds.

The view in the plate is taken a little to the south of the town; the two old castles are seen, one behind the other; beyond, on the little promontory, an old tower, which is said to be near the field where St. George killed the dragon. The first ranges of Lebanon, which appear behind, are covered with mulberry plantations and woods; convents are seen on the declivities; about two-thirds of the way, on the left, is the gorge of the Nahr-el-Kelb: the high square-topped mountain, tinged with snow, is remarkable from the whole neighbourhood; the Kesrouan mountains, as the summits are called, stretch away to the left. The highest point of Lebanon, as measured by Colonel Chesney while at Beirout, is nine thousand three hundred feet high: Taurus is ten thousand feet; Mount Casius, seven thousand.

The quay is partly composed of ancient granite pillars; great numbers are seen along the shore at ebb-tide. Several of the consulate houses are visible on the right, near the water. Beirout is the entrepôt of the commerce of the Druses and Maronites, whence they export their cottons and silks, and receive in return rice, tobacco, and money, which they exchange for the corn of the plains of the Bekaa and Haouran. Raw silk is the staple article, which, with cottons, olives, and figs, is exported to Cairo, Damascus, and Aleppo: the commercial activity of the town increases every year. The harbour is perhaps the best on the coast, and the anchorage tolerably safe. The neighbourhood has lately tempted the speculation and enterprise of manufacturers from Europe. Many merchants are settled here, who live in a plentiful style, in comfortable dwellings: for the houses lately built by Europeans are substantial and good; the slighter-built villas of the

PORT OF BEIROUT.

natives are in winter pervious to the rain and wind: the walls being only one stone in thickness, and that of a porous quality, they absorb the moisture greatly, being very thinly, if at all, stuccoed within. In such a home the stranger is liable to fever, ague, and rheumatism. We at first lodged in one of these cheerful yet comfortless houses; the parlour had four windows, looking on splendid scenes; but when wet and wild weather came, the vessel of lighted charcoal could not diffuse sufficient warmth and comfort through the apartment. The frequent arrivals of vessels of various nations from Europe, and the travellers who came on board them, Beirout being the most convenient starting-point for an Eastern tour, made the circle at the English and other consulates interesting and animated. The surrounding country is enriched with vineyards, groves of olive and palm, orange and lemon: the mulberry-trees are innumerable. The resources of this country have not been fairly improved or encouraged: the recesses of Lebanon, rich in mineral productions, deserve to be carefully examined: near the sea, the dislocated strata have almost every where a deep chalybeate tinge, and compact nodules of iron ore are of frequent occurrence. Specimens of excellent pit-coal are found in the neighbourhood of Beirout; but neither the extent nor depth of the beds which are known to exist there, have been yet ascertained. Other metallic ores are also found in various parts of the mountainous district.

At the extremity of the town, towards Sidon, is an extensive cemetery, almost at the edge of the sea: it affords a most impressive walk, when evening is on the dark cypress, on "the thousand tombs," the avenues, and the waves that dash at the feet almost of the sepulchres. The influence of the place fast gathers on the thoughts, yet there is nothing gloomy in this influence; so exquisite is the beauty of nature on every side, as to gladden even "the valley of the shadow of death." The bay on each side and in front, like a lake of gold: Lebanon, its wastes, its white villages, its lonely monasteries, red with the dying light. From the cedar, the ilex, the palm, the pine, the last beam is slowly vanishing. In such a moment, the sting of death, and the terror of the grave, cannot alarm the thoughts, which are borne away to the living world of loveliness; a faint emblem, perhaps, if aught here below can be an emblem, of that brighter and more beautiful world above, where "they shall die no more." Mourners were now moving up and down the cemetery, alone or in groups, yet mostly alone; they came to mourn their departed relatives: they wailed beneath the cypress shade.

RUINED MOSQUE AT PAYASS.

The little ruinous town of Payass, situate in the field of Issus, is a singular place; almost deserted, composed chiefly of bazaars and two or three mosques, a halting-place for the caravans, and rarely a home for the traveller. This mosque was the principal one of the place: the neighbouring peasants sometimes came to its court, and a group of traders and pedlars would gather here round their fires of an evening, smoking and chatting, when the caravan halted at Payass. The shaft of its minaret was broken, the weeds grew on its walls and roof; its dome, above which the sacred crescent was entire; so also was the greater part of the corridor. The interior was not dilapidated, though long forsaken; no one entered it for the purpose of prayer, placed his little carpet on the floor, and, turning to Mecca, implored Alla to bless his journey. There is no impressiveness in a ruined Turkish church, no grey tower, fretted aisle, or columns that with us look picturesque in decay. The plain and open interior of the mosque, the slender pillars of its corridor, and the tall minaret, look poor when withering by the hand of time. Then there is no cemetery adjacent, no tombs in the shadow of aged trees, no murmur of the wind in their branches, nothing within or without to wake our imagination or sympathy. The little town of Payass, when its gate was locked at night, and no one was in its ruined houses but the traveller and his party, was silent as the wilderness in which it stood: the voice of the imaun from the broken minaret would have been welcome, for it was a melancholy place. The writer once met with an imaun who had lost his employment; the Greeks had ruined his mosque, defaced the interior, erased the gold sentences on the walls, massacred the people, and had spared his life, but turned him forth in the world a broken-hearted and beggared man. He was above sixty years of age, tall, and of fine features; he often came to see me, and would speak of his troubles and sorrows, which had come upon him in the decline of life. He had been the imaun of this mosque from his youth, and he loved its routine of duties and cares, with somewhat similar feeling to those of a pastor over his flock. During the greater part of his life he had never been absent a day from his charge; his eyes had been so used to see the congregation gathered to prayer every day, and his lips to read the Koran, and comment on its meaning, that they were now unfitted for the wilder sights and sounds of the world, into which he was thrown homeless and friendless. He sometimes came to dine, for he often wanted a meal, as he was in the midst of his enemies, who had murdered most of his countrymen: his two sons had perished also. When he spoke of their loss, his bitterness of soul was exquisite, for they were put to death pitilessly, though he said he would have died to save them. When he walked through the town, which was but seldom, he passed his ruined mosque, where he had presided for so many years, and saw it all broken and neglected. He dared not enter it, or shew any signs of emotion, lest he should be exposed to the taunts of the Greeks. He was evidently sinking beneath his misfortunes, which were without hope; and when he told

MOSQUE AT PAYASS. — THE ANCIENT ISSUS.

of these things, his thin hands outspread, his pallid face upraised, he was the picture of a man going down with sorrow to his grave. His one robe and turban seemed to be all his store; yet he had lived in ease and comfort, and with few cares: the simple tenor of his life comprised in going to the mosque three times a day, the walk to the cemetery, perhaps, in the evening, or to the dwelling of a friend.

The night had now come down on the plain, on the ruinous places of Payass; the solitude, as well as stillness of the scene was extreme, the fall of the wave on the shore of the beautiful bay alone came on the ear; the fancy fled to the past glory and excitement of this plain, where the empire of the world was lost and won, to the tumuli of chiefs, to the stream that then ran redly through the ranks. A melancholy feeling stole on the mind, for the place was unsafe, and had recently been the refuge of a famous chief of brigands.

Is not the night-wind sighing
  O'er a lost field?
Is there not blood—a silent voice replying—
  From spear and shield?

Is not the sun departed
  West, with his train
Of clouds that fled, like warriors, fiery-hearted—
  Would ye remain?

I hear the ocean pealing,
  That all is o'er!
And every echo, through the red plain stealing,
  Breathes of no more.

Let not the spear be trusted,
  Bright though it be:
Like faith, the lover's faith, it can be rusted—
  Flee, wanderers, flee!

The brigand alluded to was called the "Tyrant of Payass," and maintained here for some time a band who were the terror of the neighbouring country. The rocks and recesses of Mount Amanus afforded a secure place of concealment, whence to observe and pounce on their prey, whether it were a caravan, or a lonely party of travellers and merchants. He attacked the caravan boldly, slew or put its defenders to flight, and took possession of all its contents, which were conveyed to the ruinous places of Payass. Many a wild, bloody, and romantic feat is related of this chieftain, who held the surrounding district under contribution, and made this desolate place his strong-hold, where he lodged his captives and his booty.

To reach Payass from Scanderoon by land, the traveller must pursue a circular direction until he reaches a ruined marble gateway, where the mountain descends in a gentle slope, covered with brushwood, to the sea. A road has been carefully made over

this narrow pass, paved throughout, though steep. At sea, this gateway presents the appearance of two columns, and is called by sailors "Jonas's Pillars." Beyond these marble gates, the plain begins to widen immediately; and on the summit of a hill, about three hundred feet high, is the modern Turkish castle of Merkez, but it is now dismantled. Between Payass and the Issus, or Pinarus, are two villages: in winter this stream, which was of such importance in the battle between Darius and Alexander, is about forty-five feet in width, on a stony bed; it flows across the plain in a direction a little south of west, coming from the Amanus. About seven miles from the sea, on the western side of this plain, at the foot of a hill, are the ruins of a considerable town, in which may be traced many public buildings, and where an acropolis and aqueduct still exist in some perfection. This is probably the town of Nicopolis, which was first called Issus by the Macedonians, in honour of the victory gained there. To the west, the plain begins to narrow; near the sea, south of Issus, is a mound, called Kara Koi, composed of black lava pebbles, and having ruins of lava walls on its summit. In this plain are many ruins of former times, and remnants of forts and arches occur. To the north, a pass through the sandstone range is guarded by a gateway and tower of tile-brick ruins of a peculiar character, consisting of two masses of an imperfect obelisk-like form. Half up this pass, about three hundred feet above the level of the sea, and where the pass is not five hundred feet in width, is an arch of elaborate workmanship; polygonal stones, fitted with great nicety, arranged in courses, and of the same height, and rather noble dimensions, built of limestone, and flanked by walls of angular masses of lava, closely fitted, and of the third era of Cyclopian architecture. It is well known that Cyrus, in the expedition of which Xenophon has given us so admirable an account, led his army by these passes. According to the narrative, "Cyrus made from the Pyramus, in two days' march, fifteen parasangs, and arrived at Issus, the last town of Cilicia, near the sea, a large city, rich and well situated, where he stayed three days. Hence Cyrus made, in one march, five parasangs to the gates of Cilicia and Syria. There were two fortresses, through which ran a river called Kersus, one hundred feet in breadth: the interval between them was three stadia, or 625 yards, through which it was not possible to force a way,—the pass being narrow, the fortresses reaching down to the sea, and above were inaccessible rocks. In both these fortresses stood the gates." The next most important texts are those of the historians of Alexander, who also invaded the East by the same road. Arrian says, "Darius crossed the mountain by the pass called the Amanian Gates, marched upon Issus, and thus placed himself in the rear of Alexander, who was ignorant of his movements. Next day he advanced to the Pinarus. When Alexander heard that Darius was in the rear, he did not think the account credible, but having ascertained its truth, he ordered his troops to refresh themselves, and allowed them to repose for the remainder of the night."

T. Allom. S. Fisher

PLAIN OF THE JORDAN, LOOKING TOWARDS THE DEAD SEA.

FISHER SON & CO. LONDON & PARIS 1836

PLAIN OF THE JORDAN, LOOKING TOWARDS THE DEAD SEA.

This view is taken from a height on the eastern side of the Jordan, overlooking the plain. This plain is of great extent, being from six to ten miles wide; and its length, from the Dead sea to the lake of Galilee, is a journey of two days. The greater part of this plain is covered with a wild and rich pasture, with but few trees, save on the banks of the Jordan. The flocks of the Bedouins graze on the pastures, which seem to have no lord or chief to claim them. This extensive plain, without a town, hamlet, or monastery, has, from time immemorial, been the haunt of the Arabs. Its wilds are cheered and beautified by the Jordan, that rolls its lonely stream through its whole extent in a generally straight course, and but rarely winds so much as in the plate. On the right, at the foot of the mountains, is the village of Jericho, no longer the City of Palm-trees; not a single palm-tree is now to be seen among the few trees that shadow it: its houses are wretched, its situation bad; there are no ruins, to awake the faintest remembrance of the times of old. It has a stone tower, called the Castle of the Governor, who has about thirty soldiers to keep the Arabs in awe. On the extreme right, its base scarcely visible, stands the mountain Quarantina, which tradition has preserved as the scene of our Lord's temptation in the wilderness. The summit, where this took place, is desert and savage, with no shelter save the shadow of the rocks, from the burning beams of the sun; no rivulet or fountain; all lonely and desolate—it was a fearful scene for the temptation. The surface of the plain, for many miles before you arrive at the Dead sea, is dry and withered, without a shrub, a flower, or even a blade of grass. Higher up, the verdure that fringes the river is delightful to the eye; many a tree, many a wild flower, many a beautiful shrub is there; sweet is their shadow and perfume beside the everlasting stream. This view appears to be taken in the summer, when the Jordan is shrunk within its bed, and flows shallow and languidly. In winter, its waters are full and rapid, often on a level with their bank. The Bedouins come from the mountains to the pastures on its banks; their dark tents are pitched in a group, or scattered over the plain, whose solitude they people for a time: when their fire is kindled, they gather round it at their evening meal, and converse with wild gestures; then kneel down in the open air before the tent-door, and invoke the Prophet, where the Israelite once poured out his sorrows before the Lord. The faint sound of their voices, heard amidst the stillness from afar, is hushed, and deep silence again falls on the plain. Each Arab is armed with a long spear and a matchlock gun, and it is not safe to travel through this plain without a guard; hardly a single traveller has traversed it from Jericho to the Sea of Galilee, though it would well repay the trouble and the danger. It is impossible to describe the joy which the sight and vicinity of waters give in this treeless plain, among these stern and savage mountains. I remember the joy I felt when, on gaining the summit of a

precipice, at whose foot slept the Dead sea—still, bright, and breezeless; no ripple on its breast, no murmur on its shore; about six to ten miles wide, and above sixty miles long. Welcome, even in its gloom, is the deadly sheet of water; and the wanderer turns again and again from the burning wilds he has passed, and follows with his eye each creek, and gulf, and hoary precipice. A few hours hence is the Bedouin village of Safye, where it is supposed once stood Zoar, to which Lot intreated to be allowed to fly. There is every reason to believe that his flight from "the cities of the plain" must have been to the high mountains south of the sea: the valley of the Jordan, and the wilderness of Ziph, in the other directions, being either fertile tracts, or inhabited by shepherds. The air all around this celebrated sea is, in the fine season, dreadfully oppressive; even the Arab almost faints beneath it. The plain on the west extremity of the lake, towards the Red sea, is covered with sand, and no dweller comes there; but on the east there are some spots of fertility, and even groups of trees; and here the Bedouin peasant comes, and builds his hut of rushes, and cultivates a few scanty fields. It is strange that the Psalmist, who, in his wanderings from Saul in the wilderness of Ziph, had this sea often before his eyes, should never allude to it as a scene of sublime and boundless waters, or as a monument of the just judgments of God. He loved the impressive scenes of his country in mountain, stream, and valley, which inspired his descriptions, yet he neglected the chief beauty of Judah, the sea of Galilee.

The road from Jerusalem to Jericho is still unsafe, as in the times of old, when "a certain man went down and fell among thieves;" it passes over a succession of wild and barren hills; and about midway, Sir Frederick Henniker was attacked by the Bedouins, severely wounded, and plundered of all he had. The distance is twenty miles, and is performed in six hours, for the road is rugged. It was on the eastern side of the river that Joseph, his brethren, and people, wept for his father Jacob seven days. "And they came to the threshing-floor of Atad, which is beyond Jordan, and there they mourned with a very great and sore lamentation. And when the inhabitants of the land saw it, they said, This is a grievous mourning to the Egyptians."

It appears to have been in this part of the river that the host of Israel passed over, on their issuing from the deserts into the Land of Promise, when they came from the plains of Moab and from Shittim, through the defiles in the mountains, on the extreme left of the plate: "the waters of Jordan, that came down towards the sea of the plain, even the Salt sea, failed, and were cut off: and the people passed over right against Jericho." The rapid rushing of the Jordan during the rainy season, and the ghastly stillness of the waters into whose bosom the sacred river enters and is lost, is one of the finest contrasts conceivable. No outlet, no increase, no diminution—for ever the same. Such will the Dead sea ever be, the indelible witness of the terrors of the Lord, which changed the "glorious plain, the garden of beauty," into "the valley of the shadow of death."

The only traveller who has made the circuit of the shores of this sea, was a Mr. Hyde, an Englishman, about twenty years since; he had a strong escort of Arabs, provisions, camels, and horses, and occupied three weeks in this desert journey, which was attended with much fatigue and danger, and with no satisfactory results. No discovery of any

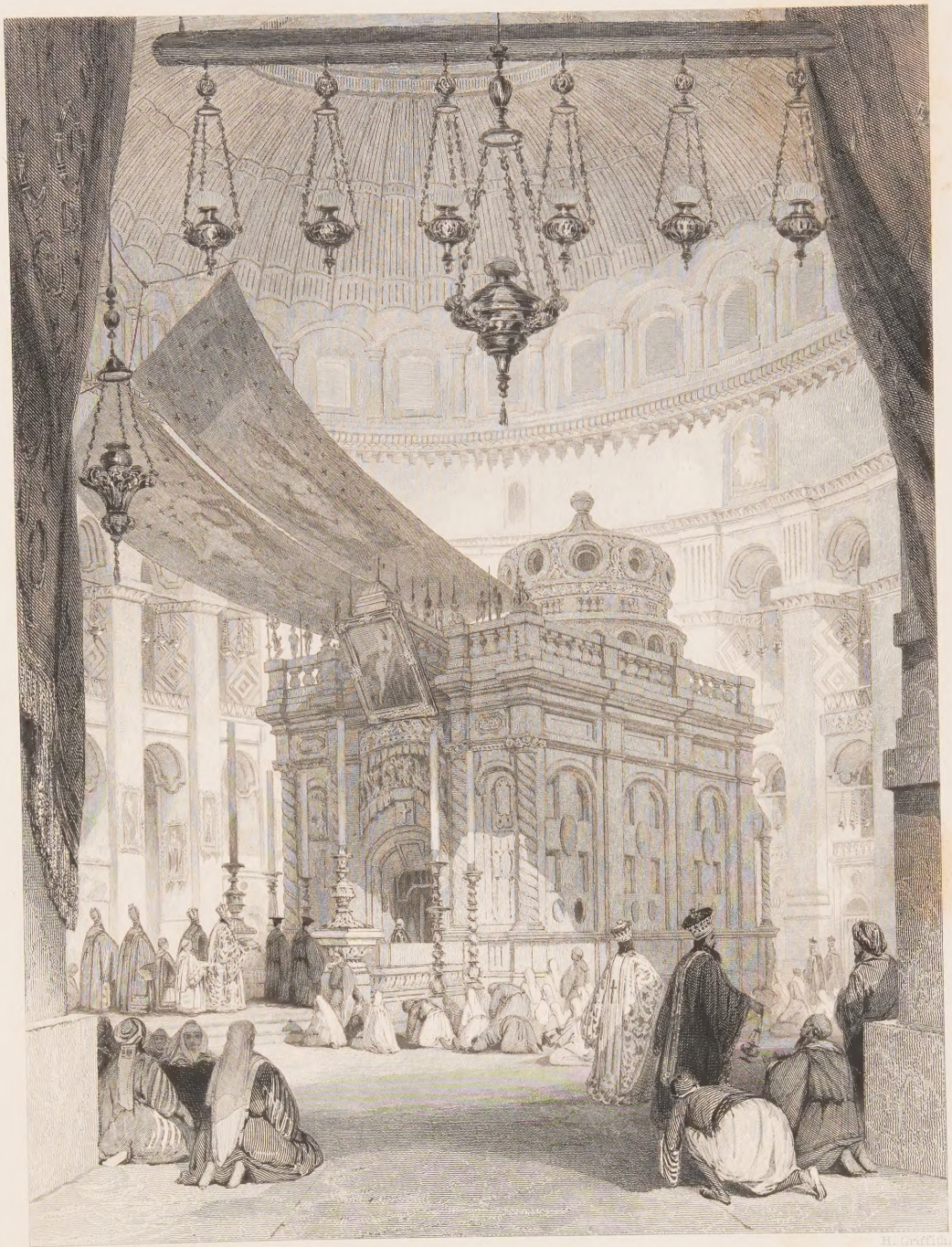
interest was made: the cliffs mostly descended steeply into the lake; and the little creeks and coves could only be viewed from above, and often hastily. The only effectual way to explore this celebrated scene, is to launch a boat on it: it is strange that this easy and obvious mode has not been attempted by any traveller, till within the last three years. A boat could be procured at Jaffa, and brought thence, a distance of twelve hours, on the backs of one or two camels; eight hours more would take it from Jerusalem to the shores. With a few boatmen, and a supply of provisions, a week ought to be devoted to this wild and lonely navigation, and every bay, winding, and cavern be explored: the expense would not be great. Often, when on the spot, and casting many a lingering look over its waters, we wished for a boat on its melancholy strand.

A similar wish was felt by a traveller, while on a visit to Jerusalem about three years since; and he resolved to gratify it by building a boat on the very spot. This was an injudicious attempt: for with less trouble, a far better boat than he could build, could be transported from Jaffa. If this ship-building at Jericho was the cheaper mode of the two, it was full of annoyances; the workmen were awkward and inexperienced; it was the first time, perhaps, since the fall of the walls of Jericho, that a boat was seen in its neighbourhood. The work, however, went on under the superintendence of the traveller, who resided chiefly in a tent: he was an enthusiast, resolved to accomplish his favourite design, and be the first who had ever sailed on the Dead-sea waters: and without enthusiasm, of what avail is it to go to Palestine, or hope to be happy there? In such a voyage it was desirable, and even necessary, to have a companion; yet he was alone. He was an Irish gentleman, young, and in the inexperience of his first journey. Palestine ought never to be the first journey of any man, nor should it be undertaken at a very early period of life; not till the mind is matured, the hopes and principles fixed. It is a pity, however, that this gentleman was blighted in his purpose, when almost on the eve of its accomplishment: a journal of such a voyage would have been a novelty, and of deep interest. But he had a mightier enemy than the Arab, the desert, or the pestilential air of its waters—it was Azrael, the angel of death. It was summer: the heat was great, and with the fatigue and anxiety of his boat-building, threw him into a fever. The bitterness of his feelings must have been very great when he felt his life failing, and his work, over which he had watched night and day, for ever at an end. When they bore him slowly away to Jerusalem, and he cast his eyes for the last time on the dark waters, whose hope had perished, and with it every hope of home, of all he loved—did not the iron enter into his soul? He was taken to the house of a German, who had lately come to the city as an agent to one of the missions, who did all that his slender means allowed for his comfort. Perhaps his sufferings were more of the mind than the body: he was desolate! no friend or associate near, his family far away; his last thoughts and feelings might never be known to them. Skilful medical aid was not to be had in the city. This is what the traveller who falls ill in the East cannot hope to find; and his anguish is aggravated by the belief that judicious and timely remedies might yet save him: they were not to be had. The unfortunate young man lingered for a few weeks, and as his life wasted, his thoughts wandered intensely to his home—to his parents and

sisters—to the scenes of his own dear Ireland, where his future life was to have been passed. He was dying in the house of a stranger: his servant was not even attached to him, for he had engaged him only a short time before. Palestine was the first-fruit of his Eastern journey, which was afterwards to include Syria and Turkey, but he was cut off at the threshold. It was a mercy that he was in the home of the German, rather than of the Franciscan convent, whose monks would have felt little sympathy of feeling with him: his host was a kind-hearted and earnestly religious man; and while he soothed his sufferings, he spoke often and with emotion of the world to which he was now near, and of the salvation by which its glory is attained. His words sank deep and fast into a heart that was never hardened; the lonely sufferer wept over his departing life and broken hopes, yet he blessed the hand that chastened him, and lifted his spirit to God with an utter desolation, a dying energy, that did not fail to find mercy. If there be any situation in which the visitations of mercy are precious, it is when the soul is left to struggle alone in a desolate land, where the pity of the stranger is our only portion: no love goes with us to the dark valley of shadows, and our grave shall be forsaken. The bitterness and sadness passed away from the mind, and strength, hope, and joy came in their stead: it was true, his "golden bowl" was broken at the cistern, even when he raised it overflowing to his lips; but what were the blasted future, the lonely death-bed, the foreign grave—to the love that now woke within, of that Redeemer who died, and rose from the grave, near the spot where he now languished! He could almost hear the hymns that rose round His sepulchre, day and night, which told that the terror was taken from the grave, and the victory from death, for ever. All was hallowed ground around him: the very air, to his newly-converted spirit, seemed to breathe of compassion and peace. His last moments were to be envied by those who fall in the morning of life, and in the glory of their hopes. He was buried without the walls of Jerusalem, on the declivity of Mount Zion: his host was the only mourner who stood beside his grave.

CHURCH OF THE HOLY SEPULCHRE, JERUSALEM.

The large rotunda, in the centre of whose floor is the Holy Sepulchre, is surrounded by sixteen large columns that support the gallery; the light falls from the lofty dome by day on the groups of pilgrims beneath, and by night from the lamps suspended above. Previous to entering this, you pass through, on the left, a very interesting apartment, paved with marble, and lofty; it is said to be the spot where Christ appeared to Mary in the garden: during Easter, the pilgrims love to come here, and kneel around the middle of the impressive chamber, where flowers are spread and perfumes burned, and where were uttered the beautiful words, "Touch me not, Mary! Why weepest thou? Go and tell my brethren!" Yet the floor of the rotunda was, to an observer of the human heart, a rich and hourly treat; in the presence of princes, in the halls of pleasure and beauty, in the marts of business, men do not care to unveil the secrets



T. Allom. H. Griffith.

CHURCH OF THE HOLY SEPULCHRE, JERUSALEM.

of the spirit, the thoughts, the conflicts, known only to themselves and their God. Who can bid them come forth to the light? Here, as by the voice of the angel, they came forth, and as the pilgrims of all ranks stood or knelt, trembled or were bowed utterly, their eyes fixed intensely on the sepulchre, the "covering of all hearts was taken away." The rich and the poor, the proud and the mighty man, were alike subdued as the infant: some beat their breasts, some wept passionately, others unconsciously, as the tears fall sometimes in sleep; as if their past life was opening like a long dream to their view. Many pilgrims leaned on their staff, with clasped hands and pale faces, as if, in pain and unresolved, they waited for the "troubling of the waters." How beautiful the evening falls through the lofty dome on this scene of penitence, hope, and sorrow. Evening, so welcome in every Eastern home, but here doubly welcome, in its soft and gorgeous light, as if it bade the mourners weep no more, and drew its veil over the sad and guilty past. From many a lip the hymn is breaking, to many a bosom the cross is pressed, and the name of Christ murmured. A number of women were here, some of them ladies, whose sunken features told of long fatigues and journeyings: but there was a look and smile of exquisite comfort and hope, which they could not have found in their saloons, and in the bosom of their families. Was this religion in its power and purity? Yet who would have stretched forth his hand in that hour, and plucked the beautiful illusion away? All was not illusion; there was much of brokenness of heart, of sincere repentance, of attachment to their Lord.

The Greek church adjoining, is ornamented in a rich and costly style, and covered in many parts with gold: in the Armenian church, a Persian carpet covers the floor. The dresses of the priesthood, and more especially of their dignitaries, was during Easter rich and magnificent; the incessant and inharmonious chanting, the clouds of perfumes, the ceaseless processions, at last wearied the senses, and drove the wanderer forth into the loneliness of nature.

The Holy Sepulchre is of an oblong form, and composed of a very fine white and reddish stone, brought from the Red sea, which has quite the appearance of marble. You ascend a few low steps, and enter the first small apartment, which is floored with marble, and the walls lined with the same. In the centre is a low shaft of white marble, being the spot to which the angel rolled the stone from the tomb, and sat on it. You now stoop low to enter the narrow door that conducts you to the side of the sepulchre, which is of a light brown and white marble, about six feet long and three feet high, and the same number in breadth, being joined to the wall. The floor and the walls are of a beautiful marble: the apartment is a square of about seven feet, and a small dome rises over it, from which are suspended twenty large silver lamps, richly chased and of elegant workmanship, presents from Rome, from the courts and religious orders of Europe. These are kept always burning, and cast a flood of light on the sacred tomb and the paintings hung over it, one Romish and the other Greek, representing our Lord's ascension, and his appearance to Mary in the garden. A Greek or Romish priest always stands here with a silver vase of holy incense in his hand, which he sprinkles over the pilgrims. The scene in the plate represents the grand procession of the three

orders around the sepulchre; on the right is the Armenian, on the left the Greek and the Romish dignitaries, whose trains are upheld by pages; they are surrounded by their chief ecclesiastics. They sweep slowly along, blessing the admiring crowds, the nearest of whom received with joy some of the sacred flowers, which the priests give them from the bunches in their hands, and which they bear, even when withered, to their distant homes. The Armenians, who are the most wealthy, wear on this occasion the richest dresses: the robe and tiara of their patriarch is literally loaded with jewels. Nine times slowly round the tomb they march, bearing a number of silk flags of various colours, with scenes from the scripture represented on them, and chant as they move, glorying to to excel each other in splendour.

SCENE AT THE VILLAGE OF BEIT-Y-ASS, NEAR SUADEAH.

This romantic spot is in the range of mountains between Suadeah and Antioch; it is near an estate of Mr. Barker, the consul, where he proposed to build a little villa: the situation commands, from various points, views of the valley of the Orontes and the plain of Suadeah: the traveller arrived in the evening, and well remembers how beautiful Antioch looked in the distance, its ruined towers climbing the hill behind. The lofty peak on the right is Mount Casius: the village in the foreground, in its shroud of trees, is Beit-y-ass: the ruin on the right is some remain of a church of the middle ages. The moonlight gave an extreme clearness to the outlines of Amanus and Casius, and covered the little silent grove and hamlet of Beit-y-ass: a group of Armenians was seated on the bank, enjoying the delicious freshness of the mountain air: the shepherd and his flock were yet on the pasture, where they often, in this climate, remain all night. The interior of the cottages was not tempting: they had not the cleanliness of many of the hamlets of Lebanon: a couch, or rude divan, was placed in the open air beside the home of the chief man, for the use of the traveller, who preferred the night air and the sky for a canopy, to the roof within.

MONASTERY OF SANTA SABA.

A more dreary situation than that of this remarkable monastery cannot be conceived: its walls, towers, and terraces are on the brink of precipices, at the bottom of which is the defile through which the Kedron flowed into the Dead sea. So thick and lofty are its walls, and so massive its gates, that it frowns on its dizzy site like a dark and formidable hold of the feudal ages. Flights of steps, cut out of the rock, ascend from terrace to terrace: the shadow of trees would here be a mercy, for the heat reflected from the surrounding rocks is often insupportable: it beat upon our heads as we stood a long time at the gate, knocking vainly for admittance. One of the priests looked over the high wall, and at first bade us be gone; but, after a long parley, he came down, and

SCENE AT THE VILLAGE OF BEIT-Y-ASS, NEAR SUAKEA.

THE MONASTERY OF SANTA SABA

opened the gate; and Christian did not step into the Interpreter's house with more joy, when the fiery darts of Apollyon were behind him, than we felt, for the Arabs of this desert were not far from us, and they seldom spared the traveller or pilgrim.

The church of this monastery is a very ancient one, and adorned by the most grotesque figures of old male and female saints. In the middle of a small paved court is a dome, containing the tomb of the holy St. Saba; it is gilded and adorned in the usual tawdry manner of the Greeks. Hence we passed by a flight of steps into a small church hewn out of the rock; it formed one lofty and spacious apartment, in which divine service was sometimes performed by torchlight. A portion of the soil has been conveyed from beneath by the industry of the recluses, who grow a variety of vegetables on the terraces for the use of the convent. About thirty monks of the Greek persuasion reside here; they received us hospitably: in the evening we sat down with the superior in the convent parlour to supper; his conversation was animated and intelligent, full of stories of the wilderness in which he lived, and of the Dead sea at a few hours' distance. In the heart of so fearful and savage a scene, we were now not only in comfort, but in luxury: we felt this yet more when we ascended by flights of steps and passages to the summit of the convent, and entered two or three delicious little cells, which were carpeted and cushioned in the Oriental manner; one of these was to be my chamber for the night. Could the world afford a more wild, sublime, and memorable home? We sat down, and gazed on the deep glen of the Kedron far beneath, the wilderness on every side, where David fled from the pursuit of Saul, and the Dead sea and its sublime shores full in front, illumined by the setting sun. A narrow wooden tower, ascended by a flight of steps from the convent roof, overlooks the desert to a great distance. A monk every day looks from this watch-tower for many hours, far and near, to give notice of the approach of any of the wild Arabs, who come to the foot of the walls with loud menaces. A large quantity of cakes of bread is kept in the tower, and they are thrown out to the Arabs, who are then pacified, and take themselves off. The firing of their musketry, their wild cries, break sadly on the stillness of the monastery: could they force their way in, or scale the walls, there is little doubt of their putting many to death, and plundering all they could find.

In a dark vaulted chamber far below, to which we descended at night with torches and through many passages, there is a fearful sight—three thousand skulls of those who died long ago, piled in several pyramids: we looked on them through the iron bars of the door, the glare of our torches fell on the ghastly heaps; each face was turned toward us, each seemed, in the deep gloom and silence of the cavern, to tell a tale of helpless slaughter. The precipices on the opposite side of the glen are full of caves, to which a great number of Christians retreated during one of the ancient persecutions; they were slaughtered here by a body of soldiers sent for that purpose: the skulls of these martyrs were collected, and piled in pyramids in this place. The monastery of St. Saba is in the wilderness of Ziph, and a few hours' distance from Jerusalem. It was founded by this saint in the middle of the fourth century: at least, he built a chapel here, and the recluses who resorted to him built their cells; and it has ever since been a religious

retreat of great fame. The first monastery is said to have been built in the reign of the emperor Justinian. St. Saba died when nearly a hundred years of age: feeling his end approach, he implored to be carried to his beloved retreat, that his bones might rest there; and here they have been preserved to this day.

The glen of the river Kedron, on whose brink the monastery stands, is three or four hundred feet in depth: the channel is mostly dry. In the evening, when we walked on the battlements, several foxes were peaceably running about below. The passages, as well as the flights of steps, are hewn out of the precipice. One of the towers is about a hundred yards from the convent, and is on the extreme right of the plate. To live long in the heart of so sublime a solitude, is mournful: a visit of a few days is beautiful. When I retired to rest in the little cell, whose window looked forth on the desert, the moon slowly rose, and her flood of light fell on the hills, the sands, the verdant dells, and ancient rocks of this wilderness, on battlement and tower, while the glen of the Kedron slept in a fearful gloom. On waking in the morning, the little crucifix and grinning skull on a table beside the bed, were the first objects that met the view. The service in the little church hewn out of the rock was very impressive, when the few torches mingled their glare with the faint daylight, and the voices of the fathers, chanting their hymns, broke on the silence of the desert.

The fathers of this monastery are not severe ascetics, like those of Sinai: the use of meat, wine, &c. is permitted, and the stranger will not complain of the fare set before him: tolerable wine, excellent coffee, several dishes cooked in the Greek manner, with fruits. Their supplies are brought from the city. There is a cheerfulness about these recluses, who appear to be not only reconciled but attached to their situation: the air around their retreat is one of the healthiest in the world: they have many comforts within the walls, and the thoughts of many among them cleave still to the affairs and politics of Europe. There is no convent garden to exercise their industry, there being no place for one among the cliffs and crags: on one of the terraces is a solitary palm, the only tree in the precincts, and it looks as strangely here as it would look within a cavern on the shore, or in the gloomy court of some vast prison: yet its slender form and leaves of vivid green are beautiful within the battlements, and up many a flight of steps. Many are the tales and traditions which prevail here concerning the Dead sea: men who pass their whole lives in its vicinity cannot fail to remember them. The superior told us, that he had heard some of the old Arabs of the desert say, that, when passing on their camels through its waters, whose shallowness in one part allowed them to enter to some distance, they came to a kind of causeway, whence they could see, the day being very clear and bright, the fragments of walls and buildings beneath, at the bottom. The Jordan pours its tide into it, so in winter does the Kedron, and anciently the Arnon; but there is no outlet to this vast lake, no issue that the eye of man can discern to its waters: not a stream, not a rill passes from them. Some have supposed there is an under current; others, that there is a considerable suction by the sands at the eastern extremity. These suppositions do not admit of proof, and there seems to be slender foundation for either. During the festival of Easter, pilgrims of the Greek religion

LAKE OF TIBERIAS, OR SEA OF GALILEE.

FISHER, SON & Co. LONDON & PARIS, 1842.

come to St. Saba and lodge, on their way to the Jordan: they are sometimes cut off by the Arabs, who waylay them in the wilderness. The gloomy grots and caves on the opposite precipices, where many a saint of old retired from the world, are, some of them, above a hundred feet above the glen: the pilgrims never lodge there, or feel at ease till the massive gates, secured with bands of iron, and the lofty towers, of immense strength, are placed between them and the enemy.

LAKE OF TIBERIAS, OR SEA OF GALILEE,

FROM THE NORTHERN THEATRE OF OON KEIS.

This view is taken from an eminence towards the northern extremity of the lake, and at some distance from it. The mountains on the opposite or eastern side are lofty, bare, and precipitous: the western shore, where Tiberias stands, consists of gentle and verdant hills, divided by wild and romantic vales, down one or two of which flows a mountain stream. This lake and its shores present, perhaps, the loveliest scene in Palestine: there are no groves of palm or olive, or sycamore, and few are the scattered trees on the slopes or in the defiles. Yet it has a primeval simplicity, a pastoral beauty, a solemn calm, that are indelibly delightful. Tiberias, its only town, is now a heap of ruins, destroyed by the earthquake which levelled Safet and other places in the neighbourhood. The house of the rich old Jew where we lodged, perished with the rest: he had come here from Aleppo, where he was a wealthy merchant, and built this handsome house in order that he might die at the lake of Galilee, in the bosom of his beloved country. This roof, after the wretched homes on the way, was a bower of luxury: his beds were clean and soft, his table well supplied; so singularly clean was the taste of the family, that the meat was always washed with soap before it was dressed. Every morning at an early hour we heard the voice of the rabbi, who was one of his household, engaged in the Jewish worship with the family and servants. The waters bathed the walls of the house, on whose terraced roof it was beautiful to walk at night, and remember the hour when the Redeemer walked on the surface of the waves, through the storm and darkness, to save his disciples. The lake is fourteen miles long, and five or six broad; its waters are sweet and clear, and abound in excellent fish; the species of the size and colour of the grey mullet, is of a delicious flavour: there are a few boats here, for the fishermen still exercise their calling as in the times of old. There are hot baths not far from the town, celebrated for their medicinal qualities, and resorted to by all ranks in the country. Here the pasha of Acre was encamped with a retinue for this purpose; and Lady Hester Stanhope also, who had taken up her residence in a mosque. There are a great many Jews in and around Tiberias: some of them were Polish and German, men of respectable appearance and well dressed, who had come here also to spend their decline of life: we met them often walking along the shores, with the look of satisfaction and interest, like that with which an exile returns to his home, and roams amidst

long-loved scenes. The air is in the summer faint and oppressive: but the lofty hills around offer a purer atmosphere, particularly the mountain on whose summit stands the town of Safet, the ancient Bethulia, which was besieged by Holofernes, and delivered by the beautiful Judith. This lofty hill, in its aspect, declivities, and position of the town on its rocky crest, answers exactly to the description in the Apocrypha. The excursions around the lake are fine; even the ride round the whole circuit of its waters, on the sides of the wild mountains opposite, and through the plain of the Jordan, their foot, is deeply interesting; many fragments of ruins and houses are met with, which one cannot but imagine may be those of the ancient Bethsaida and Capernaum. About two miles above the lake, to the west, is shown the spot which tradition has preserved as the mount of Beatitudes, where our Lord preached his sermon; it is a gentle hill covered with grass; it rises gradually towards the summit, on which, as well as on its sides, small masses of rock are scattered. It is a sweet spot, where the shepherd and his flock may rest at noonday on its green pastures; and where the traveller, in the cool of the evening, may look on the still waters far beneath, on which the sun is shedding its last glory, and remember the words of life and immortality first proclaimed on this mount, down whose slopes each accent could be distinctly heard; while the form of the Redeemer, on the small green summit, was beautifully visible to every eye, in each look, each gesture, of mercy and love. Between this and Tiberias there is a spot on the left, a green spot on a gentle declivity, where, tradition says, the five thousand were miraculously fed. Tiberias was built by Herod the Great, and named after the Roman emperor: it was the ancient seat of Jewish literature; and there was, previous to the earthquake, a college of Jews here, where several rabbins were engaged in studying Hebrew folios; they occupied two large rooms, which were surrounded with books, and said they spent their time entirely in studying the scriptures and commentaries thereon.

No part of the environs of this celebrated sea delighted us more than the plain of Gennesaret, over which we passed a few days after. Having traced about two-thirds of the shore on the way to Safet, this plain suddenly opened on the left. It is one of the loveliest tracts in the whole land, covered with a rank wild verdure, and watered by a single stream, that issues from a large pool in the middle of the plain. Boldly and beautifully the mountains enclosed it on two of its sides: the sun was resting redly on their declivities, and on the wide and silent area beneath, on which no trace of cultivation was visible. This region was evidently the favourite residence, or place of visitation, of the Redeemer, and here his steps came more frequently than to any other part of the land. Where the stream finishes its course in the lake, is still pointed out the site of one of those cities, of Capernaum, it is said, on which the curse fell. It seems, to the traveller in Palestine, as if its loveliest scenes and places were the chosen ones of the Redeemer, and that the Lord of heaven and earth evinced a preference, if it be permitted to say thus, for the beautiful in the land he so loved: the sea of Galilee, the plain of Gennesaret, Capernaum, Nain, Sychem, Bethany, &c., were, more often than any others, the places of his resort—and are peculiarly favoured by nature.

T. Allom. J. Redaway.

ENTRANCE TO THE HOLY SEPULCHRE, JERUSALEM.

In the Centre is the Stone on which it is said Christ was embalmed.

There is no spot in Palestine so delightful for the stranger's residence as the Sea of Galilee: the surrounding scenery is on one side so savage and desolate, as to be a fit region for the possessed with demons, for the dwellers amid the tombs: on the other, it is the peaceful and chosen scene of the glad sounds of the gospel. On the following morning, ere the sun had risen, we pursued our way through a territory unrelieved by a single shrub or blade of verdure; where, for many leagues, no trace of a habitation was visible. Its savageness struck us the more forcibly, after the beautiful plain of Gennesaret we had so lately left. But the path grew more exciting as we drew nearer the mountains of Gilboa: there was a solitary grandeur and stern sublimity in the scene, on which the traveller could not help pausing to gaze, even had it waked no vivid associations of the times of old. Utter solitude was on every side: the mountains were broken in some parts into naked precipices and pointed summits: they were not dwelling-places for man, save for the wandering shepherd, whose search for pasturage must often have been vain. Amidst these solitudes was fought the battle in which Saul and his sons were slain; and the curse of David on the fatal scene seems to have been fulfilled, that there "might be no rain or dew on the mountains of Gilboa, where the shield of the mighty was vilely cast away."

ENTRANCE TO THE CHURCH OF THE HOLY SEPULCHRE.

The anxious hope of the traveller to behold the place of the Sepulchre, urges him thither without delay, even within the few hours after he has entered Jerusalem. In this he is not wise, and should rather wait till the first tumultuous feelings are calmed, till curiosity has fastened on other and minor objects—on hill, vale, and precipice around. Let him wait till Jerusalem has grown, in some measure, familiar to his eye,—till he has seen the sun rise and set on her waste and ruinous places, on her memorials of unutterable glory and despair; where the hand of the Lord was visible in alternate vengeance and love. He who would wish his visit to the Sepulchre to be indelible, like a sweet and appealing voice, heard at times through his future life, should come there at midnight, with the spirit of the world hushed within him, and even its memories yielded to the memory of his Lord. If he desires a communion of worship, to weep with them that weep, let him join, at morn, noon, or eve, the bands of pilgrims, and kneel amidst a multitude of the repentant and redeemed. But if he would be alone on Calvary—and earth has no loneliness so purifying and sublime—let him be there when the city is buried in sleep, and there is no witness near.

This edifice, of vast dimensions, massive, and with little claim to architectural beauty, is surmounted by two lofty domes, and is believed to contain not only the Holy Sepulchre, but many other memorable places. It likewise encloses separate places of worship for several denominations of Christians, and numerous cells for devotees; many of whom confine themselves for longer or shorter periods within the sacred walls,

receiving their food through a small aperture in the door. The entrance, originally handsome, and ornamented with clustered pillars, consisted of two gothic doorways, one of which has been walled up. Square bas-reliefs placed over each, now much defaced, represent the offerings of the Wise Men, and Christ's triumphal entry into Jerusalem. The key of the door is in the custody of the governor of the town, and, under the old administration, produced a large revenue from the sums levied on all who entered; but this and similar imposts are now discontinued by the Egyptian government. For strangers or others, desirous to visit the Sepulchre, the key is readily obtained from the governor, whose messengers patiently wait on a divan near the door, regaling themselves with pipes, coffee, or chess, and thankfully accepting any voluntary gratuity that may be given on coming out. Not far within the entrance, illuminated with lamps and lofty tapers, is the "stone of anointing," on which the body of our Saviour is believed to have been prepared for burial. Numerous worshippers, as seen in the Plate, are gathered around it.

In this edifice are the Greek and Armenian churches; the former is ornamented in a rich and costly style, and covered in many parts with gold: in the Armenian church a Persian carpet covers the floor, where comfort, and even luxury, is blended with devotion. During the feast of Easter, daily and hourly excitements are kept up by the faith of the pilgrims, and the address of the monks, who multiply miraculous places like the widow's cruse of oil. Not only is the very spot pointed out where the cross was fixed, but even where it was discovered, dug up, and restored to the world. Also the spot where the head of Adam was discovered. The fathers who inhabit the Franciscan monastery appear to feel the monotony and dreariness of their life; they are relieved by occasional arrivals of brethren from Italy, when a few of them have a chance of returning home. Inclosed within strong walls and gates, in dirty and unwholesome streets, and visited at times with heavy exactions—it is not easy to maintain the enthusiasm of piety, or even an interest in these hallowed scenes, from year to year, and day to day. Was their home, like that of the prophets of old, on the side of the lake or stream, on the inspiring plain or mountain—the wheels of life would drive less heavily, and their aspects be less pallid and joyless. In the bazaar and shops of the city, the air is faint and close; the traders sit indolently in the recess behind their piles of merchandise. Noon comes and goes; the cry of the muezzin passes over the dull city, calling to prayer. All the living associations of Jerusalem are sadly at war with the feelings and imagination of the European, whether traveller or monk.

Among the ceremonies observed at the feast of Easter, that of washing the pilgrims' feet was one of the most curious—each seated in a chair, in the chapel of the convent, with a small white cap on his head. The superior, having exchanged the dirty rope with which he is generally girded, for one of silk, kneels down on a small footstool of white silk: he was aided by two or three monks, who knelt on the cold pavement on each side of him. Mumblings and blessings were muttered all the time, in a low tone, by the superior's lips, and in a higher cadence by those of the assistants, the pilgrims keeping up a kind of recitative in all possible keys. Most of these men had a sunburnt, worn, and anxious appearance, as if they felt the enterprise in which they were engaged

T. Allom.

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ABSALOM'S TOMB, NEAR JERUSALEM.

to be the most awful and important event of their lives; on which even the brightness of their future state in a great measure depended. This ceremony tends to exalt the devotee in his own estimation, for the superior having carefully washed and wiped their feet, kisses them ardently, and pronounces a benediction on each person. Then all the monks of the convent came and knelt on the pavement, and pressed their lips also on the feet of each happy and enviable man. Then followed an excellent supper, in which the priests waited most attentively on their visitors: cheerfulness and sociality quickly succeeded the dull ceremony; it was difficult to say, whether the tongue of monk or pilgrim went the fastest. Many a tale was told, and hardship recounted, on one hand, and vigil and marvel related on the other, till peril, privation, and distance seemed to disappear from the thoughts of both.

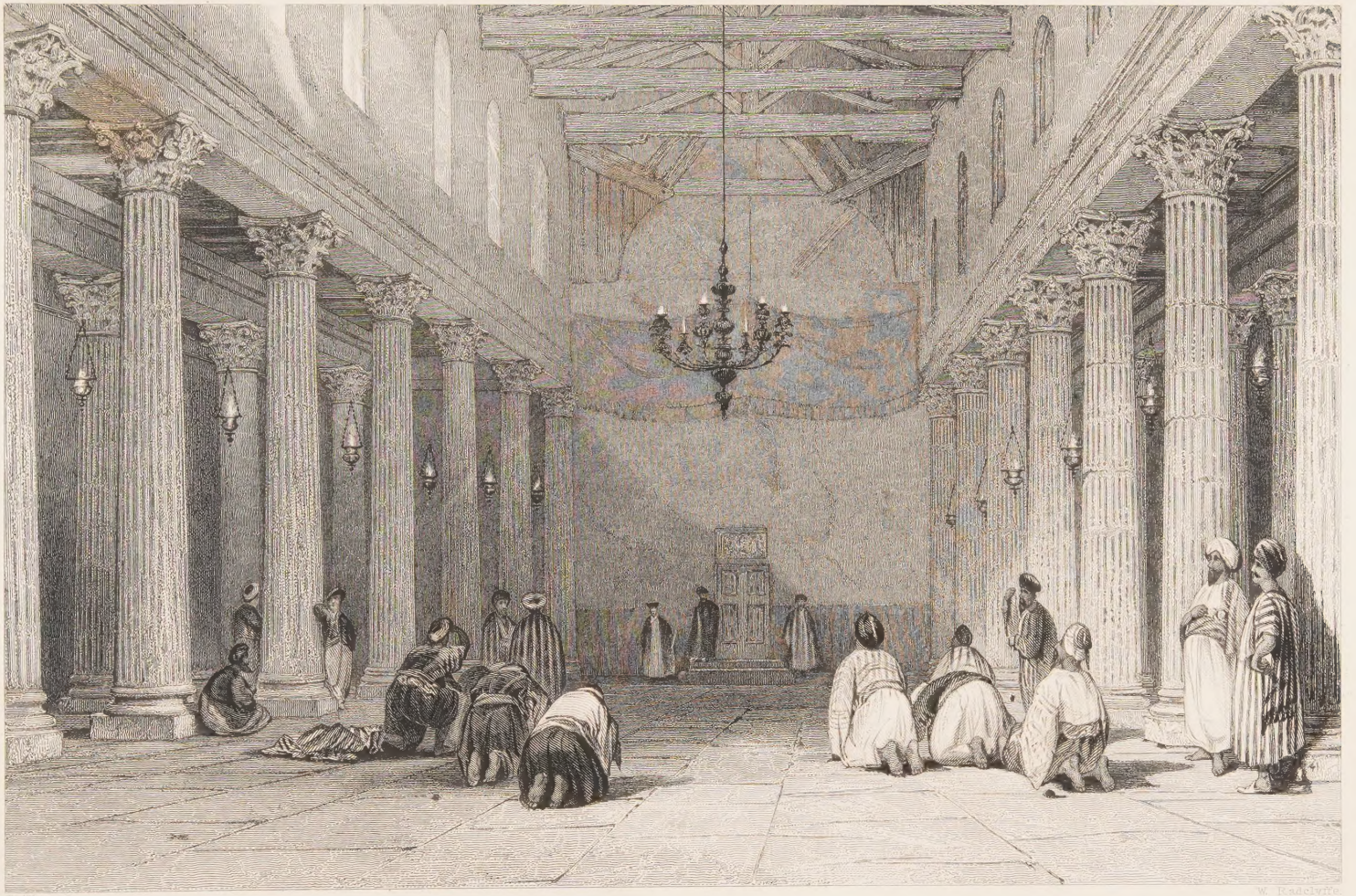
TOMB OF ABSALOM, NEAR JERUSALEM.

No temple made with hands can so lift the thoughts to heaven as the side of Olivet or Bethany, the glens of Zion or Bethlehem; the aged rocks, the rushing of the streams of thousands of years: there is a voice of wail even in the winds, as of the wailing for those we love. From the tomb of Rachel to that of Zacharias—how dark and wide is the valley of the dead! But the earth has not always covered her prey; the judges the kings, the warriors of Judah—their ashes are scattered to the winds: a few fragments of stone coffins and broken sarcophagi are all that now remain; the chambers of death are open, and swept by the blast and rain. They stood in a wild waste: the day was sultry in the extreme when we visited them; no grove was near, no shadow, no flowers, no footstep or voice but our own; we turned weary and unfeelingly away, for we had no sympathy with the scene. There was a delicious softness in the air, in the walk at sunrise down the valley of Jehoshaphat, to visit the tomb of Absalom. It was the month of April, the hour when the hills and vales around the city threw aside their covering of sorrow and ruin, and seemed once more to rejoice as in the days of old. Olivet was robed in gold and purple of exquisite hue, while more redly the beams flashed on the Mount of Calvary, the Tower of David, and the Field of Blood. The torrent of Siloam broke down the valley in a flood of light. How beautiful upon every mountain was the glory and freshness of morning! It was sad to see it sink into the heat and glare of day, increased and reflected by the many ruinous places around, and stagnant pools, and narrow wretched streets. A train of camels was advancing from Damascus or Cairo over the plain to the north, winding slowly amidst the olive-trees, to the melancholy chant of the Arab driver. How different from this inspiring air and scene was the convent of St. Salvadore in Jerusalem, where I was compelled to lodge! the massive gates were shut early, and there was no egress—no more the first beams of day awoke me, or the sound of the guitar was sweet at its close: no more the hand of kindness and taste spread my simple meal: the little window that lighted my cell

was dimmed with bars of iron, and looked on a dead wall: the cold stone floor, the naked and dirty walls; the hoarse and half-suppressed voices of monks; the looks of bigotry and suspicion from a few of the more rude and ill-bred—cold, hard, hateful realities, which were sufficient, but for the strong prestige of enthusiasm, to transform the hallowed and romantic city into a prison. When my steps wander to Jerusalem again, I will abjure the gloomy gates of St. Salvadore, and seek my simple and kind home on the walls, where they looked over the plain and the olive wood.

The Pillar of Absalom has a most antique appearance, and is a very interesting object in the valley: it is of a yellow stone, adorned with half columns, and consists of three stages, and terminates in a kind of cupola. Its antiquity is, no doubt, very great; it is difficult to assign the period of its erection, but it most probably marks the spot of the pillar raised of old by the unfortunate prince, and was intended to perpetuate its memory. "Now Absalom in his lifetime had taken and reared up for himself a pillar, which is in the king's dale, for he said, I have no son to keep my name in remembrance; and he called the pillar after his own name: and it is called unto this day, Absalom's Place."

The tomb of Zacharias, adjoining, is square, with four or five pillars, and is cut out of the rock. Near these is a sort of grotto, hewn out of an elevated part of the rock, with four pillars in front, which is said to have been the apostles' prison at the time they were confined by the rulers. The hill above is Mount Olivet. The vale or glen of Jehoshaphat was our favourite walk, and here often wandered the celebrated missionary, whose undying zeal and enterprise have procured him so just a fame. One day he was walking in the valley of Jehoshaphat with a rabbi, a zealous and stanch defender of the faith of his fathers; when, conversing on the merits of their different creeds, by degrees a warm and able altercation took place. Heedless, in the heat of the contest, of the paths over which they were straying, they approached the venerable and elegant pillar of Absalom, and stood at its foot. The sight lent wings to the controversy: to the missionary's mind it brought back the memory of the ancient glories of his people; and, animated by the impulse of the moment, he climbed up into the recess formed in the highest story of the pillar, and, looking down, challenged his adversary to continue the argument. The latter, nothing daunted by the vantage ground of his antagonist, stood beneath, and sternly confronted him; and with voices that rang loudly among the rocks of the desolate valley, they there carried on for some time their solemn and earnest argument. His discourses were not always, however, so fruitless as on this occasion: some of his countrymen were moved, in spite of themselves, by his words, and the powerful and sincere manner in which they were urged. There were occasions when he was really eloquent; and his fervid imagination aided the effect of his addresses on the minds of the Orientals.



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CHAPEL AT BETHLEHEM.

FISHER, SON, & Cº LONDON & PARIS. 1838.

CHAPEL AT BETHLEHEM.

The distance from Jerusalem to Bethlehem is about six miles: it is a beautiful ride, and leads over the plain of Rephidim, a wild and uncultivated tract, with many an illustrious hill and monument on either side, and the bold crest of the acclivity of Bethel in front. A lonely dwelling on the left, a mean Turkish coffee-house, offers the passenger refreshment: a few miles farther on, are the ruins of the village of Rama: fragments of walls a few feet high are now the vestiges of the place where, in the touching words of the prophet, the mother "wept for her children, and refused to be comforted, because they were not." There is a spot on the plain, of yet higher interest than this ruined village, from which it is not far—the tomb of Rachel. This is one of the places where the observer is persuaded that tradition has not erred, as it fulfils literally the words of Israel in his last hour, when dwelling on the only indelible remembrance that earth seemed to claim from him. The long exile from the home of his parents, the converse with the angels of God, the wealth and greatness which gathered around him, all yield to the memory and image of the loved and faithful wife: "Rachel died by me in the way from Bethel, and I buried her there." The spot is as wild and solitary as can well be conceived: no palms or cypresses give their shelter from the blast: not a single tree spreads its shade where the ashes of the beautiful mother of Israel rest. Yet there is something in this sepulchre in the wilderness, that excites a deeper interest than more splendid or revered ones. The tombs of Zacharias and Absalom in the valley of Jehosaphat, or of the judges in the plain of Jeremiah, the traveller looks at with careless indifference: besides that of Rachel, his fancy wanders to "the land of the people of the East;" to the power of beauty, that could so long make banishment sweet; to the devoted companion of the patriarch, who deemed all troubles light for her sake.

Bethlehem, a mile distant, stands on the brow of a rocky hill, whose sides and feet are sprinkled with olive-trees. After dining very frugally at the Franciscan convent, we visited the church built by the Empress Helena: it is large, and supported by several rows of lofty marble pillars, between which lamps are hung, and are always lighted, as well as the chandelier suspended from the roof—during the feast of Easter. The spacious interior of the church has a dull and naked appearance, with little ornament, and looked almost silent and forsaken after the crowded and exciting scenes of the Church of the Sepulchre. Descending thirteen stone steps, we were in the place that was formerly the stable, where the Redeemer was born. There is no violation of con-

sistency in this, as the stables in the East are now often formed in the same way, beneath the surface. Its present appearance is that of a grotto, as it is hewn out of a rock, the sides of which, however, are concealed by silk curtains: the roof is as nature made it, and the floor paved with fine marble. A rich altar, where the lamps continually burn, is erected over the place where Christ was born: and the very spot is marked by a large silver star. The glory, of marble and jasper, around the silver star, has a Latin inscription: "In this spot Jesus Christ was born of the Virgin Mary." Alone, in the stillness of evening, in this indelible scene, what memories steal upon the thoughts! what immortal hopes!—but for the event in this simple and rock-hewn grotto, how dark would have been our way, how despairing its close! These dim cold walls are ineffably dear: why have they covered them with silk, and the floor with marble? better have them as when the shepherds first beheld the Lord—simple and rude, as the roof still remains—memorial of that exquisite lowliness of spirit, that ever loved the poor and gentle things of this world, better than the rich and mighty. During our second visit to this spot, we were alone: no voice or footstep broke on its stillness; the monks were either absorbed in sleep or in their devotions, and knew not of our being there: the rich lamps, ever burning, alone threw their light around. The stillness, the gloom, the light dimly falling on the dark and rocky roof, made it seem to the fancy like the burial, rather than the birth-place, of Him who took from death its unutterable sorrow, and gave immortality and glory to the lost.

At Christmas, ere the morn is breaking, how affecting is the service in Bethlehem! Some of the Christians repair to the very field where the shepherds watched their flocks, and there, beneath the two ancient trees, as the sun is rising, it is beautiful to sit and look at the hill of Engedi and the tomb of Rachel! The only stream visible, flows down the vale from the fountain of Bethlehem, of which David longed to drink; it is to this day a pure deep fountain of delicious water, at the foot of the hill.

C. Bentley. E. Benjamin.

THE MOUNT OF OLIVES.

FISHER, SON & Co. LONDON & PARIS, 1832.

MOUNT OF OLIVES.

This hill is very near to Jerusalem, from which it is separated by the narrow vale of Jehoshaphat: its sides are thinly sprinkled with olive trees: it has no corn-fields or rich pastures: the grey rocks at its base look dim with age: no stream breaks down its wild slopes. There is an inexpressible charm about this hill: it is more interesting, thus forsaken, than if the hamlet or the harvest covered it: its every path and lonely place is full of indelible remembrances. The steps of the Redeemer often came here: it was his favourite place of resort from the city. On its declivity he wept over Jerusalem, and uttered the prediction of its ruin, as he beheld it at his feet. As you stand on the descent of Olivet, the walls, the towers, the houses of the sacred city, are distinctly visible, as if you were in their midst. From hence Titus and his army could almost look into the very streets and sacred places, which they were soon to destroy utterly. David fled this way from his son Absalom, after he had sent back the ark of God, and his armed men, and those who were helpless, had passed on before him. "And David went up by the ascent of Mount Olivet, and wept as he went up, and had his head covered, and he went barefoot; and all the people that was with him covered every man his head, and they went up, weeping as they went up." Tradition still points out the spot where our Lord stood, when he mourned for the last time over Jerusalem: there is a noble perspective from it on every side. It is about a third part of the descent from the summit. One day we wandered to the village of Lazarea, situated on the southern foot of the Mount of Olives, opposite the city. It was a wretched village of mud-built cottages: some of the abodes were excavated from the hill: it was a sultry day, without the faintest breeze. The place was shadowless, and the sun's rays fell scorching on the wretched hamlet, out of whose holes and cavernous places, many a shaggy head and half-naked figure was protruded, to gaze on the stranger. This was the site of the ancient gardens and palaces which Solomon built and laid out for his many wives and mistresses. Here also he built the high places of the various gods of these women. While we stood here, and looked on the sad scene, it was scarcely possible to imagine that palaces of beauty, chambers of luxury, groves and altars, once covered it. Surely the curse has fallen heavily, and the earth is withered because of the sins of the people. Not a blade of grass grew on the parched soil: neither the footstep of the pilgrim, the merchant, or the pedlar, wandered here. The people were Arabs, and seemed to live in extreme wretchedness. The tinkling of the camel-bell, from the caravan approaching the gates, was sometimes heard: the beautiful rill of Siloam was seen to break down the descent of Sion, opposite. A more stern mockery of human grandeur could not be, than the sight of these squalid beings, crouching in their dismal homes, in the very places of Solomon's glory and apostacy, where "the cedar was as the sycamore trees for abundance, and the silver as the stones."

The palm-groves are gone from Olivet, so is the cedar, the sycamore, and the fig-tree: the olive is the only tree in its bosom. In some parts of the Mount there are bold declivities; but its general character is gentle, undulating, and easy of passage. A lovelier, a wilder walk cannot be imagined, than one of the paths that leads over it. Not the sublimer heights of Lebanon, the more rich and soothing landscapes of Carmel, the bold and graceful front of Tabor—so affect the imagination, and bring up the immortal visions of the past, as the forsaken breast of Olivet. During the feast of Easter, crowds of pilgrims are seen passing along its declivities, and their hymn of devotion is sometimes heard at evening, breaking on its solitudes. The building on the top of the mountain is a small christian church, where divine service is performed during this festival. At a short distance is the impression of a foot in the rock, which has been shown, for ages, as the last footstep on earth of our Lord at his ascension. Our faith was not strong enough to admit of its identity, yet it was the object of the veneration, tears, and kisses of every pilgrim, whose superstition never distinguished between the creations of the priesthood, and the last memorials of mercy. The number of objects presented to the eager belief of the pilgrims, is very great, and often very absurd: the tears shed by St. Peter, are said still to be kept in a bottle, and to be exhibited to the delighted eyes of the more favoured: the spot of the withered fig-tree, the house of Dives, the very hall of Pilate, are among these relics. Often, in passing through the narrow streets, we were stopped by the guide, to point out some particular spot, till we refused to hear any mere priestly inventions.

A poor Servian and his wife travelled a little way with us; they had come from their own country to visit Jerusalem; so great was his joy at all he saw, that he gave forty pounds to the monks. Better that he had kept his money; for on their return they fell into troubles, began to quarrel, and the wife upbraided her husband for coming so weary a journey.

How beautiful is it to turn from these fables to the free, the wild, the indelible aspect of nature! the valley, rock, and river are still unchanged: the curse that swept away the labours and the homes of prince and peasant, the temple and altar—has left unchanged the places where the prophet and the apostle wandered, and the Redeemer retired to pray for the world he came to save:—on the silent plain, the solitary mountain, and the untrodden shore, every footstep of the Christian is full of an everlasting interest: voices of mercy and salvation seem to come in the desert breeze, and deeds of immortality to start afresh from the withered earth, so long forsaken. The spot in the plate, directly in front, below the tower at the foot of the hill, is the garden of Gethsemane; its eight large and very ancient olive-trees are seen standing alone: a low fence separates it from the road. This place is justly shown as the scene of our Lord's agony the night before his crucifixion, both from the circumstance of the name it still retains, and its situation with regard to the city. The sceptic has never presumed to doubt the identity of this memorable spot, whose situation is one of the most solemn, and, it may be said, romantic, that can be conceived. Above, are the heights of Olivet; on the right and left, is the vale of Jehoshaphat; and directly in front, are the gloomy walls of Jeru-

salem, covering the crest of Mount Zion, and sweeping their hoary battlements and towers above the vale, till lost to the sight as they wind above the descent of Hinnom. Few are the passengers on the road beside the garden, fewer still are the feet that enter its sacred precincts: evening is the hour at which to be here, when the sounds from the city are hushed, when its gates are soon to close, as the sun's last rays are on the dome of the Mosque of Omar, and the crest of Olivet: to be here alone, will never be forgotten in after life: not a breeze is in the olive-trees, whose mass of foliage spreads a deep gloom around: they are of immense size. Then, as evening is falling fast, rises to the memory that night and hour, when in this very spot the Redeemer was betrayed and forsaken by all, even by the loved disciple. Save Calvary and its more ineffable interest, this lonely garden is the most awful and endeared scene the world contains: the Passion was suffered here in its deep retreat, in the gloom of its aged trees, which perished with the city: a few grey rocks are at its extremity, to which, tradition says, the disciples retired and fell asleep, wearied with sorrow and apprehension. This garden was a loved place of retirement with the Redeemer; the betrayer knew that he frequently went there, perhaps to be alone, and at evening; for he led the band of soldiers immediately to the spot.

The low building on the left, not far from the garden, is the tomb of the Virgin Mary: it is a cave or grotto, hewn with great pains and skill out of the rock: the descent to it is by a flight of fifty marble steps, each of which is twenty feet wide. This is the largest of all the sepulchres around Jerusalem, and was, no doubt, hewn out and used by the ancient Jews as the home of some illustrious dead; the labour and taste bestowed in this noble excavation, were ingeniously put to a more venerated use by the early Christians, or rather by the priesthood, who assumed this to be the burial-place of Mary, who, it is understood, neither died nor was buried in Palestine, but retired with St. John to Ephesus. The interior of this sepulchre is lofty, with altars richly adorned, and a dome. At this time it was nearly filled with pilgrims, whose forms were half shrouded and half revealed, by the clouds of incense that floated around: the silver lamps mingled their light with the beams of the rising sun, which struggled redly into the dim and spacious tomb. It was very early in the morning, and we had left the city at this hour, in order to be present at a solemn ceremonial here: many priests were busily occupied in the services of the altar, in chanting, &c.: the pilgrims continued to arrive with earnest and impatient looks, the staff in their hands, the scalloped hat, the sandals on their feet, the girdle round the waist; once only in their life could such a pilgrimage be performed, and they felt they could not see too much of the sacred places, and could not afford to waste a moment of time, in the scenes they had so desired, and had suffered so much, to behold. It was a pitiable scene, of misplaced devotion, of feelings of adoration and sympathy, that should have been reserved for holier memorials: some of the Fathers who ministered were not far, perhaps, from this opinion: two or three were quite inattentive, took snuff, and chatted about politics, while tears were flowing, and groans heaving, by the devotees around. The odours and the chanting, the crowd and the closeness of the air, at length grew oppressive, and

we left the grotto, a noble monument, like many others of the same class, to the boldness of design, and patience of labour, of the ancient Jews: the fresh air of the hills and vales was welcome; so was their deep silence and solitude, only broken now and then by the passing on of some votary to the sepulchre. A dollar was paid for admission, and the sum of money received on this occasion could not be small: the richer men, merchants and gentlemen, among the pilgrims, often make handsome presents, such as one, or several hundred pounds, to the Order to which they belong, Armenian, Romish, or Greek; the former has the wealthiest members.

VALLEY OF JEHOSHAPHAT, AND BROOK KEDRON.

This celebrated vale separates the hill of Zion, on which the city stands, from that of Olivet: it is not so narrow or unpicturesque as the plate represents it; but is in its aspect, separate from its memorable localities, an interesting and romantic glen. It is a pity that no stream breaks through its narrow bosom: it wants the sight and sound of flowing waters: was the dry bed of the Kedron filled as of old, it would here be a blest and welcome object. The distant hill in front, to which the valley leads, is called the Mount of Judgment, where the palace of Caiaphas stood. This is a broad and unsightly hill, yet it is the loftiest around Jerusalem. On its declivity is the Aceldama, or field of blood, where Judas destroyed himself, and was buried. This is a melancholy spot, shunned by the neighbouring people, as well as the wayfaring man. A little forsaken chapel now stands on the spot: no grass grows around, no herb or wild flower. The shepherd and his flock do not wander near: it seems still to be regarded as an accursed place; and this belief is augmented and perpetuated by its dreary and desolate aspect. The deep bed of the Kedron is seen on the left in the plate, and passes straight through the vale, and thence on through the wilderness of St. Saba, till it is lost in the Dead sea. Its bed is several feet in depth, and the idea of the "soft-flowing Kedron" recurs to the traveller, as he looks down on its withered bosom, and longs to hear it murmur to his sense, as it often did to his fancy when at home. During the winter, and the rainy season, there is water in its bed, but in a poor and partial stream. A bridge leads over it, of ancient structure, near to the spot where now stands the tomb of Mary. The bold declivity on the right is Mount Sion; this may be said to be one of its steepest parts; it is thinly sprinkled with olive and other trees: the path that leads up its side, along which the passengers are going, enters the city at the gate of St. Stephen. About a third part of the way down the descent on the right, is shown the very spot where the first martyr was slain: "And they stoned Stephen, and the witnesses laid their clothes at a young man's feet, whose name was Saul; and he cried with a loud voice, Lord Jesus, receive my spirit, lay not this sin to their charge!" The walls of Jerusalem are seen on the right, sweeping round the summit of Mount Sion: they are lofty, strong, and massive; their appearance, as beheld from beneath, is

VALLEY OF JEHOSHAPHAT, & BROOK KEDRON.

gloomy and imposing. They stand in this part on the very brink of the descent. It occupies above forty minutes to walk round them on the outside, which gives a circumference of three miles. The sides of Mount Sion are less steep where they rise over the Valley of Hinnom, which joins that of Jehoshaphat on the extreme right, beyond the pillar of Absalom, which is seen in the middle of the plate. Here its slopes are covered with corn-fields and with grass, and look rich and smiling, like a little oasis in the neglected soil around the city. Here is shown the scene of the last supper of our Lord and his disciples, a poor attempt of the fathers: the identity of such a chamber can exist only in the credulity of the believer. Of similar pretensions is the tomb of Solomon, near this spot. These places of pretended sanctity are unheeded and forgotten, the moment the eye rests on the fountain of Siloam just below; it breaks out of a rock in the side of Sion, and falls into an open and rock-hewn excavation, to which a flight of ancient stone steps descends. This bason was hewn thousands of years ago; the pool into which the fountain descends, is deep and clear as crystal: its waters are as sweet, as full, and as beautifully clear now, as in the days of our Lord. It is a luxury to sit on the grass that grows on the bank above, and look down on this celebrated water, the most useful, as well as healthful, in the whole neighbourhood—and follow its rapid stream as it gushes down the side of Zion; and thence into the valley beneath, that passes on to the wilderness. There is no water so much esteemed as that of Siloam; to which the women of the city come daily with their pitchers, for when the other waters in the city are scanty and turbid, the current of Siloam is still fresh and everlasting. One day, that we wandered here, we found a group seated pensively beside the water, as if wearied with their journey; it consisted of one fine old man, whose hair and beard were white, and two young and handsome men. They were Jews, and were gazing on the scene around; the open Sepulchres of Hinnom were beneath their feet, the field of blood, and the ruins of the palace of the high-priest who condemned the Innocent, were on the opposite hill: directly behind them were the gloomy walls of the devoted city—and in the dark glen below, their forefathers made their children pass through the fire, and offer sacrifices to Moloch. Could there be a more awful and appealing assemblage of objects? was there not in each a warning voice of the past? It is impossible to behold a Jew wandering among the places of his ancient pride and power, his fields of battle or of miracle, the staff in his hand, the beard sweeping his breast, the tear perhaps on his cheek, without feeling a sympathy for his fate.

The Valley of Jehoshaphat is broken finely by grey and aged rocks, on which a few olive-trees cast a thin shadow: at every step you seem to move over the ashes of those whose names and deeds are interwoven with our earliest memories, with our dearest hopes. The prophet, the apostle, the prince of Judah, have sealed this vale with their blood, or slept here when their warfare was accomplished. The sepulchres hewn out of the surrounding rocks, are uninjured by time: they are massive, and of a grand and imposing aspect. The erection, or rather the formation of the sepulchre of Absalom, was effected by cutting it from the solid rock. At first sight it seems to be erected by an architect, and adorned with columns which appear to support the edifice, of which

they are, in fact, integral parts; the whole of this tomb, as well as that of Zachariah, being of one entire mass of stone. The sound of the muezzin's voice, calling the Mahometans to prayers from the minaret of the Mosque of Omar, comes distinctly and sadly down this vale, and dies away among its rocks and lonely places: it is wildly at variance with each hope and remembrance, and the passenger cannot help wishing that the hour were come, when the worship of the false prophet shall be driven from the land. This hour may not be far distant: for who could have believed it possible that a Christian church should be built on Mount Zion, close to the sacred city; yet its walls and roof will soon proudly rise there. It will be a noble and spacious building: the plan is already published; the entrance has a long and lofty corridor on each side, whose shade affords a cool walk. The sum for its erection is now raising in England and abroad, by general contribution: and it is expected that in another year this fine edifice will be finished. Strange will be its appearance on Zion, sweet and exulting the hymns of praise, the words of victory in the Redeemer's name, heard here for the first time for twelve hundred years. The principal object of this church is to promote the conversion of the Jews; and to provide an established worship for the converts. And to the Christians who come either for business or pleasure to the city, it will be a high privilege to leave the walls of Jerusalem, and to share in its services, and listen to the pure accents of life and truth. The hopes of the supporters of the admirable design are, perhaps, too sanguine: it is a hard thing to persuade a Jew to forsake the faith of his fathers: and, in the Holy Land, where he is surrounded by the memorials and testimonies to the truth of the Messiah, it is yet more difficult than in Europe—because he is taught from his childhood to regard these localities with utter scorn and disbelief, and his heart is thus the more steeled against the reception of Christianity. Yet we cannot but believe and hope that the time will come, when he shall bow down at the altar of his Redeemer, and lead his children to Calvary with tears of joy.

BETHANY.

The distance from Jerusalem to Bethany is about two miles. It is a beautiful walk, and leads over the summit of Olivet; then, by a short and gentle descent, to the village. It is a small hamlet, the families in its flat-roofed cottages are as far removed from competence, as from poverty: the soil around the village is wild and rocky, thinly sprinkled with trees; a stream of clear water issues from an adjacent fountain, to which the young women of the village repair with their long-necked stone pitchers, such as we had seen them bear in Cana of Galilee, of the same form, doubtless, as those used at the marriage feast, where our Lord turned the water into wine.

The ruins of the house of Lazarus are still shown here. Within and around its grey walls the tall grass and the wild flower grow rank. I plucked a beautiful crimson

GERMANY.

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flower from the ruins, to preserve as a memorial of the family of Bethany, to whose simple and affecting history we are indebted for the sublimest passages of mercy and hope. It was a calm, but not a sultry day; the sun was partly clouded—a fresh breeze came from the heights around Bethany. The aspect of the village is so hushed and peaceful, and the prospect it commands is splendid and extensive: at a few hours' distance is seen the Dead sea, its waters gleaming with a deadly glare, and the Jordan rushing through the valley, to be lost in its dark gulf. Lofty mountains of sterile grandeur bound the prospect in this direction on the right and left. More near, and on every side, are bleak and wild hills, with few marks of cultivation.

The Tomb of Lazarus is on the right of the road that leads through the village: it is hewn out of the rock; you stoop a little at its dark entrance, and, descending several stone steps, find yourself on the floor of the sepulchre, in the middle of which is hewn the grave, of the size of a man's body, where Lazarus was laid. An instant belief of the identity of this celebrated tomb is felt by the traveller; it so fully agrees with the description of the Evangelist. It appears that the group of our Lord and his followers must have stood, not at the entrance, but at the bottom of the sepulchre, around the resting-place of the dead, who, when the words were uttered, "Lazarus, come forth!" must have raised himself, and stood up in the grave, which is about three feet deep, in the midst of the spectators who stood around. The idea of some commentators, that he descended from the sepulchre, which was hewn in the rock above the ground, cannot be correct, or consistent with the locality of the place.

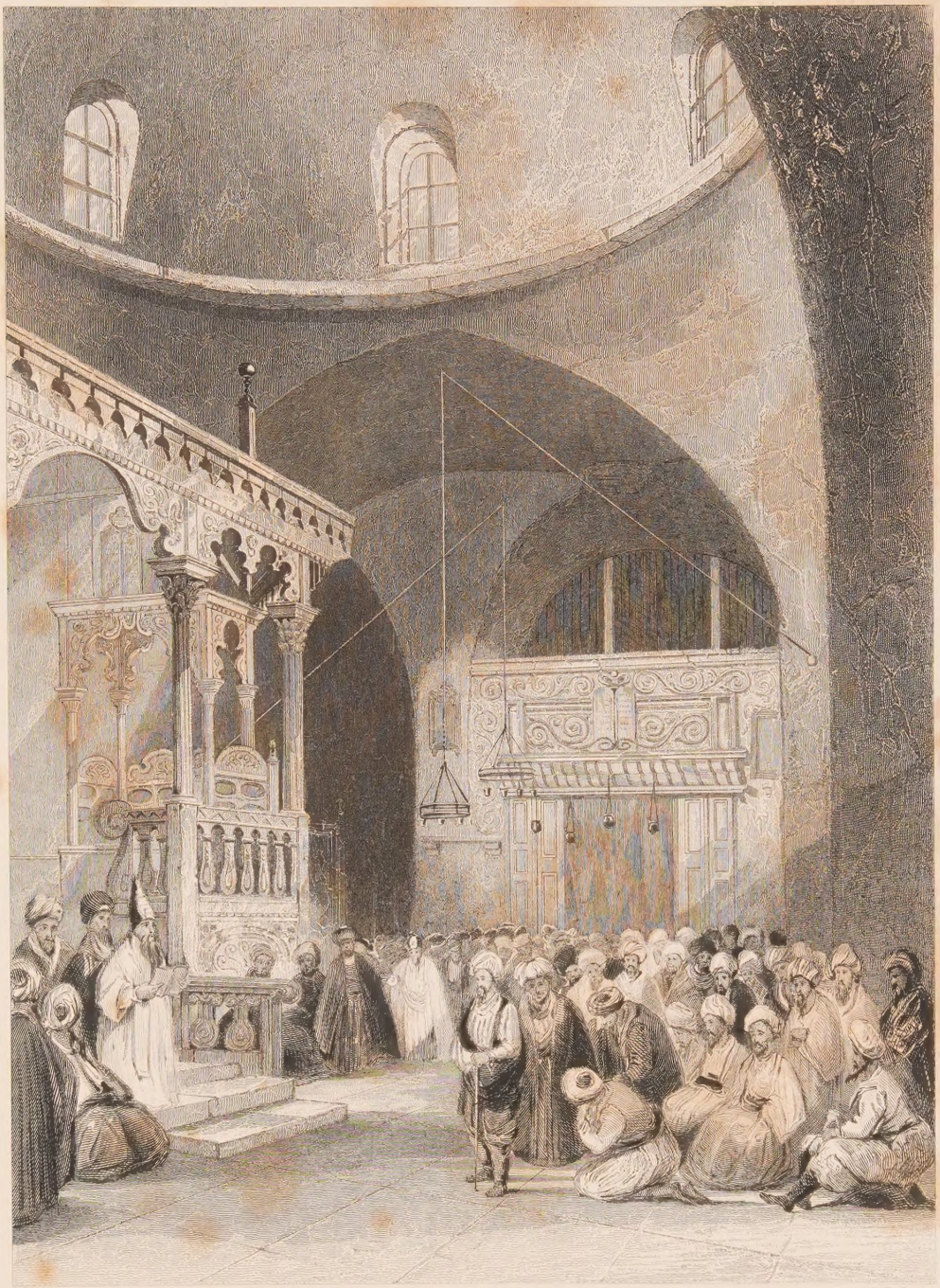
While at Jerusalem, we were invited to join the procession of pilgrims and monks to the tomb of Lazarus: it set out about two in the morning, while it was yet dark; almost every one carried a lighted torch, or taper. The procession, leaving the Franciscan convent, passed out of the gate of St. Stephen, descended the Hill of Sion, and crossed the brook Kedron. It was a solemn and impressive pageant: at each sacred place they paused, and sang a hymn suited to the scene. The Glen of Jehoshaphat was dark and silent—the walls of the city on the brink of the hill above looked dim and vast in the faint starlight. The procession then wound up the side of the Mount of Olives, on whose rocks and trees the glare of the torches flashed as they slowly moved along. Again they stopped on the summit of the hill—a strange and solitary group at such an hour; a fine subject for the painter—the pilgrim, with his pale and excited features,—the priest in his vestments,—the lights they bore breaking on the gloom of night,—the various attitudes of those that held them. Then they passed to Bethany, entered the sepulchre, and descending the ancient stone steps, filled the little area beneath: all stood silent for a time; the place where the dead lay was at their feet, and they circled densely around it: the tapers threw their glare on the roof and sides of the grotto, and on the grave beneath. The people of Bethany were buried in sleep: each home was silent: not a light was seen in the windows, or a voice heard in the hamlet. Suddenly from the pilgrims and the priests broke a solemn strain: its effect, as it rose on the stillness of the night, was very fine: they sung, "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?" When they left the sepulchre, the day was already breaking.

Next to Calvary and Gethsemane, there is no spot in Palestine so endeared to the Christian as Bethany: beneath the roof of Mary and her brother, how many thoughts and feelings are gathered, that shall live for ever. Amid the ruins of their home, if tradition has not erred, it is beautiful to rest awhile, and remember the past. Did these grey walls, this grass-grown floor, so often receive the Redeemer, when he paused from his toils, and sat amidst the circle he loved, and spoke of immortality and glory? And here the brother died, amidst the tears of his sisters, hoping to the last that their Lord would come and take the prey from death. Not far distant, on the slope of the hill, as he drew near the village, was the spot where Martha met him, and fell at his feet, "If thou hadst been here, my brother had not died:" and while he gazed on her sorrow, he uttered the words, the most memorable and sublime ever uttered to woman or to man,—"I am the resurrection and the life: he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live: And whosoever liveth and believeth in me, shall never die."

SYNAGOGUE OF THE JEWS AT JERUSALEM.

Not the dragons and satyrs of the prophet, taking their rest amid the ruins of Babylon, could be a more humbling proof of the change that human glory, coupled with crime, must undergo—than the present condition of Israel in their ancient city. When met with in the streets and public places, they mostly present a picture of poverty and dejection, as well as recklessness of heart, veiled to every proof that their law and traditions are passed away for ever. In the interior of their dwellings, however, this subdued deportment is in a good measure laid aside; there is comfort, and often luxury, in their homes: and if the stranger is well introduced, he is sure of a kind reception in their families, whose women do not scruple to unveil their faces. Many of the Jewesses are remarkably handsome: they have the large dark eye, fair or clear complexion, and raven hair, which have been their characteristics in every land, ever since Hebrew beauty was celebrated in the times of the patriarchs and kings. The features of the men are less strongly marked than those of Europe with the distinguishing traits of the Jew, and are very often mildly and delicately moulded. One day, a handsome young man, in whose fair Grecian countenance it was difficult to discover any trace of the Israelite, besought me earnestly to buy some of the contents of his box, in which, amidst silks and spices, were stones from the Dead sea, and fragments of rock struck off from some of the famous spots around the city. His earnestness amused me much: it looked like the blending of both dispensations with the pleasant things for the senses; a true Hebrew, any thing to turn a penny; he would have sworn, for the sake of a few piastres, to the identity of every bit of stone in his collection.

The part of Jerusalem in which the Synagogue is situated, is the most miserable in this silent city, where the stranger often loses his way in the winding and crooked lanes, for want of some land-mark to direct his steps. There is one mark, however, that



J. Salmon. J. Redaway.

SYNAGOGUE OF THE JEWS, JERUSALEM.

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cannot be mistaken; its vicinity is distinctly perceived at some minutes' distance, namely, the quarter tenanted by the Jews. The prophet Mohammed says, that the most delicious odours and perfumes await the believer in a future state: the latter could not do better, when dying, if he wished to enjoy the contrast exquisitely, than desire to be brought to the Jewish quarter.—The senses are fearfully assailed: every breath of air is loaded with unhallowed scents, from coffee-houses, eating-houses, mechanics' shops, and a thousand nameless domiciles: and glad is the stranger to make all haste away.

The Bazaar, at no great distance from the gate of St. Stephen, was sometimes an interesting lounge: it was dirty, low, and dimly lighted: it was the centre, however, of the trade and manufactures of the city: silks, &c. from Damascus, cottons from Egypt, spices, and articles of fancy and taste, from many parts of the East: vegetables and fruit; fine cauliflowers as could be seen in Covent-garden market, which we had every day at our table; grapes and oranges. The Turk was calmly seated here in his little recess, his feet covered with soft slippers, waiting with the utmost nonchalance for a stray customer, and looking as if he felt that he was lord of the ascendant here. The Jew, in his little shop near by, stood bolt-upright, his quick eye thrown on every passer-by, and Mammon looking out from every line and wrinkle of his face. Obsequious civility marked his deportment, and his yellow turban, the badge of his race, was bowed lowly to his customers.

Here, in his Synagogue, the Jew can feel that he has a faith, a country, of surpassing though faded power and renown.—The oppressor enters not here; Israel is alone with his undying recollections and stern bigotry: the face may be pallid, the form bowed, and the rod of the oppressor may have entered into the soul; but there is a lofty pride in his eye, with a scorn of every other belief. This is a solemn ceremonial: their richest vestments are put on; for there are many wealthy and influential men in the city: even the love of gain is perhaps forgotten, while the memory flies to the illustrious periods of their history, and hope still cleaves to the coming Messiah. So rooted is this conviction, that some of the chief supporters of the Jewish Mission, and their great Missionary the Rev. Mr. Wolff, have lately adopted it also: the latter preaches to his countrymen, wherever he goes, that the Messias will come, and that shortly, as the Ruler of his people on earth, in resistless power, glory, and blessedness.—One of the most affecting sights in Jerusalem, is the going forth of Israel from the gates, men, women, and children, to sit on the earth without the walls, to mourn beside the graves of their fathers. If it be consoling that the ashes of those we revere and love, should be guarded with peculiar care and mercy—bitter must be the feelings of the Jew: no monument, no memorial of pride or tenderness, tells where the rich, the holy, the honoured of their people sleep; a rude stone, stuck in the bare side of Zion, where the foot of the Turk, the Greek, the Arab tramples, as he passes carelessly by, alone marks the resting-places of this fallen people, on the descent of what was once their haughty mountain of God.

The seed sown in Jerusalem by the Missionary has not all perished: the minds of many of his countrymen were moved by his appeals: this remarkable man is again returned to England from Abyssinia: when will he give rest to the sole of his foot? where will his wanderings end? The secret of his success is the enthusiasm with which he casts all the energies of mind and body on one point—the conversion of his countrymen.

A few weeks since he baptized in the Episcopal Jews' chapel in London his own brother, whom he had not seen since the year 1811, and who then cursed him for believing in Christ. He is now about to publish the account of his various and exciting travels and labours, from the year 1827 to 1831, when Lady Georgiana Wolff went with him to the Greek islands, Egypt, Cyprus, and Jerusalem: the volume will also contain his wanderings alone to 1838, through many lands, as far as Axum in Abyssinia: his researches among the lost ten tribes, among the Wahabites, Rechabites, and children of Hobab: his adventures with Pirates, &c. &c. No man living has travelled so much or so rapidly: he has borne without a murmur the heat and toil of the way, in the character of a slave, in the heart of Africa: and his perils and preservations have been so manifold, that henceforth his hope will never perish, or his warfare be ended.

JERUSALEM FROM THE MOUNT OF OLIVES.

This view is the most entire that can be given of the city; in which it seems to lie, as on an inclined plane, many of its remarkable places distinctly visible. The ancient Temple of the Jews stood where the great Mosque of Omar is now seen, in the middle of the plate, close to the southern wall. This eminence, anciently loftier than at present, its crest having been levelled—presented a peculiarly noble and commanding site for the Temple of the Lord: it met the eye in every direction, even from afar off, as well as from every hill and vale in the neighbourhood. Even now, in its fallen state, there is a singular charm in this situation; the sun seems to fall on its corridors, trees, and courts with a full yet softened glory, and there is rest and shade within its enclosure—while the stranger, gazing on it from the hills around, is tempted to wish "for the shadow of a cloud passing by." There is a sublimity in the intense silence of the retreats around Jerusalem: no fall of the distant surge or stream: no passing of the winds through the trees: no chariot-wheels moving onward, or voices in the air.

One morning, while the air was yet fresh and cool, we took advantage of it, to bend our way, at random, and without a guide, through some of the more untenanted parts of the city. It is difficult to find a place that contains so many inhabitants and dwellings within so small a compass as Jerusalem; they seem to cling with tenacity, and with some of their ancient fondness, to the very brink of the declivities on every side: certainly, as in former times, the utmost use is made of every inch of ground, and nature has been very niggard in this respect. Ascending from the labyrinth of narrow streets, up a gentle acclivity, we found that the summit commanded a singular view of the interior of the city, amidst which appeared more ruinous and desolate spots than one could have previously imagined. Directly in front was a large reservoir of water, supplied from the ancient cisterns, several miles distant. Steps led down the sides of this reservoir to the water, which forms now, as it did in past time, a chief resource of the surrounding inhabitants during the dry weather; and was, no doubt, one of those ancient pools so frequently alluded to in Scripture. It was thickly inclosed by dwellings on every side, and shut out from view, except from the immediate vicinity, and was evidently hewn out of the rock.

JERUSALEM.

From the Mount of Olives.

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All around the acclivity, the soil was so thickly covered with tall shrubs and wild verdure, that it was a little difficult to make one's way: the prickly-pear was the most frequent. This fruit seemed to fatten on the desolate soil, that was seldom trodden by any foot, and was composed partly of piles and fragments of ruined habitations, that had stood and fallen here ages ago. The flat terraced roofs of the city, the domes and minarets of the mosques, blended with the cupolas of the churches, came into view from this ruinous eminence, where the traveller might well sit for hours, and muse on the strange and various picture at his feet. There, to the east, stood the palace of Herod; and amidst the gardens and palm-trees, the home of the beautiful Mariamne: close to the forsaken spot where it stood, is now a mosque, and that mosque is built on the ruins of a Christian church. To the left, on the site of the tall and strong tower built by the Crusaders, and now garrisoned by the Turks, stood the palace of the king of Israel.

Each solitary place around was once trodden or dwelt in by a prince or a prophet, and alike echoed to the splendid predictions of future glory, or the warnings of unutterable woe. There is not a single guilty and fatal passion or deed that man can know, but what is told of by these poor remains. There is no place where both worlds seem to be so blended together, or rather where the veil of the present one is so drawn aside, as amidst the ruins of Jerusalem. The voice of the angel of the Apocalypse, who stood on the ocean and the shore, and told that Time should be no longer, could hardly thrill through the excited fancy more than the wail of a lost nation, that seems to come forth from the sepulchres and desolate places of the City of God, and tells of this world sacrificed, and eternal glory cast away.

A scarcity of water was often experienced in Jerusalem, in ancient times: a plentiful supply of it was always considered a blessing by the inhabitants; and it is mentioned among the most meritorious actions of their kings, when they obtained an additional spring or cistern; thus it is commemorated, that "Hezekiah stopped the watercourse of Gihon, and brought it straight down to the west side of the City of David. And the rest of his acts, and all his might, and how he made a pool and a conduit, and brought water into the city," &c. The situation of Jerusalem, as the capital of a great people, was unhappily chosen; inconvenient as to the purposes of trade or commerce, with little level space or water in the neighbourhood: its position, as a stronghold, in the midst of warlike enemies, could alone have induced David to make it his chief city. The great and rich plain of Esdraelon, through which the Kishon rolls, and bathes the feet of Carmel, offered a splendid site; the shores of the lake of Galilee had also great advantages, with the loveliest scenery—in which Jerusalem, even in its palmiest days, must have been deficient. Its ancient aspect, its walls, towers, palaces, and temple, crowning Zion and Moriah, with deep defiles on three of its sides, must have been one of the most gloomy and magnificent in the world. When we read the descriptions of the ancient land of Canaan, by its first describers, we can scarcely help imagining, that, rich and beautiful as that land was, part of the colouring and imagery of these descriptions may be ascribed to the force of contrast, which all feel, who pass from the wilderness into a gay and fruitful country. From "the howling desert, the terrible and fearful land, and not inhabited," where Israel had sojourned so long, the transition to the Land of

Promise was one of rapture and exquisite beauty. No wonder that the vivid descriptions and indelible feelings of their forefathers, when they entered and dwelt at last within it, each man "under his own vine and fig tree," were remembered and handed down by their descendants. The traveller who has passed but a few weeks in the deserts, can tell with what joy he hailed the lonely group of palm, and the gushing rill or fountain beside:—the bright verdure of the trees, the sound and the glancing of the waters were like balm to his heart, and a long-lost love to his eye. Lofty hills, not mountains, encompass Jerusalem on three sides, now mostly barren, but formerly covered with groves, gardens, and pastures. Olivet is the only picturesque elevation. There is a glimpse from the city, over the vale that leads to the wilderness, of the distant mountains of Arabia Petrea, which redeems the otherwise monotony and sadness of the scenery.

The air had now become sultry, and the ruinous places around afforded no shelter. This ancient reservoir of water, to which we had come, was a welcome object, and the few women who came there at intervals seemed to seek it as their only dependence; the dwellings that stood around were mean and wretched. Turning from the place, we retraced the path to the Franciscan monastery. This spiritual fortress, as it might be called, seldom admitted the beams of the sun, and always had a cold and gloomy appearance, on entering it from the brilliant atmosphere without. Time always hung heavy within its walls; yet not so heavily to us, as it did to a noble visitor who dwelt there about a year before. She came with her lord; the most beautiful and adventurous traveller that had ever explored the East. Her foot had stood beside the farther cataracts of the Nile, even in the interior of Nubia, and had not flinched from the parching desert,—and then she wandered to Damascus. The latter city could only be visited in a Turkish dress: the spirit of curiosity overcame every difficulty as well as danger, and the fair traveller was presented to the pasha as an English youth of quality. He gazed on the elegant form and features with surprise, and, not suspecting the disguise, pronounced the stranger to be the handsomest Frank he had ever beheld. To a refined and accomplished woman, in whose character daring and gentleness were exquisitely blended, this journey must have presented rich and various sources of information. Unlike Lady Mary Montagu, she could not visit the harems of princes, but it was perfectly easy to traverse the enchanting walks and river-sides around the city, to observe the many costumes and manners of the people in perfect liberty. The people would never have endured the sight of a European lady in her own garb. From hence to Jerusalem was a change, as far as the aspect of nature went, from a lovely land to a joyless waste. A portion of the monastery had been lately fitted up for the accommodation of female visitors: but the tent of the Arab, with its simple drapery, carpet, and sincere welcome, would have been to her a more tasteful and acceptable home. Can any thing more unsuitable be imagined, than the residence of an attractive and romantic being beneath the roof of these Franciscan monks, where there was a total want of all the *agrémens*, cleanliness, and comfort to which an English lady of rank is accustomed. Una dwelling amidst the tenants of the forest, or the Princess Pekuah amid those of the desert, present situations parallel to the above: the former simile is perhaps the most just, for these fathers have done every thing in their power to render their human form as

ungracious as possible—with corded loins, bare and dirty feet, old rusty garments, evil odours, and mortifying looks. If report said truly, this monastic residence was found more dreary than the shores of the cataracts or the Syrian deserts: the monks still talk of this visit, as a curious event in the history of their convent.

But each scene within and without the city seems to yield in interest to the interior of Calvary: it was now peopled every day, for it was the feast of Easter. Some of the pilgrims drew nigh with rapid and eager footsteps, and with the air of men who were conscious that the end of their toils was before them. Others hesitated long ere they ascended the three marble steps that led from the floor of the church to the side of the sepulchre: they knelt on the pavement, and turned an imploring eye, not on the priest, for the priest was nothing at this moment, but on the sacred chamber within, where the light fell, and whence hushed sounds issued. One very old man, of tall stature and wasted form, whose hair and beard were white, and who seemed to have come from a very distant home, was observed to bend long beside the first marble step that conducted within. Numerous pilgrims passed him, of both sexes, and one of the priests came and whispered in his ear some words of encouragement: but the old man still lingered, as if a long life of sin or of carelessness had then risen before him, or he doubted that there could be mercy at so late an hour as this. Rich and handsomely dressed men passed him and entered, and women of different persuasions, dressed in white,—the young, the old, the beautiful, the lady, and the woman of low degree, were among them: a few looked earnestly at the aged man, who still knelt beside the lowest step, his looks bent on the floor, his thin white locks falling on his shoulders, and at times veiling his pallid cheek: his hands were clasped, and, from the movement of his lips, it was evident that he was engaged in earnest prayer—that in this moment his thoughts were all swallowed up in the conflicts and distress of his soul. O who can tell the swiftness and clearness of the thoughts, the keen recollection and exquisite upbraiding felt on the step of Calvary, at the entrance of the Sepulchre? It was more than the eleventh hour—it was the verge of his earthly pilgrimage, and this was perhaps the last offer of mercy—the last call of that voice that bade him "turn to the Lord, and be saved." He felt it to be so; and he yet lingered, till the greater part of the pilgrims had left the place. He then rose, and entered the tomb, in which was no one save the priest: falling on his knees, he spread his thin hands over the Sepulchre, laid his head on it, and burst into tears. This was a true repentance, a sorrow of the very soul, even in extreme old age: perhaps the "silver cords of his life were loosed, and his golden bowl broken at the fountain:" wife, children, all, perhaps were dead, and each dear affection cold, for no one was with him, either companion or comforter. Yet mercy touched his wearied spirit with its ineffable power, and by the tears he shed, and the relief he felt, it was evident that hope, the hope of immortality, was given in that hour.

The noble Mosque of Omar, with its large dome, in the middle of the plate, is, perhaps, the most beautiful mosque in the Turkish empire: much of its material is a light blue stone, which has a peculiar effect in the brilliant sun-light: it is forbidden to

Christians, to whom it is death to enter its walls. The gate to the right of the mosque, in the front or eastern wall, is that of St. Stephen, the path from which leads down the declivity of Zion: the spot just above this path, where the tombs are seen, is the Armenian burying-ground. Calvary is to the north-west of the mosque, near the western wall, and not far from the gate of Bethlehem: it stands on rather elevated ground, and is ascended by eighteen lofty steps. The Armenian convent, to the left of the mosque, is a spacious edifice, with large courts, in which, and within its walls, it can accommodate ten or twelve hundred pilgrims, of all ranks. The hill in front, on whose crest are the city-walls, is Zion, its surface wildly broken. Mount Moriah formerly arose here, and on its summit was the temple; but it is now nearly levelled. The vale beneath, but imperfectly visible, is that of Jehoshaphat: the side of Mount Zion to the left is partly cultivated with corn-fields and pasture: the stream that is seen to flow down its side, is that of Siloam from its rocky basin, which is not visible. Beneath this spot begins the Vale of Hinnom, which sweeps far to the right, and ends beneath the two square towers in the opposite or western wall. The building on the summit, to the extreme left, is that erected by the Mahometans to the memory of David and Solomon, who they believe to be buried there. On the north, to the extreme right, begins the Plain of Jeremiah, two-thirds of a mile long, where extended the ancient city: this is the only level place in the vicinity of the walls. The traveller who now visits Jerusalem, or remains some time there, will find many facilities, and even comforts, which the last few years have introduced: he has now the privilege of European society, in the few merchants and the missionaries who make the city their general residence, and in whose dwellings he finds himself comparatively at home. When the writer was here, there was no one in whose society he could hope to pass a few hours agreeably: he felt as a stranger in a strange land, where no man cared for him. Convenient lodgings can be obtained, at a moderate price, in the city, where the traveller will find himself far more agreeably situated than in the monastery; and his host, and his family, civil and attentive, whether they be Armenians, Greeks, or Catholics. Fruit and wine, meat, vegetables, &c., are cheap in Jerusalem, and can be procured every day: privations need not be feared: every year will now render the city a more comfortable and social residence, though much of its lone, sublime, and gloomy character will thus be lost. Its climate, or rather that of the neighbourhood, is in general healthy: the winds on the surrounding hills are fresh and pure, and the heat is rarely excessive. In the spring, when we passed a few weeks there, the weather was pleasant and soft, never too warm, with occasional falls of rain. There are a few wild and romantic walks always to be enjoyed, where passengers are not often met with; down the valley through which the stream of the Siloam flows: and over the plain of Jeremiah to the sepulchres of the kings, and farther on to that of the judges: to Bethany by the way of Olivet: and early in the morning, to go over the plain of Rephidim to Bethlehem:—are not these exquisite rambles?

J. Salmon W. Floyd

THE RUINS OF DJERASH.

FISHER, SON & Co. LONDON & PARIS.

RUINS OF DJERASH.

These celebrated ruins are about three days' journey east, from the Lake of Tiberias and the River Jordan: the way is through the desert. The city was built on an elevated plain in the mountains of Moerad, on uneven ground, on both sides of a stream, which bears the name of the River of Djerash. The ruins are nearly an hour and a quarter in circumference; the walls, of which fragments only remain, were eight feet in thickness, and built of square hewn stones, of middling size. Djerash, till within the last ten years, was rarely visited by travellers, on account of their fear of the Bedouins: but recently many wanderers have gone there in safety and at leisure, some of whom were men who had retired from their business and manufactures, and were not likely to brave imminent peril. It may be performed at a third of the expense of the journey to Palmyra: yet a visit to this place, the ancient Gerasa, as is supposed, is not without risk from the Bedouins, who sometimes conceal themselves beneath the trees that overshade the river. The first object that arrests the attention, is a temple: the main body consists of an oblong square, the interior of which is about twenty-five paces in length, and eighteen in breadth: a double row, of six columns in each row, adorned the front of the temple; of the first row, five columns are yet standing; of the second, four. Their style of architecture seems to belong to the best period of the Corinthian order, their capitals being beautifully ornamented with the acanthus leaves. The shafts are composed of five or six pieces, and they are thirty-five to forty feet in height. The interior of the building is filled with the ruins of the roof: the temple stands within a large area, surrounded by a double row of columns. "The whole edifice," Burckhardt observes, "seems to have been superior in taste and magnificence, to every public building of this kind in Syria, the temple of the sun at Palmyra excepted." Of two hundred columns which originally adorned this temple and its area, some broken shafts, and three or four nearly entire, but without their capitals, are the only remains.

Here also are numerous remains of private habitations; a street, still paved in some places, leads to a spot where several broken columns are yet standing, and another avenue is adorned with a colonnade on either side: about thirty broken shafts are now reckoned, and two entire columns, but without their capitals: on the other side of the street, and opposite to these, are five columns, with their capitals and entablatures: they are but fifteen feet high, and in an imperfect state. A little farther to the south-east, this street crosses the principal avenue of the town; on both sides of which are the remains of columns, which were much larger than the former. On the right side of this principal street are thirty-four columns yet standing: and in some places behind this colonnade are low apartments, which appear to have been shops: this vista terminates in a large open space, enclosed by a magnificent semicircle of pillars in a single row: fifty-seven remain. To the right, on entering this forum, or open space, are four, and then twenty-one, united by their entablatures: to the left, five, seven, and twenty, also with entablatures: the pillars near the entrance are fifteen feet in height, and are

all of the Ionic order. From this spot the ground rises, and, on the top of a low but steep hill, are the remains of a beautiful temple, commanding a view over the greater part of the town. A side-door leads from this temple, at about sixty paces distant, towards a large theatre on the side of the hill: it fronts the town, so that the spectators might enjoy the prospect of all its principal buildings and quarters: there are twenty-eight rows of seats, two feet in breadth: in three different places are small narrow staircases opening into the rows, to facilitate the ingress or egress of the spectators; in front, the theatre is closed by a wall, forty paces in length, embellished within by five richly decorated niches, which are connected with each other by columns. The great street of Djerash is in several places almost impassable with fragments of pillars: its pavement is preserved in many parts; and it is peopled with groups of columns, that rise in its desolation like little groves of palm-trees in the desert. The aspect of this ruined city is less magnificent and perfect, than it is singular and solemn: streets, houses, theatres, in the heart of an extensive and unpeopled wilderness, which once rejoiced in the excitements of the drama, and was alive with the busy details of trade. The spectacles of Balbec and Palmyra, are of vast temples only; in Djerash the spectator feels as if he was in a nobler kind of Pompeii, where the shops, the cellars, the chambers, the foot-pavements, are mingled with the splendid remains of temples, buildings, and flights of columns, broken and entire, even as the trees of the forest.

There is another quadrangle, of fine Corinthian pillars, in front of a second theatre: between every two boxes is a niche, forming a very elegant ornament. The plate shows the bold and romantic character of the ground on which the city was built. The bridge in front is fourteen feet wide, very ancient, and built with great solidity. The calcareous stone of which Djerash is built is the same as the rock of the neighbouring mountains: it is surprising that no granite columns should be found here, as they abound in ancient Syrian cities, of much less note and magnificence than Djerash.

END OF THE THIRD SERIES.

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GENERAL INDEX.

The NUMERAL *letters indicate the volumes; the* FIGURES *point out the pages.*

A

ABBOT, Mr., his tomb at Eden, Vol. i. Page 14.
Absalom, his tomb, near Jerusalem, iii. 81.
Acre, bay of, ii. 31; plain of, ii. 54; ancient buildings at, iii. 31; St Jean de, walls of, next the sea, iii. 53.
Adalia, Asia Minor, ii. 23; iii. 8.
Adana, Mount Taurus in the distance, i. 33; camp of Ibrahim Pacha near, ii. 35.
Ain-el-Razee, ii. 70.
Ain Fijji, iii. 14.
Alaya, fortified cliffs at, i. 51; town of, ii. 22.
Alexandria, description of, ii. 51.
Amanus, Mount, castle on, iii. 56.
American missionaries, ii. 10.
Anamour, coast of, Asia Minor, i. 67.
Ancient cedars in the forest of Lebanon, i. 46.
Anti-Libanus, ii. 61.
Antioch, from the west, i. 19; on the approach from Suadeah, i. 24; cemetery and walls of, i. 25; and iii. 54; house of Girgius Adeeb at, i. 56; part of the walls of, over a ravine, i. 63; approach to from Aleppo, ii. 70; wall on the west side of, iii. 11; the great mosque at, iii. 27; market scene and fountain at, iii. 44.
Antonio, St., convent of, near Eden, in Lebanon, ii. 5.
Antoura, monastery of, ii. 67.
Anzayra, hills of, ii. 57.
Approach to Caipha, bay of Acre, ii. 31; to Antioch from Aleppo, ii. 70.
Asia Minor, coast of, near Anamour, i. 67.
Assad-isk Shidiah, a reforming monk, ii. 6.
Ayash, ii. 48.

B

Balbec, ruins of, i. 11; six detached pillars of the great temple, i. 37; encampment near Balbec, at Ras-el-Ain, ii. 55; Balbec and Anti-Libanus, ii. 61; interior of great temple at, iii. 21; exterior, iii. 31.
Barker, Mr., his villa at Suadeah, ii. 19, 28.
Barrada and Pharpar, i. 35; iii. 14, 43.
Barouk, village of, i. 75; ii. 21; villages at, Mount Lebanon, ii. 40.
Bazaar at Jaffa, ii. 20.
Batroun, valley of, with gothic castle, i. 45.
Beaufort, Captain, his account of Pompeiopolis, ii. 34.
Beilan, pass of, looking towards the sea, i. 38; Mount Amanus, on the approach from Antioch, i. 55.
Beirout and Mount Lebanon, ii. 9; port of, iii. 64.
Beit-y-ass, scene at the village of, near Suadeah, iii. 74.
Besherrai, village of, at the foot of Mount Lebanon, iii. 35.
Beteddein, and the palace of the prince of the Druses, i. 26; palaces of, and Der-el-Kamar, i. 59; Beteddein, ii. 14.
Bethany, iii. 90.
Bethlehem, chapel at, iii. 83.
Bethulia, or Safet, iii. 78.
Brumhanna, village of, on Mount Lebanon, ii. 66.

C

Cafés in Damascus, i. 69.
Caipha, approach to, and bay of Acre, ii. 31.
Caiaphas, his palace, iii. 88.
Calvary, interior of, iii. 97.
Canobin, convent of, &c. ii. 6, 7.
Carmel, Mount, and St. Jean d'Acre, i. 29; account of, ii. 32; convent of, ii. 64; cave of the School of the Prophets in, iii. 47; looking towards the sea, iii. 51.

Carmelites, order of, ii. 64.
Casius, Mount, from the sea, i. 77; Casius, Mount, ii. 17, 28.
Castle in Mount Amanus, iii. 56.
Castle near Djouni, ii. 27.
Castle near Pambouk, ii. 48.
Castle near Tripoli, on the river Kadesha, ii. 59.
Castelorizo, island and town of, near Rhodes, ii. 58.
Cave of the School of the Prophets, iii. 47.
Cedars, ancient, in the forest of Lebanon, i. 46.
Church and Scheich's House, Eden, iii. 23.
Church of the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem, iii. 72.
Christian Church at Tortosa, ii. 57.
Chapel at Bethlehem, iii. 83.
Chelindreh, or Kalendria, i. 71.
Cilician Gates, iii. 58.
Cilicia, coast of, i. 71.
Cleopatra, her voyage up the Cydnus, i. 9.
Cliffs, fortified, at Alaya, i. 51.
Coast of Asia Minor, near Anamour, i. 67.
Coast of Cilicia, i. 71.
Convent of Mount Carmel, ii. 64.
Cydnus, fall of the river, i. 8.

D

Damascus, cafés in, i. 69; from above Salahyeh, i. 6; Turkish divan at, i. 12; the great khan at, i. 49; distant view of, from the mountain-side, ii. 42.
Damour, khan and bridge near the source of, iii. 16.
Daphne, site of the ancient, i. 31.
Dead Sea, iii. 91.
Der-el-Kamar, town of, iii. 55.
Der-el-Kamar, and the palaces of Beteddein, i. 59.
Derwishy, convent of, near Tripoli, i. 22.
Djebel Scheich, and Mount Hermon, from the top of Lebanon, ii. 21.
Djerash, ruins of, iii. 99.
Djob-Djennein, ii. 21.
Djouni, the residence of Lady Hester Stanhope, ii. 14; castle near, ii. 27.
Druses, palace of the prince of, at Beteddein, i. 26.

E

Eden, village of, with the tomb of Mr. Abbott, i. 14. church and scheich's house at, iii 23.
Encampment of pilgrims to Hadji or Mecca, on the banks of the Orontes, near Antioch, i. 4.
Encampment of Ibraham Pasha, near Jaffa, ii. 30.
Encampment at Ras-el-Ain, near Balbec, ii. 55.
Entrance to the church of the Holy Sepulchre, iii. 79.
Esdraelon, plains of, ii. 32.
Euphrates depth of the river, i. 79; expedition, iii. 45.

F

Fall of the river Cydnus, i. 8.
Farren, Mr., the consul-general, ii. 13; his entry into Damascus, ii. 42.
Ferry over the Orontes, ii. 62.
Forest of Lebanon, ancient cedars in the, i. 46.
Fortified cliffs at Alaya, i. 51.

G

Galilee, sea of, or Lake Tiberias, iii. 77.
General view of Balbec and Anti-Libanus, ii. 61.
General view of the cedars of Lebanon, i. 65.
Gennesaret, plains of, iii. 78.
Gethsemane, garden of, iii. 86.
Gilboa, mountains of, iii. 79.
Girgius Adeeb, his house at Antioch, i. 56.
Girgola, halt of a caravan, in the plains of, ii. 49.
Gothic castle in a valley near Batroun, i. 45.
Great khan at Damascus, i. 49.

H

Hadji, or Mecca pilgrims, encamped near Antioch, on the banks of the Orontes, i. 4.
Halt of a caravan in the desert plain of Girgola, ii. 49.
Hermin, mount, and Djebel Scheich, from the top of Mount Lebanon, ii. 21.
Holy Sepulchre, the church of, at Jerusalem, iii. 72; entrance to the church of, iii. 79.
House of Girgius Adeeb, at Antioch, i. 56.

I—J

Ibrahim Pasha, his encampment near Jaffa, ii. 30; camp of, near Adana, ii. 35; military exploits of, iii. 13; bivouac at Der-el-Kamar, iii. 53.
Jaffa, bazaar at, ii. 20; encampment of Ibrahim Pasha, near, ii. 30; view of, ii. 38; Napoleon at, ii. 39.
Issus, or Payass, plain of, iii. 37; battle of, ibid.; battle-field at, iii. 46.
Jehoshaphat, valley of, iii. 88.
Jerusalem, church of the Holy Sepulchre at, iii. 72; from the Mount of Olives, iii. 94.
Jordan, plains of the, looking towards the sea, iii. 69.
Junction of the Orontes with a tributary stream, i. 17.

K

Kadesha river, castle on, near Tripoli, ii. 59.
Kalendria, coast of Cilicia, i. 71.
Kedron, glen and river of, iii. 76; brook, iii. 88.
Kesrouan, bay of, and the tomb of St. George, iii. 33.
Khan and bridge near the source of the Damour, iii. 16.
King, Mr. an American missionary, ii. 6.
Kishon river, ii. 32, 65; ford over, iii. 41.

L

Ladder of Tyre, ii. 54.
Lake of Tiberias, or Sea of Galilee, from the northern theatre of Oon Keis, iii. 77.

Lamartine, ii. 16, 31.
Landing-place in a small harbour at Rhodes, ii. 24.
Lazarus, house of, iii. 90; tomb of, iii. 91.
Lebanon, forest of, i. 46; general view of the cedars, i. 65; Lebanon, Mount, ii. 9, 40; with the village of Besherrai, iii. 35.
Liettani, rivulet, at Balbec, ii. 61; scene and khan on the, near Djob Djennein, iii. 49.

M

Marilius, the seat of Lady Hester Stanhope, iii. 7.
Market-scene and Fountain in Antioch, iii. 44.
Maronite, ii. 7.
Missis, in Cilicia, bridge of, iii. 30.
Monastery of Santa Saba, iii. 74.
Mosque, ancient and ruined, at Payass or Issus, iii. 66.
Mosque of Omar, iii. 98.
Mount Carmel, and St. Jean d'Acre, i. 29.
Mount Casius, from the sea, i. 77.
Mount Lebanon, scene in, above the Valley of Kadesha, or Holy Valley, i. 43.
Mount Taurus, and Adana, i. 33.
Mount of Olives, iii. 85.
Mouth of the Nahr-el-Kelb, i. 40.

N

Nahr-el-Kadesha, ii. 6.
Nahr-el-Kelb, or river of the Dog, i. 40.

O

Olives, Mount of, iii. 85.
Olivet, Mount, iii. 85.
Omar Mosque of, iii. 98.
Orfa, in Mesopotamia, iii. 28.
Orontes, pilgrims encamped on the banks of, i. 4; juncture of the, with a tributary stream, i. 17; scene on the, near Suadeah, i. 21; description of, i. 77; the ferry near, ii. 62.

P

Palaces of Beteddein, i. 59.
Pambouk, castle near, ii. 48.
Part of Rhodes, the channel, iii. 58.
Part of the walls of Antioch, over a ravine, i. 63.
Pass in a Cedar Forest, above Barouk, i. 74.
Pass of Souk Barrada, iii. 13.
Pass of Beilan, looking towards the sea, i. 38.
Pass on the approach from Antioch, i. 55.
Payass or Issus, plain of, iii. 37; ruined mosque at, iii. 66.
Pharpar or Barrada river, i. 35.
Plains of the Jordan, looking towards the Dead Sea, iii. 69.
Pompeiopolis, or Soli, Asia Minor, ruins at, ii. 33.
Port of Beirout, iii. 64.

R

Ras-el-Ain, near Balbec, encampment at, ii. 55.
Remains of the Port of Seleucia, near Suadeah, Mount Casius in the distance, ii. 17.
Remains of the Port of Tyre, ii. 43.
Rhodes, from the heights near Sir Sidney Smith's villa, i. 53; landing-place in a small harbour at, ii. 24; ruins at the head of Knight Strada, iii. 34; part of, the channel, iii. 58.
Ruad, island of, ii. 57; with a view of Tortosa, iii. 33.
Ruins at Soli, or Pompeiopolis, Asia Minor, ii. 33.
Ruins of Balbec, i. 11.
Ruins of Djerash, iii. 99.
Ruined mosque at Payass, iii. 66.

S

Safet and Bethulia, iii. 78.
Saide, ii. 45.
Salahyeh, Turkish country-house at, ii. 11.
Salkeen, village of, in the valley of the Orontes, ii. 72.
Santa-Saba, monastery of, iii. 74.
Sarepta, now Zarapha, ii. 68.
Scene in Mount Lebanon, above the Valley of Kadesha, or Holy Valley, i. 43.
Scene on the Orontes near Suadeah, i. 21.
Scene at the village of Beit-y-Ass, near Suadeah, iii. 74.
Scanderoon, from the road to Issus, iii. 25.
Scheich's house at Zebdané, iii. 42.
School of the prophets, cave of, iii. 47.
Seleucia, near Suadeah, port of, ii. 17; ruins of, ii. 18; plains of, ii. 64.
Sepulchres at Seleucia, ii. 18, 73.
Sidon, ii. 27, 45; on the approach from Beirout, iii. 6.
Siloam, current of, iii. 89.
Sion, Mount, iii. 89.
Site of the ancient Daphne, i. 31.
Six detached pillars of the great temple at Balbec, i. 37.
Soli, or Pompeiopolis, Asia Minor, ruins at, ii. 33.
Solomon, his gardens and palaces, iii. 85.
Souk Barrada, the pass of, iii. 13.
Souk, village of, iii. 16.
Stanhope, Lady Hester, her residence at Djouni, ii. 14.
Stephen, St., the place of his martyrdom, iii. 88.
Stylites, Simon, his mountain pillar, ii. 19.
St. George, the tomb of, bay of Kesrouan, iii. 33.
St. Jean d'Acre, and Mount Carmel in the distance, i. 29.
Suadeah, near Seleucia, ii. 17.
Smyth, Sir Sidney, his villa, i. 54.
Syhoon, river, iii. 30.
Synagogue of the Jews at Jerusalem, iii. 92.
Syra, a Greek island, ii. 36.

T

Tacktalu, mountain of, iii. 10.
Tadmor, iii. 49.
Tarsus, i. 16; plains of, i. 9.
Taurus, mount, i. 33.
The Cilician gates, iii. 58.
The ladder of Tyrus, a pass on the coast, near Tyre, ii. 54.
Thula, St., iii. 14.
The great khan at Damascus, i. 49.
The village of Brumhanna, on Mount Lebanus, ii. 66.
The pass of Beilan, i. 55.
Tiberias, lake of, or sea of Galilee, iii. 77.
Tomb of Absalom, near Jerusalem, iii. 81.
Tomb of Zacharias, iii. 82.
Tortosa, Christian church at, ii. 57; with the island of Ruad, iii. 33.
Tripoli, from above the convent of Derwishy, i. 22.
Turkish burying-ground at Sidon, ii. 45.
Turkish divan at Damascus, i. 12.
Tyre, remains of the port of, ii. 43; the ladder of, a pass on the coast, ii. 54; view of, from the mainland, iii. 39.

V

Valley of Jehoshaphat, and brook Kedron, iii. 88.
Via Antoniana, i. 40.
Villa of Sir Sidney Smyth, i. 54; Mr. Barker's at Suadeah, ii. 28.
Villages of Barouk, Mount Lebanon, ii. 40.
Village of Brumhanna, on Mount Lebanon, ii. 66.
Village of Eden, with the tomb of the consul of Beirout, (Mr. Abbot,) i. 14.
Village of Zgarti, i. 73.
Virgin Mary, tomb of, iii. 87.

W

Walls of St. Jean d'Acre, next the sea, iii. 53.
Wilkinson, Mr., English consul at the Isle of Syria, ii. 37.
Wolff, Rev. Mr., anecdote of, i. 57; the Jewish missionary, ii. 70; his labours and perils, iii. 93, 94.

Y

Ybzumar, convent of, ii. 67.

Z

Zarapha, the ancient Sarepta, ii. 68.
Zacharias, his tomb, iii. 82.
Zebdane, scheich's house at, iii. 42.
Zgarti, village of, i. 73.
Ziph, the wilderness of, iii. 75.

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